THIS month's issue of "Good Words," which begins the volume for 1905-6, marks a new era in the history of the magazine. Having been acquired by The Amalgamated Press, Limited, the Publishers are determined to secure for it as wide a sphere of influence as possible; and while some fresh features may be introduced, and increased brightness imparted to its pages, they are anxious to maintain its traditions as an organ distinguished for high-class literature and a pure and healthy tone.

Begun in 1860 under the editorship of the late Dr. Norman Macleod, and since his death in 1872 conducted by his brother, the present Editor, it may be presumed that the continuity of its special character is somewhat guaranteed by the name of the Editor remaining connected with it. There has undoubtedly been a remarkable change in public taste as regards cheap periodicals since 1860, but it is believed that a large constituency remains to welcome "Good Words."

DONALD MACLEOD.

Photograph by James Bacon and Sons. *Newcastle-on-Tyne*

Her First Sermon

The Royal Sunday

SUNDAY with kings and emperors is much the same as Sunday with the other people of their respective lands, or perhaps one should say the best of the other people. The monarchs of Europe, for the most part, set a fairly good pattern to their subjects in this respect.

His Majesty the King has always been a devout upholder of the Sabbath, and wherever he may be—at Windsor, Sandringham, or Buckingham Palace—he is a most regular attendant at Divine service.

When residing at Sandringham, their Majesties invariably attend the morning service at the pretty church of St. Mary Magdalene, accompanied by whoever may be their guests at the time. Their Majesties, having been up betimes, before eleven o'clock proceed on foot across the park to the unpretentious place of worship, only being driven there when the weather is bad. The church is very small, large enough only to accommodate the Royal Household, and the service is plain and simple in the extreme. The choir is made up of children of the Royal schools, who sing very well.

Photograph by H. N. King

Buckingham Palace Chapel arranged for a Royal Wedding

At half-past one all assemble for lunch, and the subsequent portion of the afternoon is spent in divers ways, often in rambles, personally conducted by the Royal hosts, among the beautiful gardens or the leading features of the estate. Tea and gossip follow, the party breaks up into little groups, and the next re-assembly is at the half-past seven dinner. The hour, however, may be delayed, for their Majesties often attend evening service at one or other of the village churches. When they do so, they go quite unexpectedly, and the ordinary arrangements for the service are not deviated from in the slightest.

It is a bright and pleasant gathering round the dinner-table. Conversation flows freely, and there are no restrictions. Afterwards there is an adjournment to the drawing-rooms, where sacred and other music is played, frequently by musicians of renowned talent. It is the Sandringham Sunday, with its rest and quiet, that the King and Queen love above all others.

It will not be out of place to note here that Babingley Church, which is situate in one of the villages in the neighbourhood of Sandringham, was built entirely at his Majesty's expense. The Royal estate is somewhat scattered, and there are many of the tenants who live some distance from St. Mary's. It was to enable these tenants to go to church that the King erected the edifice at Babingley, and it is considered one of the prettiest churches in Norfolk. The interior is very beautiful, yet simple in design.

There is a private chapel at Marlborough House, the London residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Curiously enough, this is named the German Chapel, and it originally belonged to the Palace of

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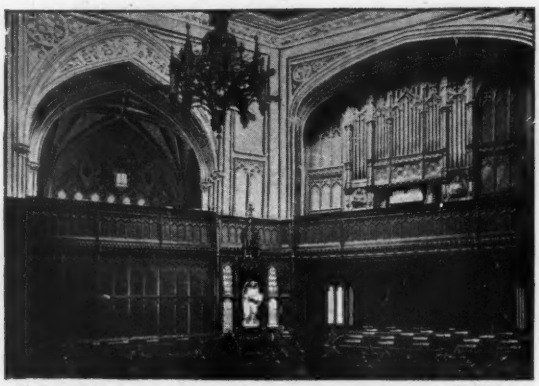


Photograph by *G. W. Wilson*

Royal Pew, Private Chapel, Windsor

St. James's, where it was founded by Queen Anne as a private chapel for herself and suite.

The chapel is rather imposing. The altar-table, which is covered with a crimson cloth, bears upon it simply a gold plate, two candlesticks, and a few flowers; whilst the organ, presented by Queen Caroline, is a very quaint, old-fashioned instrument.

The seats are of plain oak. What is known as the Ambassadors' pew stands on the right of the altar; whilst immediately facing is the Royal pew—a curious-looking gallery.

The German Chapel has an unusual feature for Royal chapels in the shape of a voluntary choir, which, however, is an exceptionally good one.

After our own Royal Family, it is safe to say that there are two monarchs in Europe whose interest for us exceeds by far the others—the Kaiser and the Tsar, of course.

And how does the German Emperor, the man of indefatigable energy, the puzzle of the Continent, spend the Sabbath Day? To a certain extent, the ruling spirit—restless activity—asserts itself still; but there is a longing by the Kaiser for real rest on this first day of the week, and it cannot be surprising that the man who believes in the Divine right of kings, and looks upon himself as placed upon the throne of Germany by the Almighty, is, to all appearances, a devout worshipper. He believes in the strict observance of the Sabbath, discountenances any form of sport upon it, and has declared that he allows nothing to interfere with his church attendance.

At all times an early riser, he and the Empress are up with the lark on Sunday too, and participate in some form of exercise before returning to the Schloss—when in Berlin—for breakfast with their children. For the Schloss—in the throne-room of which, by the way, is the same rock-crystal chandelier, brought from Worms, under which Luther stood and made his declaration of faith—has a private chapel, and to this at eleven o'clock the Emperor, with the whole of his family and members of his suite, repair.

The chapel is very beautiful. The floor is paved with exquisite vari-coloured Oriental marbles; above these is a magnificent dome, which reaches a height of nearly a hundred and twenty feet, and is nearly eighty in diameter. Rich

The beautiful chapel of the aged King of Sweden at Stockholm

frescoes and paintings, noble columns of marble, an altar of Oriental alabaster, are but a few of the many splendid appointments of the Emperor's private chapel. The Royal pews are immediately adjacent to the altar.

The service is Lutheran, and the sermon is short. Long discourses exasperate the Kaiser, and many of us remember the amusement caused by the edict he sent forth a little while ago limiting the length of sermons preached to him to twenty minutes.

Orders of admission to the private chapel, which is very large, are given with a fair amount of generosity; but the Emperor was once tempted to cease issuing them. There was the almost inevitable, certainly intolerable, staring at him all through the service. But, before taking extreme measures, he decided to give moderate ones a chance; and they proved satisfactory, or fairly so, at all events. A notice was promulgated in which he severely called attention to the nuisance, and expressed his desire to be allowed to isolate himself at least for a few minutes at Divine service on Sunday. With a fine touch of sarcasm, he added: "All those who particularly desire to look at me have ample opportunity of doing so during my daily drives and rides."

The one o'clock dinner is the principal social function of the day, and the meal at which their Majesties do whatever entertaining they propose to do on the Sabbath. It lasts about an hour, but is very elaborate. Most of it is served on silver plates, and the remainder on Royal Berlin china. A broad band of gold ornaments the upper part of the drinking glasses, on which the monogram of the Emperor and Empress is also worked in gold. The Imperial arms appear on a beautiful vellum and gilt menu, which is placed by each guest, and it is worthy of mention that in this menu the Emperor will allow no language but the German to be printed —an example which we might follow.

The table is made very beautiful with rich flowers from Potsdam and numerous burning tapers, and the effect is striking. The Imperial wine-cellars

The Private Chapel at Marlborough House

are well stocked with rare vintages, which are at the service of the guests. The Kaiser, for his part, usually shows a preference for champagne, and avoids "the wine that is red."

What is done during the remainder of the day is soon told. Their Majesties ride or drive in the afternoon, and take tea at five o'clock. There is no early evening dinner on the Sabbath, but a light supper — and then bed. The Emperor seeks the sheets very early indeed, to prepare himself for the renewal on the morrow of all the many tasks of his busy life.

When at Potsdam in the summer-time, service is attended at either the Garrison Church or in the Royal Chapel in the old castle. When aboard his fine yacht the Hohenzollern on a Sunday, the Emperor himself conducts the service, which is attended by the whole of the crew of over three hundred men. His Majesty reads the sermon, reads the

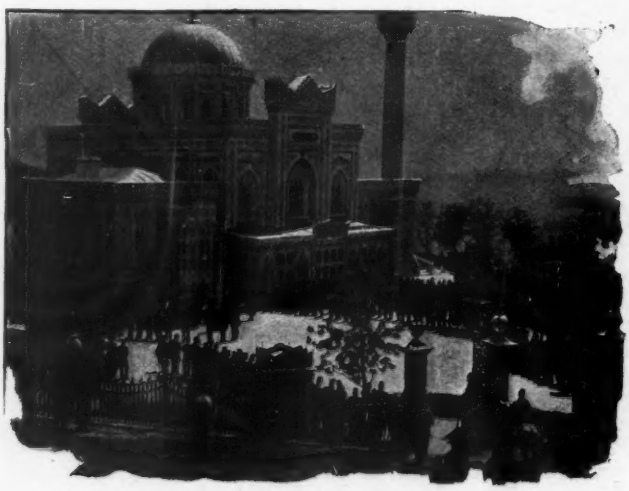
prayers, and the service, which is brightened by really splendid music, is wonderfully impressive.

And the Tsar also is careful of his religious observances. Within the magnificent Winter Palace at St. Petersburg are two large chapels besides private ones, and in one of the former the Imperial couple usually attend service on Sunday. It is a magnificent place—all gilt and jewels and pictures, so that one not used to it is quite overawed by the dazzling splendour. Opposite the principal entrance are beautiful golden gates closing upon a sanctuary reserved for the priests. Near here are the Imperial seats. The service is very solemn, very impressive, and very beautiful. It is also, as a rule, inclined to be wearying in its length.

Sometimes the Tsar and Tsaritsa attend for worship at the Cathedral of St. Isaac, St. Petersburg, and, besides those of the capital city, other private chapels which their Majesties visit are at Peterhof, Tsarskoe Seloe, and the gorgeous Cathedral of the Assumption at the Kremlin, Moscow. Apart from Divine worship, a careful observance of the Sabbath, and entire rest, the habits of the day do not in the case of the Tsar of All the Russias and his august consort differ very greatly from those of other days. Sunday is no less Sunday in Russia than it is elsewhere; and it is more so than in many places.

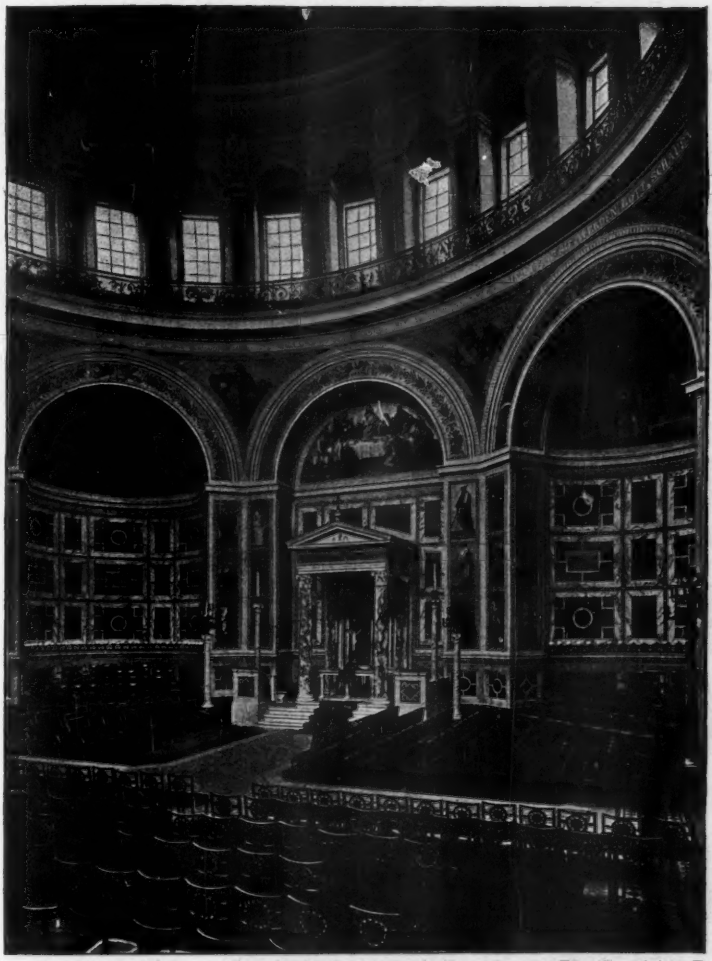
The young Queen Wilhelmina of Holland spends her Sundays so quietly and with such an utter lack of ceremony that there is indeed but little to say of them. For one thing, there are now no private chapels patronised by the monarch of the Dutch. She chooses one of the public places of worship, where there is always a Royal pew, and there attends the service. If in Amsterdam at the time, the Nieuwe Kerk, immediately opposite the Royal Palace, is selected, and if at The Hague the Groote Kerk, or Church of St. James, is attended. Service begins at ten o'clock, and after that the day is spent in an exceedingly quiet manner. The Queen does no general entertaining on the Sabbath, only relatives and intimate friends being present at the dinner-table, and at an early hour she retires to rest.

There is as little ceremony, or perhaps even less, in the church attendance of the King of Denmark when he is in the country, at all events, and not in Copenhagen, where he goes to service (Lutheran Reformed Church) at the Royal Chapel, or the Marble Church. The King drives from his palace in time for service at ten o'clock. It lasts till twelve, and then he returns for luncheon, and spends the remainder of the day very quietly.



The Sultan's Mosque at Yildiz Kiosk, Constantinople

The lot of the aged monarch is a sad one since his bereavement. The family gather round the dinner-table in the evening, but few others. When at Fredensborg or Bernstorff, the Royal country residences, Sunday is spent with due religious observance almost as the peasantry would spend it. Near Bernstorff, indeed, is a village church which the King and the late Queen



The magnificent Private Chapel of the German Emperor at Berlin. The Royal pews are immediately adjacent to the altar

have many and many a time attended, often proceeding there on foot. There are no special Royal pews there, and after the service the Monarch and his deceased consort would mingle with the worshippers from the village, and chat pleasantly with them before wending their way back to the castle for lunch. At the Castle in the little town of Fredensborg is the Slotskerke, which is the finest Royal Chapel of which Denmark can boast.

Of the Sunday of the King of Sweden nothing more need be said than that in the chapel of the Royal Palace at Stockholm the services are usually more prolonged and the sermons more wearisome than those attended and listened to by the Courts of other nations.

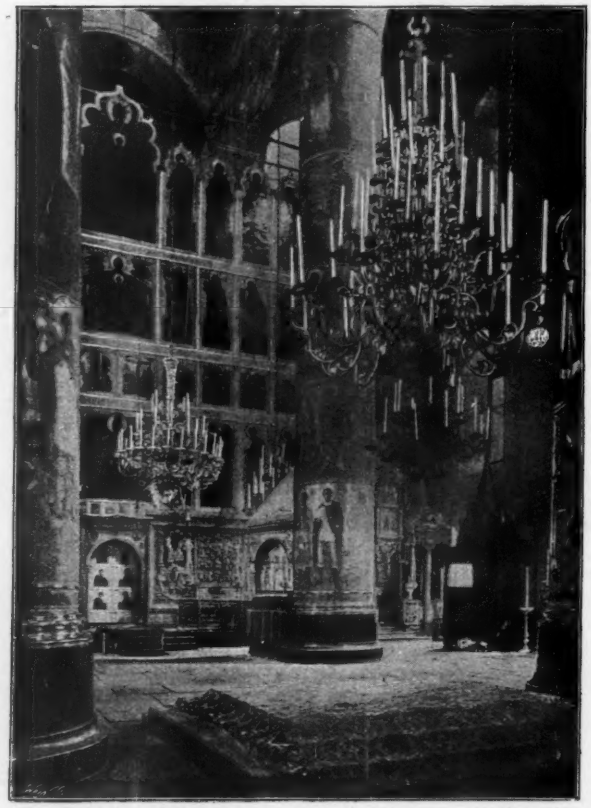
The Sultan of Turkey is extremely strict in his attendance at religious ceremonies. On Friday, the Moslem Sabbath, he goes to the beautiful mosque at Yildiz Kiosk. Elaborate precautions are taken for his safety on such occasions, the whole route being guarded by strong detachments of soldiers.

The Sultan drives in a State carriage, surrounded by a score or more of military pashas and aides-de-camp mounted on

magnificent horses. The scene is picturesque, the Oriental love of colour being in evidence owing to the elaborate uniforms worn by the troops.

Once a year Abdul Hamid visits the great mosque at Stamboul. His constant fear of assassination precludes him from making the journey more frequently. A recent eye-witness says that he has three roads double-lined with soldiery, and does not decide until the last minute which of the three he will take.

The Western idea of the Sultan as a kind of Pope is entirely erroneous.



The gorgeous Cathedral of the Assumption at the Kremlin, which the Tsar and Tsaritsa attend when at Moscow

No Mohammedan regards the Sultan as a spiritual head. The Sultan is only the Sword of Islam. If he were a descendant of the Prophet, or of the Prophet's family, he would also be its religious head. The religious head is the Sharif of Mecca, who is by no means too loyal to the "Sick Man of Europe."

The Sultan rejoices in a multitude of titles. He is the "Most August Monarch of all the East," "Caliph of 300,000,000 of Mohammedans," "King of Kings," "Father of All the Sovereigns of the Earth," "Shadow of God," and "Refuge of the World."

The Koran forbids wine drinking, and he is a total abstainer. He recently issued an iradé prohibiting Mohammedans, both civil and military, under pain of arrest from drinking raki (an alcoholic beverage prepared from the husks of grapes) in public-houses.

The King of Spain has had the inestimable privilege of having been brought up by a God-fearing mother. Every day he devotes a certain time to religious observances, and is one of the most kind-hearted men in his kingdom.

He is said to be a special favourite of the Pope, and letters frequently pass between them.

Christmas is his favourite festival. He invariably attends mass in the morning, and in the afternoon he holds a reception. This is followed by tableaux representing incidents in the Nativity of our Lord, such as the Virgin Mary holding the Holy Child in her arms, the Adoration of the Magi, and similar subjects.

In other countries, unnamed in this article, there are various peculiarities about the monarchical Sunday; but enough has already been said to show that kings and queens are, to all outward appearances, an example for subjects to follow.

H. LEACH.

A Complete Story

Her Birthright

By a Popular Author

"WHERE have you been, my sweetheart?" asked Hilton Woodward, one dull November afternoon, as his one "ewe lamb," his little motherless Nancy, came into the room. He was stretched on the sofa enjoying his weekly luxury of a good rest, while he read at the same time a Sunday newspaper of the fierce Radical kind. Nancy walked up to the couch in the quiet way in which she always walked, and stood still by her father's side, stooping for a minute to kiss him with a soft and gentle kiss. He smiled at her, looking at the fair little face with eyes of love, and then repeated his question, "Where have you been all the afternoon, dear?"

"I have been with Jessie Sinclair, father; she took me to such a nice place. A great many children were there, and they sang. I did like it! And then a lady talked to us so kindly; and, father dear, she was so sorry for me because all the other children knew about Someone she told us about and I didn't. She kissed me, too, when I was coming away. I did feel so happy! And then, before we came home we sang something so pretty about 'Jesus is our Shepherd.' Jesus was the name of the good Man the lady told us about. I did like it so! And, father, the lady asked me to go every Sunday, and I said I would if you would let me. May I, father?"

It was not often that Nancy spoke at such length. The events of the afternoon had made a great impression upon her, and her eyes gleamed, and a faint pink flush came into the pale little face. But her father's anger was kindled; he loved the child with a wild and passionate love, but he was often very capricious with her, and now he sprang up and exclaimed in a tone of great annoyance:

"No, Nancy! I am very displeased with you! You must never go there again!"

The little face was no longer pink, it became deadly white, and a look of misery that was very pathetic on a child's face settled there; then she burst into tears.

"Oh, father," she sobbed, "please let me go! I do so want to go! She is such a nice lady, and I want to know more about that kind Man! I didn't know you would be vexed, father; you never told me not to go."

This was true. Hilton Woodward had flattered himself that he would so influence his child that she would never want to know anything about the Christianity he hated. He had never forbidden her to go to a Sunday-school, simply because it had never entered his head that there was the slightest likelihood of her ever being taken to one. Though he was angry, he assured himself that he was just, so now he said, with a fine attempt at speaking calmly:

"No, Nancy, I did not forbid it, because I didn't think there was any fear of your going to such a place. They are foolish places, my dear. You didn't mean to be naughty, Nancy; but it is even worse to believe what they tell you at such places than it was to believe those silly fairy tales that you wanted to think were true. I won't have you taught a pack of nonsense! I am going to train you to go about the country giving lectures against the very thing they would teach you if I allowed you to go to their absurd Sunday-school. I will not have my little Nancy taught such superstitious stuff as they teach you in them. Now you understand, Nancy, once for all, that I will not allow it. You are never to go there again."

Nancy sobbed on in a broken-hearted way. Her longing was so great that it

conquered even her fear, and with one more heroic effort to calm herself, she faltered in pleading tones :

" Please, dear father, I never wanted anything so much in my life ! "

" No ! " he cried in harsh, vibrating tones. " No, Nancy ; I forbid it And, you promise me that you will never go there again ? "

But before Nancy could speak the overworked lodging-house servant came to the door, and with a brief and laconic remark, " A lady to see you, sir," ushered a handsomely dressed and most attractive-looking young lady into the room. Hilton sprang up in an instant ; he knew a lady when he saw one, and it was not pleasant to him to see the untidy room and its general litter of newspapers. He made a bow, begging her to take a seat, wondering all the time who in the world she could be and what she wanted.

The lady was equal to the occasion, for she began at once :

" Your little girl came to Sunday-school this afternoon, she was in my class ; she was very good, and most attentive, and I asked her to come regularly. She told me she would like to, and would come if you would let her. I thought I would just see you about it straight away, and ask you to let her attend. Will you ? "

Edith Manners looked very sweet and gracious as she asked the question, and she was not in any way prepared for the haughty and emphatic refusal that was given her.

"No, madam ! " exclaimed Hilton Woodward. " Accept my thanks for the interest you have shown in Nancy, but it is out of the question ! I will not consider it ! I am a convinced Freethinker myself. I have got far in advance of the superstitious nonsense that is generally believed in, and I will not have my child influenced by it. I mean her to be as advanced as I am. I am very much annoyed that she has been to a Sunday-school, and was just making her promise that she would never go there again when you entered the room."

Edith Manners was naturally rather shy and reserved. It had needed an effort before she made herself come to ask for the child ; but her heart had been touched in no small degree by the discovery that she had in her class that afternoon one who, instead of being ready with the glib and ready answers that the other children gave, had actually never heard of the Christian hope nor of the Good Shepherd. Edith had felt herself drawn to Nancy. The wistful little white face had appealed to her very strongly, and as she looked now at the child, who was standing by her father's side sobbing, she yearned to bring joy and comfort into her life ; so she ventured to plead on her behalf.

" You must forgive me," she said gently; " I have no right to dictate to you, and I suppose it seems right to you to teach your little girl what you believe yourself. But have you really that right ? Your little Nancy is the first child I have ever taught who had never heard of our Saviour, and I could not help feeling that she had been robbed of her birthright."

She had gained courage as she spoke, and now her words vibrated with the warm and generous emotion that she felt.

Her pleading was in vain. Hilton Woodward listened, it is true, but when she had finished speaking he simply said :

" You have as much right to your opinion, madam, as I have to mine. If it pleases you to believe in a worn-out fairy tale, I have no objection ; it is nothing to me. But Nancy is my child. I have certain theories that I mean to train her in, and I had hoped that she would never hear the fulsome nonsense that is called ' Christianity ' till she was old enough and wise enough to hate it as I do. No arguments will influence me. It is her destiny to be an advanced Freethinker ! Why, madam, I have spared no efforts. I have not sent her to school, but am educating her myself, so that she may be brought up with an unbiassed mind ; I have told my landlady that the day the name of ' Jesus ' is mentioned to her we leave the house, and I am more irritated and annoyed to find that she has been taken to a Sunday-school than I can well express ! "

" Do let me beg of you to reconsider your answer," pleaded Edith Manners.

"It is so sad to think of one of the children He loves so dearly being brought up to know nothing of Him!" And the rare tears sprang to her eyes as she spoke.

"Nothing will make me alter my decision, madam," said Hilton Woodward stiffly.

"I am very sorry," she said simply. "If you alter your mind, will you let me know?" And she laid her card on the table as she spoke. "You will let me wish your little girl good-bye?"

Hilton Woodward looked annoyed, but he was not quite such a churl as to refuse a request made in such a way, so he bowed his head, and Edith walked to Nancy and took her into her arms, the latent motherhood which is in all true women being awakened by the sight of her sad and piteous face.

"Darling," she cried, "I am so sorry your father will not let you come to Sunday-school; but I want you to remember that I shall always love you, and I will ask God every day to bless you." And she kissed her lovingly. The child returned her kisses with fervour, and Edith bowed to Mr. Woodward and left the room, feeling strangely touched.

Nancy stood at the window, and watched the pretty, graceful figure out of sight, and then sat down in abject silence, too miserable to put a single question.

She longed to ask what prayer was, who God was, but she dared not speak while her father was so angry.

It did not make Hilton Woodward better pleased when he found that Nancy was too miserable to eat any tea. There was always a lurking fear in his mind; he spoke boldly of what he was going to do with Nancy, her career was mapped out, but as he looked at the white little face, as he noted her quiet, gentle ways, as he saw that the least little thing that upset her took her feeble appetite completely away, he feared with a horrible fear that his hopes would never be realised; he felt sure at such moments that Nancy would be taken away from him.

When this thought shadowed him he was harder, sterner, and more irritable than ever. Now he spoke sharply to the child because she could not eat; and when at his words she burst afresh into tears, he sent her to bed. Nancy crept away in her misery; but she was not more unhappy than her father, for, with all his faults she was his darling, and his heart ached at the thought of the sadness that encircled his little motherless girl. What would Rachel have said if she could have ever thought that the child she loved so tenderly would be in distress, and instead of comforting her he was bitter and angry?

Nancy came downstairs the next day with great dark circles under her eyes; her whole attitude was one of great depression, but she said nothing about the previous day, and her father would not allude to it either.

The child was in a more precarious state of health than he was aware of, and was not fit for the strain on her delicate constitution of the fretting that she gave way to whenever she was alone. She had spoken truly, "she had never wanted anything so much in her life." And from that day she drooped so much that her father was in despair about her. There were moments when he was tempted to call on Miss Manners and tell her that she might have the child, and teach her what she liked; he would do anything if he could bring hope and health into the little face that was daily growing whiter and thinner. At last the day came when Nancy could no longer crawl downstairs; then, his dread strong upon him, he consulted an eminent physician about the child. Dr. Carruthers looked grave when he saw the thin figure propped up in bed, and something very like a tear glistened in his own eye as he compared the little face before him with the round, rosy faces of the rollicking boys and girls in his own nursery. Then, with all the sympathy that he could show, he told the unhappy man who was waiting for his opinion the sad truth.

"There was no hope. At most it was a question of a few weeks. Let her have anything, do anything, see anybody that she wished. If she was distressed over anything, it would tell upon her." And with a tender smile for the child and a

hearty shake of the hand for her father, the doctor went away.

"Is there anything I can do for you, my sweetheart?" Hilton asked, a few hours afterwards. He was sitting by the tiny bed, holding the thin little hand.

"No, thank you, father," she answered. "There is only one thing I want, and you would not like me to have that."

"My darling," he cried, "there is nothing I will not get you! Tell me what you want, and you shall have it."

Nancy raised her head for a moment, so pleased and surprised was she at the words her father said; and then the hope died away, and with piteous patience she said:

"It is no use asking it, father. The one thing I want more than anything in the world is to see that pretty lady and to ask her to tell me about that good Man who loves all the children."

For a second there was silence, then love conquered. Hilton Woodward made his renunciation, and, with a gentleness that astonished Nancy, he replied:

"You shall have your wish, my sweetheart." Then he kissed her, and said: "I will go to see Miss Manners, for that is the lady's name, and ask her to come."

It was some compensation to see the gladness that irradiated her face, and to hear the ring of pleasure in the weak voice as Nancy said:

"Will you, father? Dear, dear father! Thank you so much!"

Half an hour later he was standing in Edith Manners' presence, and telling her the exact state of things. He made no secret of the fact that it was a great pain to him to have to alter his decision, but he loved the child, and so he gave way.

Edith raised her great pitying eyes to his face and asked:

"Then may I tell her about her Saviour, Mr. Woodward?"

And he answered unfalteringly:

"You may tell her anything she wants to know. I care for nothing now but making her last days happy ones; she is all I have in the world."

Edith walked back with him, and after that there was not a day that she did not spend part of it by the side of the dying child. Nancy was quieter, happier, and altogether more contented when her "pretty lady" was there. And Edith sat by the little bed, and sang sweet hymns, or told "the old, old story." And Nancy's eager eyes were fixed on her face, and she drank in every word that was said to her. She took an especial pleasure in hearing of Jesus blessing the little children; and because it was so sweet a story to his Nancy, Hilton Woodward schooled himself to stand by, and say not one single word that could bring doubt or pain to the trusting mind of the child. So sweet was it to see her contentment, her patience, her simple belief in that story which has thrilled the world for centuries that more than once Hilton surprised himself by a curious longing that came over him that he, too, could believe it; over and over again he confessed to himself, "After all, there is something in it."

A week or two passed, and as Edith Manners each day ministered to his child, and he found all Nancy's happiness centred in her, his heart was touched. Edith would have been surprised if she had known how often he repeated to himself the words she had spoken that Sunday afternoon, "I could not help feeling that she had been robbed of her birthright."

In the face of that other great sorrow which was every day coming nearer to him he scarcely felt this, and even smiled bitterly to himself sometimes as he thought, "Who would have believed a few months ago that I should have been so weak! Ah, well! If it be her birthright, she shall not be robbed of it by me. I would lay down my life for her any moment."

So the days passed on, and Christmas was at hand. Edith told the child, who had become inexpressibly dear to her, the sweet old story of the birth of Christ; told her, too, of all the kindly deeds that are done to-day for "His sake." And Nancy lay and listened with a smile on her face. And then early one foggy morning the doctor saw that the end was near, and Edith was sent for. She kissed her mother and said:

"I will not have my little Nancy taught such superstitious stuff as they teach in Sunday-school. You are never to go there again"

"You will not mind, mother dear, but I cannot leave her; she is so sweet, and she will not want me much longer." And she hastened to the sick-room.

It touched Hilton Woodward's heart to notice that, however ill his little one was, she seemed conscious that Edith was near, and even now, when she was near her journey's end, she smiled as she became conscious that her "pretty lady" was there. With a breaking heart Edith sat by her and sang the hymn that the child loved to hear. "Jesus is our Shepherd."

The long hours passed; those of us

who have watched our loved ones die know something of what those hours mean. And then all at once a strange and wonderful thing happened — the great eyes opened, a look of rapture came over the child's countenance, one thin hand pointed upward, and with a joyous tone Nancy cried :

"Look ! look ! Oh, father, it is true—it is true ! There He is, and holding out His arms for me ! "

The next instant the little hand had fallen on to the bed, the eyes closed, and the loving arms she had seen were folded round her, and little Nancy was with the Good Shepherd.

. . . . . .

When Hilton Woodward stood by his dead child, when he saw the look of utter peace on the angel-like face, when he heard the words which afterwards seemed to repeat themselves night and day to him through all the long hours, "There He is, and holding out His arms for me ! " he did a thing which a few weeks before he would have said indignantly he would never do—he fell on his knees by that quiet little form, and cried, while tears rained down his cheeks, "O God ! If there be a God, teach me how to find Thee ! "

And the ear that is always open heard, and the heart that is always full of love and pity answered that cry of anguish ; and Hilton Woodward knew in his soul that the hope of the world was not a lie ; he, too, learned that the beautiful story of God's love and pity that had cheered his darling was true, true, true !

He kissed the little white brow, and rose up strong and brave, comforted in a wondrous way as he thought that for "love's sake" he had made the greatest sacrifice of his life ; but in doing it he had given his child her birthright. And that night there was joy in Heaven, for that which was lost was found.

Gossiping tongues had said that he would be wild when the child was taken. Those that had talked in this way were struck by the calmness and dignity which he showed. Not a few who knew him as an atheist watched him with curious eyes during the little service that was held in the quiet church that Edith Manners attended before Nancy was lowered into the grave.

Those who watched noted with surprise the reverence and gravity of his behaviour. But when, the following Sunday, Hilton Woodward was found amongst the worshippers there, astonishment dominated all. But the heart of Hilton Woodward had found peace ; and though his life was desolate without his child, he was even then conscious that her frail hand had led him to the Saviour. That glad cry, that look of rapture, had undone the work of years.

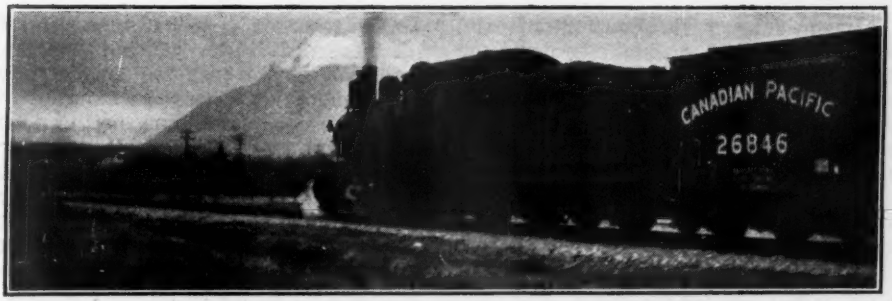
A few months after, Hilton was pleading his cause to one whom he loved with that deep affection which is needed if man and woman are to walk the difficult path of life together.

"Can you love me enough to marry me ? " he asked. "And will you teach me as you taught my little Nancy ? "

And Edith Manners put her hand in his, and looked into his eyes with her own beautiful love-lit ones, and said : "We will ask God to teach us, dear." And over their home was felt the sacred influence of the little child who had learned so early to put her trust in the Saviour.

When their first-born child was laid in Edith's arms, and Hilton stood by the bed with a white, moved face, he stooped and kissed the face that was so unspeakably dear to him, and cried, with his heart in his voice :

"Thank God that you are spared to me, my darling ; and oh, thank God that our dear child will never be deprived of her birthright ! "



Photograph by *E. Spencer Wyatt*

Where Solitude and Civilisation meet. Crossing a Canadian Prairie

Canada's Child-Colonists

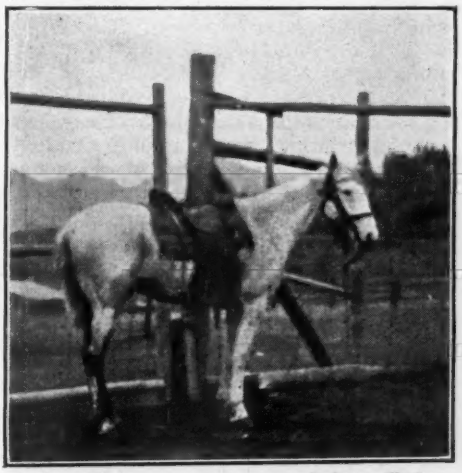
How they are treated, where they Live, and what they Become

DURING the past thirty years nearly fifty thousand child-colonists have been sent out to Canada by English and Scotch organisations, and the number is rapidly increasing year by year.

My readers may be more or less familiar with the operations of these philanthropic institutions, so far as they relate to the selection and training of needy children and their institutional life in the various Homes scattered throughout the United Kingdom; but what of those who have been sent as youthful immigrants to the Dominion of Canada? How do they fare in their new land? How are they received and distributed? How dealt with in the foster-homes to which they are relegated? Is this movement Canadianward a success from the child's standpoint? And what has become of the fifty thousand already transplanted to the World's Granary?

Following the fortunes of a typical company of child-immigrants, we find them met at the landing-stage by a representative of the receiving home to which they are designated, or accompanied by an official who has crossed the ocean in charge of the party. There are several branch homes in Canada, as follows: The Marchmont Home, at Belleville; St. Vincent's Home, in Montreal, the headquarters of the Catholic Emigration Association; the Fegan Home, in Toronto; the Dr. Stephenson Home, in Hamilton; the MacPherson Home, in Stratford; the Church of England Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays, in Niagara; the Quarrier Home, in Brockville; the Barnardo Homes in Toronto and Peterboro', Winnipeg, and at Russell, Manitoba; the Knowlton Home, at Knowlton, Quebec; and others. These are termed both receiving and distributing homes, and their titles explain in part the nature and scope of their work.

It may be interesting and instructive to refer to some of these distributing



Photograph by *E. Spencer Wyatt*

To possess a mustang is one of the first ambitions of the child-colonist

centres in detail. The Fairknowe Home, at Brockville, is a distributing home for Scotch children, one of the series constituting the orphan homes of Scotland, situated at Bridge of Weir, established by the late William Quarrier. This notable organisation for the rescue and saving of neglected children has been instrumental in sending some five thousand of their number to Canada during the past twenty years. None were sent, however, between 1897 and 1904. The work was resumed in 1904, when a small party of fifty-five boys was shipped to Fairknowe; and two large parties are expected at the time of writing.

It is the opinion of the authorities connected with the Quarrier Homes that while orphan girls can probably do quite as well in Scotland as in Canada, the boys have a better chance in the latter country. The party of fifty-five that reached Brockville on October 26th, 1904, were all placed in foster-homes within three or four days of their arrival, and the superintendent reports that he could easily have placed three times the number. It is the testimony of all qualified to speak that the Scotch boys and girls thus far sent to Canada by the Quarrier organisation have been a most desirable class of immigrants, establishing for themselves such satisfactory reputations that there are far more applicants for these children than can at the present time be supplied.

One of the oldest organisations engaged in philanthropic work among children is that carried on by Miss MacPherson, whose recent death is greatly deplored. The Canadian headquarters are at Stratford, and during the thirty-five years' history of Miss MacPherson's work over seven thousand children have been received in Canada. This home is almost entirely supported in England; but Canada has, no doubt, benefited by the number thus received, as the percentage of failures among them has been remarkably small. The demand for the MacPherson children is increasing year by year. Representatives of both sexes are sent out by this organisation, including many of a very tender age. These latter are kept for some years in the Stratford Home, which has accommodation for seventy-five at one time. The building is a very substantial and attractive one, standing in its own grounds of nine acres on the outskirts of Stratford, and is well adapted to its use. Among those who have in the past years graduated from the MacPherson Home are hundreds who have achieved success in all walks of life. Among them are clergymen, physicians, lawyers, and teachers; others are engaged in business, and not a few are successful agriculturists, in some cases owning their own farms.

Another of the long-established reception centres in Canada is the Marchmont Home, at Belleville. It was established in 1870 by Miss Bilborough, and over seven thousand children have been placed out and cared for through its instrumentality since that time. It receives both Scotch and English children, from six to sixteen years of age; the younger ones for adoption, and the older ones working for wages according to worth.

Having been maintained for thirty-five years, the superintendent feels that the work is no longer an experiment. Many of those who first came out have married in Canada, and have grown-up families and prosperous farms or businesses. As in the case of similar institutions, the graduates of the Marchmont Home are found in all ranks of life, and one of their number is sustained by his fellow-colonists as a missionary in China.

The children's home and orphanage at Hamilton bears the name of the Dr. Stephenson Home, from its founder, the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, D.D. This English work is now under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Gregory, having the special support of the Methodist denominations. This organisation has been responsible for forwarding to Canada 1,800 children, mostly boys. The receiving home is beautifully situated outside the city of Hamilton, and consists of an estate of eight acres of fruit and garden land. The boys received here have first served three or four years in one of the English homes, and the additional training had in the Canadian branch further

equips the lads for life in the new land. Every boy is placed out in the country, as it is thought they have a better chance to become independent by following an agricultural pursuit; and this is, no doubt, true. A yearly agreement is entered into, setting forth the terms and conditions. At the end of the year the employer settles up with the home, and pays over the balance of wages due to the boy. This sum is then placed in the savings bank attached to the home,

The Barnardo Homes have carried on an extensive child-immigration work in Canada for some twenty-three years, during which time over sixteen thousand children have passed through their hands on their way to the Dominion. There are four Canadian homes in direct connection with this institution—one at Toronto for boys, one at Peterboro' for girls, a third home is operated in Winnipeg, and a large farm is owned by the Society at Russell, Manitoba, comprising over

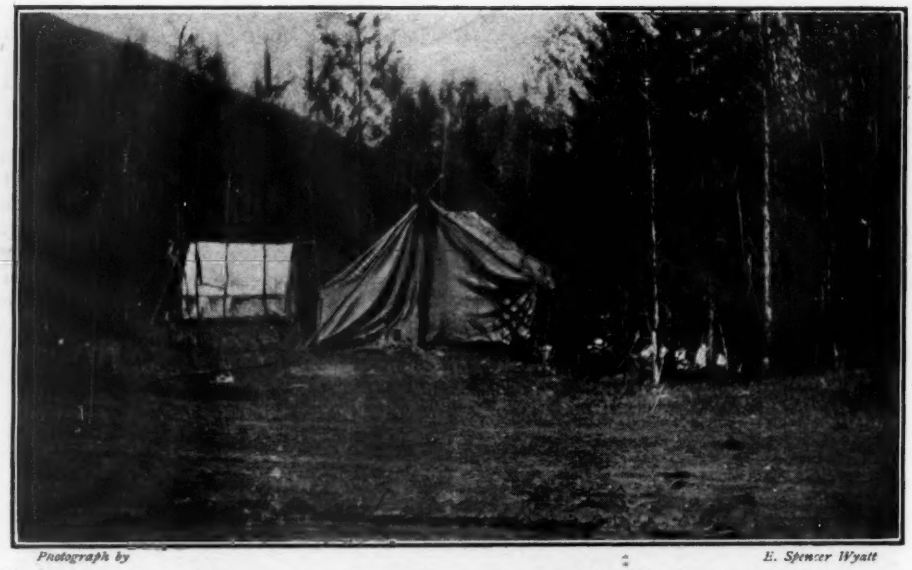
Photograph by *Topical Press Agency*

A party of boys from the Barnardo Homes leaving Stepney Causeway for Canada, via Paddington and Liverpool

and the lad receives four per cent. interest thereon. Ten thousand dollars (£2,000) is at present on deposit to the credit of the members of the home. The farmer may rehire the boy if he desires and is willing to give an advance of wages in keeping with the increased value of the farm-worker. Every boy is visited at least once a year, and a report made as to his welfare and condition. Thus an oversight is kept on the output of the home for many years after the arrival of the children in Canada.

eight thousand acres. It is in effect an agricultural college for the Barnardo boys that are sent direct to the Canadian West, where they are taught American methods of prairie-farming before being placed with settlers on a wage basis.

The Barnardo authorities send out large parties of girls from seven and eight years old and upward; and these are boarded out in foster-homes on a pay system of five dollars (£1) a month, for which the foster-parents are supposed to allow the child to attend a public



Photograph by *E. Spencer Wyatt*

Every child-colonist has an opportunity to become independent. After having gained experience he may start with a "shakedown," such as the above

school. The lads are likewise carefully looked after, and a system of inspection is kept up by means of which the Canadian representatives of the London homes are kept in touch with their immigrants. "We never drop a Barnardo boy or girl," is a claim they make. The Canadian constituency of Barnardo children is now so large that they support a magazine published in their interests, and have formed leagues and clubs and savings banks for mutual helpfulness and the cultivation of thrift.

The Fegan Homes, founded by Mr. J. W. C. Fegan, have their headquarters in Southwark Street, London, and their Canadian distributing home in Toronto, the latter having been presented by a Toronto philanthropist interested in the work undertaken. This institution deals in boys only, 1,560 of whom have been sent to the Dominion. Of these, many are now settled on farms of their own, and a number are in business for themselves. No boys are sent out who have not first been in training in one of the English homes of the movement. On arrival in Toronto the lads are kept for a few days in the distributing home, being thereafter sent to applicants within a radius of one hundred miles of Toronto. The Fegan boys are regularly visited, and are made to feel that they have a real haven in the Toronto quarters, and real friends and counsellors in the officers in charge. The boys sent out range in age from ten to eighteen, and for every boy brought out there are nearly a score of applicants. The Canadian manager of the Fegan Home points with pride to the fact that in 1903 the Canadian lads who immigrated under their auspices contributed 2,380 dollars (£476), and in 1904 2,800 dollars (£560), to help other English boys make a start in this new land.

Reference should be made to the excellent work carried on by the Catholic Emigration Association, which has sent some four thousand children to Canada. Their Canadian headquarters are in Montreal, with a summer home near Ottawa, and they confine themselves largely to boy-immigration. This branch represents all the Catholic emigration societies of Great Britain as incorporated in the Catholic Emigration Association. The work done through this channel

has been of a high order, as, indeed, may be said of all the operating agencies devoted to child-immigration.

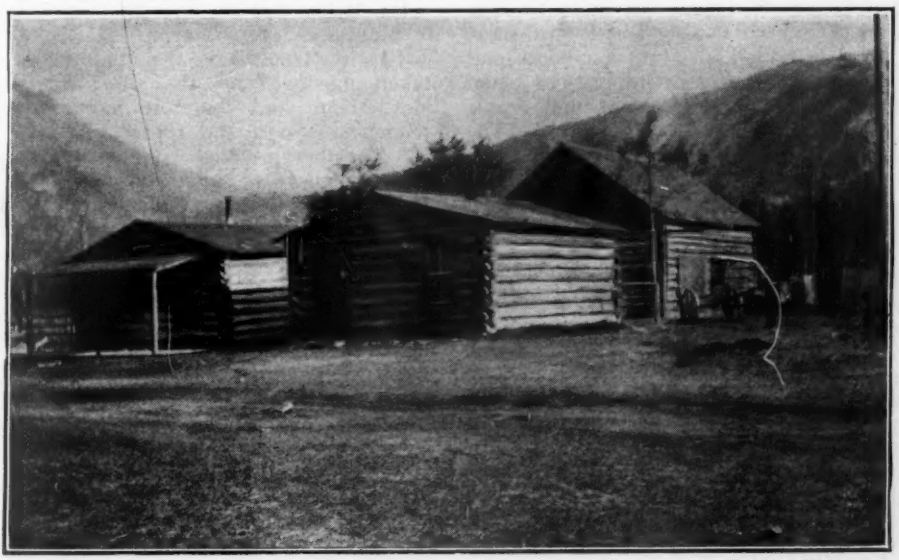
There is also the Church of England Society's Home, at Niagara, established by Miss Rye many years ago. Two thousand five hundred girls have found their way to Canada through this agency, and the work is still being actively carried on.

So much for the arrival and distribution of the child-colonist. What of his treatment and life under his new conditions ? may be asked. Such a question is all the more pertinent, as allegations have been made in the English Press from time to time that many of these children are overworked and subject to ill-usage. Such a controversy naturally leads to a feeling of uneasiness on the part of those supporting this type of philanthropy in Great Britain.

In reply to such charges, it may confidently be asserted that, while there may be occasional cases of hardship and scant privileges, yet the great majority of the fifty thousand constituting the bulk of the child-immigration have found good homes and reasonable opportunities to develop character and to prosper materially.

Judgments may differ as to what constitutes a healthy degree of hard work and a quantity that is harmful, and it is certain that the child-immigrant is expected to work according to his or her age and strength. The discipline of work may be just what a youth needs. As to cases of alleged ill-usage, the chances afforded the ill-used child to make complaint are so numerous that no one need suffer very long. Public opinion, too, is an even greater factor in preventing abuse. and it may safely be taken for granted that there are very few cases of real hardship and cruelty.

How is the child-colonist protected after he reaches Canada ? Reference has already been made to the system of inspection pursued by all the associations engaged in child-immigration work. In addition to these, the Dominion Government has appointed an inspector of immigration of British children, Mr. G. Bogue Smart. This appointment was made at the request of the British Government, which pays the salary and expenses of this officer, who in turn



Photograph by *F. Spencer Wyatt*

As the prospects of the colonist improve so does his home. This is the second stage of his progress. Eventually he may build an imposing-looking farmhouse

reports to the Local Government Board on each child visited. Any complaints of ill-usage would be promptly investigated by him. The local governments of many of the Canadian provinces also assist to some degree in exercising a supervision over this class of colonization work.

Furthermore, the distributing homes, acting as sponsors for the children arriving under their auspices, enter into an agreement between the party taking the boy or girl into his home and the child, whereby the interests of both are secured.

There is a considerable body of public opinion in Canada opposed to child-immigration in any form, though opposition thereto is lessening year by year; but to meet the views of those who thus take ground against the movement, the Ontario Legislature passed an Act in 1897, which has since in part been copied by other provinces, providing for a proper inspection of these children before being allowed to leave Great Britain. This step was taken quite as much to protect these young people as to safeguard Canada from undesirable additions to its population. Under this law the emigrating child over ten must be able to read and write, to be free from disease —" to be sound in mind and body, and free from any defect or impurity of blood that would render them undesirable settlers to the people of Canada." The Act also provides that any child who becomes dependent within three years after being placed out in Ontario must be returned to England.

The Ontario Government has an agent stationed in Liverpool, Mr. Peter Byrne, who is charged, as inspector under the Act, with the duty of examining all children intended for removal to that province. When a party is ready for shipment, the official is notified, and proceeds at once to the institution concerned, and there inspects each child. The president or director of the society has to make a declaration as to the fitness of the children as settlers, and the inspector issues a certificate to each child who passes his examination. Thus both the interests of the children and of Canada are safeguarded.

There is a further allegation that many of these British-born lads find their way into the Canadian reformatories and juvenile prisons. In answer to this charge I cannot do better than give the opinion of Mr. J. J. Kelso, superintendent of the Ontario Children's Department. He says:

"Taking a record of five hundred boys who have passed through the industrial schools of Ontario during the past six years, not one, to my knowledge, was brought out from England; and out of eighty boys in the Ontario Reformatory when that institution was abolished, only two belonged to the class of English children under consideration."

Mr. Kelso was asked:

"Is it a fact that these children are overworked and ill-treated on the farms to which they are sent?"

He replied as follows:

"There are, of course, a good many cases in which the children receive but scant justice. And yet, taking the work as a whole, I am quite satisfied that the treatment accorded the children as a whole is satisfactory. There is a steady improvement in this respect."

Mr. Kelso, further, had this query put to him:

"Is it true that the children are taken mostly from the slums of the Motherland, and therefore have strong tendencies to vice and disease?"

"No," he answered. "This is a very common mistake. Many of the societies placing out children in Canada are church and private benevolent orphanages, and have carefully reared and trained their children for years before emigrating them. The Ontario law requires that every child should be under training for at least six months in a well-equipped institution; but, as a matter of fact, a large percentage of the children have been in training for several years, and have good manners, good health, and a good education. During the past few years I have personally inspected two or three thousand of these boys and girls immediately after their arrival, and have found them to be children of whom any country might well be proud."

FRANK YEIGH

The Rector's Mystery

First Chapters of a Serial Story of Deep Interest. By Ethel F. Heddle

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

LOWER BISHOP'S THORPE found the time hang so heavy on its hands that even the fact of the rector's having taken a new housekeeper was a subject of the deepest interest and comment. Where had she come from? Who was she? Where had he met her? Had Lady Elizabeth taken to her? And Luline? And the servants? Did the rector himself like her?

All these questions they managed to insert in conversation when Mr. Nugent paid his clerical visits, and the results were part satisfactory and part baffling. The rector had met her at Hastings. She was a young widow. His mother liked her extremely, and so did Luline, the servants, and the dogs.

But there the rector's information ended. Who she was, and where she came from, he did not say. People began to nod their heads and wonder if he knew. And, truth to tell, as the rector walked down the village street, bounded on one side by the chemist's and the baker's, and on the other by the drapery establishment and the butcher's, he was seen to smile to himself almost mischievously. He was a youngish man still, not forty yet, though he had been a widower for years, and the old ladies in the village amused him sometimes.

"If they only knew that I had not a single certificate from her—that I knew absolutely nothing of her—and that I took her because she was lonely, and friendless, and poor, and because her eyes were the eyes of a good woman! But how the heads would nod, and the tongues wag, if they knew!"

He had reached the rectory gates now, and stood for a moment looking in on the velvety lawn, with its glowing beds of geranium and yellow calceolaria, and heliotrope and roses. There was a big mulberry-tree at the left of the house, and under it a low cane chair and a child's high one, and between them was a table on which a trim maid was placing tea. To the right was the garden, from which even here the rector caught a faint premonition of the raspberries within, and in the centre was the long, low, creeper-covered rectory. It was such a happy, sunlit scene! So English, so safe, so enshrouded with peace! No wonder he paused and drew a long breath.

"And I can see her everywhere! In the shining silver and the glossy napery—in Luline's tidy frocks—in my dear mother's comforts—in these beds of flowers—even in old John's new coat, which 'the new lady found in the attic,' and herself altered to fit him. She is the angel of the house! She has come to my lonely, untidy rectory, and made it home!"

And so thinking, he walked up the gravel sweep and sat down on the cane chair. It was in spring that he had gone to Hastings, and there, seated on the beach, had suddenly looked up and seen a face which seemed to imprint itself on his memory.

A very pale face, unremarkable save for the large violet eyes—eyes that a poet would dream of, inexpressibly beautiful, but inexpressibly sad. She was slight and rather small, and she sat there in a rusty black gown, her hands clenched in her lap, and the look of despair made her face look old and haggard and ill.

She had stumbled slightly as she rose to go, and the rector put out his hand

to assist her. From that he put a few questions, gentle and courteous and kindly, and she answered with the frankness of despair. She could get no teaching or sewing; they would not take her in a shop because her "manner was not good"; and she was wondering as she sat there "if God forbade those for whom there was no place in this world to find a way out of it!"

A few more questions, and then he had told her that he wanted a housekeeper. His mother was very old, and he had a little daughter Luline. But the certificates?

She raised her wonderful eyes to his; then:

"No," she said; "the last lady I was with took me with none. I went away from all my friends—cut myself adrift from them—after my husband's death, and I have never seen my home for ten years. The lady is dead. There is no sin in my past, but there is a tragedy; and, if you take me, I cannot tell it to you! This is all I can tell you."

"And your name?"

"Magdalen Sinclair."

The rector acted like a madman, Bishop's Thorpe would have said. He engaged her, and took her back the next day.

And now she was coming over the lawn towards him, looking brighter and better by many degrees than at Hastings. She wore a plain white gown, too, girt at the slender waist by a soft dove-coloured ribbon, and swinging her hand and skipping on two of the most restless of small feet was Luline, aged five, alike the joy and the torment of the whole rectory.

"Dadda, you is late!"

"Late, indeed!" And Mr. Nugent threw her up in the air, and then seated her on his knee. "It is you and Mrs. Sinclair who are late. And I asked Molly Everton over to tea, and expect her every moment. She and her father are home at last."

Magdalen was pouring out the tea, and he looked over at her.

"You have not seen the Evertons? He is an American who has lately bought the Hall here, and is therefore the largest proprietor we have. Molly is his daughter."

A bright, laughing voice concluded the rector's sentence, and an extremely pretty girl snatched Luline from her father's knee, kissed her merrily, and then sat down on a heap of cushions which lay on the grass near her.

"No, please don't move, Mr. Nugent; I prefer these."

The rector introduced the two ladies, and Molly tossed off her Leghorn hat, looking with deep interest at the pale face opposite. Somehow it interested Molly oddly—she had a curious feeling as if she had seen it before; and then she began to chat to the rector, while Magdalen attended to Luline's tea.

"And did you see George in town?"

"He called to take me to the Zoo, but the dad would not let me go. Is it not strange, Mr. Nugent, that on this one point my father should be so obdurate?"

"I confess I do not understand it," the rector said slowly. "I like George for his own sake, as well as for his brother's—Francis is a very old friend, and is coming here shortly. We must wait and hope, Molly."

Molly, playing with the white feather in her hat, looked up at Magdalen with a little friendly smile.

"And waiting and hoping is just one of the easiest things to advise and the hardest to carry out, is it not, Mrs. Sinclair?"

Magdalen seemed to shrink a little, but she tried to smile.

"I suppose most of us have to do it, in spite of that! 'Women must weep,' Kingsley says."

"Yes. I don't like that song; I don't like sad things in any shape," Molly dimpled mischievously. "What is it Shakespeare or somebody says about cares only coming with 'old age and wrinkles'?"

"I fancy you have the quotation wrong, Molly."

"Anyway, I much prefer happiness. And the dad is so good to me in other ways. There are only two things he will not do. He will never take me to Scotland—we who have travelled everywhere—and he will not listen to poor George."

"Me likes Dorge," Luline put in now, her mouth full of raspberries and cream. "And I is his little sweetheart. Dorge said so."

"George is a deceiver, then!" Molly cried. "Listen to her, Mr. Nugent. Oh, by the by, father told me to ask you who your organist was on Sunday? He was passing and heard the voluntary."

Magdalen Sinclair looked up, and again Molly felt the strange, sudden sense of something familiar about the face.

"I played," she said. "Mr. Ker was ill."

"Dad said he had not heard such playing for years; and it was his favourite minuet of Handel's. He stopped in the porch till it was over."

"I wish he would come and see me sometimes," the rector said. "He is so good in inviting me to the Hall. Tell him I can give him a decently cooked dinner now, Molly—that this lady has metamorphosed my chef de cuisine, as she has everything else!"

"I think you must be a witch!" Molly said, wishing those sad, strange eyes would look at her again. "Everyone praises you! John says you bud roses better than he does; the rector says you have metamorphosed the house; Lady Elizabeth that you are a born nurse; and father, that your music is wonderful! Are you a witch?"

"I am afraid not"—and Magdalen smiled in the girl's face. "A little trouble and pain goes a long way!"

Magdalen had risen then, and she looked at the rector.

"I must go in and see about Lady Elizabeth's tea. Will you please see that Luline eats no more, and bring her in when you come?"

"I think she is a witch," Molly said. "Some time ago there would have been tempests. And yet she is adored."

"Yes; I fear my little girl was a sad pickle before her arrival." And the rector took one of Luline's curls and held it out. "She rules by love, but she rules firmly."

"She has such a curious face!"

"Curious in what way?"

"Well, I hardly know. It is sad, for one thing, fearfully sad; and her eyes look at you in such an odd way, I feel inclined to say all the time, 'Poor woman, I am not going to strike you!' And then her eyes——"

"Well, Molly?"

"I have either seen them before, or——"

She paused, picking up the grass-blades, and thinking deeply; then she roused herself again.

"I must be going, Mr. Nugent. Will you not all come over and have tea with me?"

"To-morrow?"

"Any day you like. Dad is never in to tea; but I think you would enjoy seeing the gardens, and he will beg you to stay and dine. And perhaps you could put in a word for my poor George!"

The rector laughed.

"Is that not forbidden ground?"

"You have great influence with the dad. And he knows you know Francis Oswald. Are they a Scotch family? Could it be that? My father will not even have a Scotch servant in the house!"

Once start a young lady on her love troubles, and the conversation is apt to continue in one groove. The two had reached the gate now. Molly, leaning over it, gazed a little gloomily down the white road till her natural gaiety recovered. Then they shook hands and parted.

Hers was a very luxurious home, for her father had been a wealthy railway contractor in the States; and that night, as she stood before her long pier-glass, she swung it to and fro, regarding her own dainty figure complacently.

"If he would only listen to Mr. Nugent! I wonder if that strange, sad Mrs. Sinclair——"

And then she paused, and suddenly clasped her hands and laughed.

"No wonder her eyes struck me as familiar, when I see them every day—though with a very different expression—every day of my life! And, now I think of it, sometimes the expression even is alike! They are my father's eyes—my father's very eyes!"

CHAPTER II

GEORGE

MOLLY EVERTON was fond of doing her shopping in the village herself, though her father had engaged a stately housekeeper, who was wont to smile upon this as a little caprice. And on this sultry July day Molly, in a brown holland costume and a big shady hat, was buying stamps, and sending away a reckless number of postal orders, due to Oxford Street sales, when her name, spoken softly behind her, made her look round, and she saw a tall young man of particularly pleasing aspect making signs to her to join him in the road, to which he pointed.

"George! What are you doing down here?"

"Not a very affectionate greeting, eh, Molly?"

"Oh, well, you know what I mean!"

"I know you are a very provoking little woman. The truth is, I came because I could not keep away. I think it was Francis telling me of his coming down. And, Molly, he has promised to try and see your father, and, if he can, introduce the subject of *me*. I suppose there's nothing new? He never mentions me?"

"No." And Molly shook her head. "He told me not to speak of you, George. He said the matter was at an end."

George, walking along with his hands in his pockets, sighed deeply.

"I suppose it's the course of true love; but, really, if I could understand his objection I'd not mind so much. You see, Molly, with five hundred a year of my own, and a prospect of being taken into the firm——"

"Oh, it is not that, George! Dad does not care about money!"

"Then it must be me!"

"I don't think so. He liked you, you know, at first."

"Yes, till he got asking about my family; then all of a sudden he cooled off. I say, Molly, who is that?"

A governess-cart, with Mrs. Sinclair driving the fat little pony, and Luline, in a pink sun-bonnet, which made her absolutely bewitching, had just driven past, and the young man lifted his hat as Molly bowed.

"What a curious white face! Fine eyes! Who is she?"

"People call her 'the rector's mystery.' She is his housekeeper, and Lady Elizabeth's companion—in fact, everything at the rectory. I think her lovely. But you men always like a lot of colour."

"You have the loveliest complexion in the world," he remarked calmly. "'The rector's mystery!' What mystery? She looks all right."

"Oh, it is only the way all the dear old ladies here gossip! The rector called it 'Tattlebury' to me the other day. He knows they talk. It is only because she never speaks of herself, or where she came from, and neither does he."

"Perhaps they are afraid he will marry her?"

This seemed rather a new idea to Molly, and she opened her eyes.

"Oh, he would not!"

"Why not?"

"Well, she would not—she looks sometimes crushed," Molly said. And then, having reached the end of the village street, she looked up in the young man's face rather perplexedly.

"You know, George, I must go home to lunch, and I dare not take you. You must be dreadfully hungry, too, poor boy!"

"I'll get a snack of something in the inn. I've had my peep of you. You'll be true to me, Molly, whatever betide?"

He spoke half seriously, half banteringly; but Molly's bright face sobered a little.

"Yes, I will, George. I will never marry anyone else," she said. "But I never could go against the dad. He is all the world to me, and I to him. Mother looked up into my face when she was dying, and whispered to me to love him and be good to him always—she said he had had a hard, sad life—and I promised. But I'll never marry anyone else, and we can always hope."

They parted, the young lover just a little downhearted. Her father was in the dining-room when she entered, carving something at the sideboard, for Molly was late.

"I had to begin, Molly, for I must be in town by five. Where have you been?"

Molly, throwing off her hat, laid her hand on his sleeve with that perfect confidence and love so pleasant to see in this relationship.

"Don't be angry, father dear. I met George."

"In Bishop's Thorpe?" And he frowned.

"Yes. We walked down the village together. It is no use asking you, dad?"

"What, Molly?"

"Why I may not see him."

"No; I cannot tell you," he replied. 'You must trust your father. This thing cannot be, Molly! It cannot be!"

"Dad," said the girl, "do you know all it means to me?"

He sighed heavily.

"Molly, if I were to tell you all, you would say the same, my child; but I cannot tell you. I only ask you to trust me."

He looked at her earnestly then, and Molly half started. How like his eyes had been, just at that moment, to Mrs. Sinclair's! The thought made her speak.

"Father, have you ever seen Mrs. Sinclair, at the rectory?"

"No. Who is she?"

"They call her 'the rector's mystery.' She is his housekeeper. I asked, because she has eyes so like yours."

He half smiled, very sadly.

"Your fancy, Molly—only your fancy. There was only one woman who had eyes like mine, and she died ten years ago. Sometimes, when I think of her, I seem to see her eyes again—the sweetest, saddest eyes in the world! And I like to think they are happy eyes now. If there is justice with God, they are happy eyes now!"

He spoke suddenly and passionately, and Molly looked amazed. But he had seated himself at the table, and was now eating in an absorbed, brooding way, as if he was quite unconscious of the viands before him.

He was still abstracted. His gaze was very far away, and Molly, accustomed to his moods, said no more.

CHAPTER III

AT THE RECTORY

"I HAVE a guest coming on Friday, Mrs. Sinclair," the rector said that evening at dinner. "Did I tell you, mother?"

Lady Elizabeth, from her high-backed chair, nodded. She did not dine then, but she generally sat with them.

"Yes, Rex, you told me."

"He is a rising barrister, they tell me, now," the rector resumed, "and I am rather curious to see my old friend. He was a trifle hard in the old days—I think he judged people a trifle hardly—but he had a good deal of trouble. It is his brother who wants to marry Molly Everton."

"She is a very bright, pretty girl," Mrs. Sinclair said, looking up. "It does one good to see such a sunny face! I always think happy people do the world so much good."

"Yes. And yet, till they have crossed through the waters of sorrow and tribulation, I always feel as if there was a gulf between us. Few very happy people, unless they have suffered, are sympathetic. They mean to be kind, but they look at one with eyes that do not understand. God's ploughshare of sorrow cuts deep, but the seed of faith and trust in Him has the deeper root. I saw that thought beautifully expressed the other day."

Magdalen listened, her face bent.

"But after a soul has gone through deep pain, can it ever be happy again?"

"Happier, in one way. It must have found, if it called on God, that 'His compassions fail not.' That 'they are new every morning.' Every morning."

Magdalen sighed.

"But I hope Mr. Everton will come round," the rector resumed cheerfully. "His objection seems strange. And he is not a man whose confidence one gains easily. Are you ready, mother?"

She always took dessert, and the rector wheeled in her chair to the table.

They ate their strawberries, the windows wide open to admit the sweet air of the coming night. It was full of the scent of the fern and grass from the

paddock, and of fruit from the garden. Magdalen wandered presently to the French window, and so out on to the lawn. She thought the rector and his mother liked a little chat together, and she strolled there till it grew dark.

In the paddock there was a little tangle of shrubs and bushes, where Luline was fond of playing "Indians." And, remembering she had dropped a handkerchief, Magdalen pushed her way into it; and then, tempted by the green silence, she sat down on the ferns and looked up into the peaceful sky.

"I am so content, and so at peace! How long will it last? It is that that torments me! Is the past dead indeed—dead, and cast behind me? I dare not tell the rector all—then I was desperate and starving—and yet often I wish I could. I almost believe he would have taken me, and trusted me all the same. And yet I could not!

"If Colin is still alive—and I think he must be—I could not tell him, I can never tell him! If it was only my own danger, I should not care. Where is he, I wonder, my poor Colin? I think God has forgiven him.

"What would the rector say? He can be stern, even in the midst of that tender pity of his for all sufferers. How did he suffer himself? Did he love his wife, I wonder, very dearly?"

"Mrs. Sinclair! The dew is falling."

It was his voice from the window. Magdalen rose, and, forgetting the handkerchief, went in. Lady Elizabeth was in the drawing-room then, and, as usual, Magdalen went to the piano.

Magdalen had one of those rare voices which bring the tears to the eyes, while the sweetness of it nestles in the heart. One forgot her individuality in her singing, because she forgot it. One only wished that voice to linger in the heart for ever.

"My dear," Lady Elizabeth said to her softly, as the rector gave her his arm to take her upstairs, "you have the sweetest voice I have ever heard. But it is too sad."

And then, with a gentle kiss, the old lady went away, and Magdalen shut the piano.

"My baby in his cradle in the churchyard,
Waits there till the bells bring me."

She paused, and shivered.

"Can I get you anything, Mrs. Sinclair? I am going back to my study for a little."

"Oh, no, thank you!"

And then the rector came up to her, and held out his hand. "Then I shall say good-night! Thank you for your song."

Her eyes met his gentle, kindly ones, and a little dry sob rose in her throat. She felt a sudden hunger for his help.

"Mr. Nugent," she said, "you believe, do you not, with all your soul, that if we have committed sin, and are truly sorry and remorseful, God will forgive us?"

"'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.'"

"Yes. So many say that; but they are so hard, so cruel! I was thinking of someone I loved so dearly, and the world would call him——"

She broke off, as if she had said more than she meant, and her eyes took the hunted look spoken of by Molly.

"Forgive my asking you. You know there are moments when one seems to look down into an abyss of doubt and darkness, and one stretches out one's hand for a warm, human touch."

"Yes," he said, "I know."

He went to the door then, and Magdalen heard him say good-night again in the old pleasant, even voice.

Yet in the study the rector sat down by the table, and he hid his face in his hands.

"Someone she loved very much! And she loves him still—she loves him still!"

The hours passed, and still the fine head, with its kindly, earnest face, was hidden. And then he took up his Bible, and he found the place he wanted.

CHAPTER IV

SEEN IN THE CHURCH

THE illness of the organist had given Magdalen the great pleasure of playing on one of the finest instruments in the county, and she was in the habit of going to practice with the choir every

The rector acted like a madman, Bishop's Thorpe would have said. He engaged her, and took her to his home the next day. And now she was coming over the lawn towards him

week. And after the village lads and girls had clattered away—for the rector was old-fashioned enough to have a mixed choir seated in the old oak gallery—she used to stay on, playing in the dusk of the church, and happier than she had been for years. The church was a fine old building, Norman in architecture, with a good many tombs to departed De la Poles, the great people of the district, and some very old and fine stained glass.

The rector's pew had been a prominent one, and the congregation of Bishop's Thorpe were apt to stare a good deal at the pale face sitting beside Luline's golden curls and chubby cheeks. Magdalen went a good deal on the rector's errands to the poor; but well-to-do and gossipy Bishop's Thorpe knew her not at all.

Now, however, the slight figure was hidden behind the red rep curtains of the organ, and Nannie, Luline's nurse, sat beside that young lady and endeavoured to keep her in order and something like sobriety during the service. For Luline laboured under the delusion that a preacher ought to stop when people—meaning her small self—were tired; also that the one hymn given out should invariably be "Dere is a happy lan'."

So she sung this lustily, mounted on a hassock, and regardless of the fact that she and the congregation were not exactly at one; and, after fidgeting wildly, had one day calmly announced from the pew, "Me tired now, dadda," to the immense delight of six small boys opposite, who immediately disappeared on to the floor of the pew, and crammed their handkerchiefs into their mouths.

To-night Luline and her nurse had accompanied Magdalen to the church, and the young lady had walked up the chancel, after sitting down on the crossed feet of a crusading De la Pole, to her nurse's horror, and poking a fat finger into the cold marble eyes, with the remark that he was "welly dirty." But it was long past her bedtime, and the nurse took her away, Magdalen hearing the last echo of the shrilly sweet little voice as she went back to her seat.

"I wonder, if she had lived, if she would have been like Luline?"

She began to play then, all alone in the church, for the organ was worked by water power; and the figures of Hope and Faith and Charity on the organ ledges grew dark and faint, and only a little light came through where, above the altar, there was a benignant figure of Christ blessing the people. Magdalen loved the old church. Memory and sorrow seemed to slip away from her in this hallowed place.

She was alone with the sleeping De la Poles on their marble pillows, and the softly hued windows. If she thought of any human figure there, it was of the rector, as he stood on Sunday in his white surplice, his strong, eager face bent over the pulpit as he talked to his people of the love of God. He dwelt too much on the love of God, Mr. Binks, the chemist, said. Mr. Binks argued that a little of the wholesome hell-fire doctrine was necessary now and then, and good for the congregation. He had said this once to the rector, and that good man had looked at him patiently.

"When you were a child, Mr. Binks, did you do what your mother told you because you feared a whipping, or because you loved her, and she you?"

"Mother never whipped," the chemist said, forgetting his argument. "If I was whipped it made me mad, and I went and did worse."

At which the rector smiled.

"When God punishes us, He does so through love; and I think He only punishes when love does not lead us home. If fire alone will cleanse us, He uses the fire of sorrow; but only in love. I do not think the doctrine of fire preached every Sunday would help us so much, Mr. Binks, as that short text, though the grandest and truest in the Bible. St. John, because he loved most, knew better than the others what God was. He told us 'God is love.'"

Magdalen had heard the little discussion, and her eyes had shone softly, and the rector saw the look.

She was playing Handel now, for he was her favourite composer—"Messiah"

and "Samson"—and she played that wonderful chorus, "To dust His glory they would tread."

And then the theme changed to "Round about the Starry Throne," and as it did so the church door opened softly, and a tall man, in riding attire, a whip in his hand, stood in the aisle, with bent head, listening.

He had a curious face, this man. At times it seemed carved from marble; the lips under the grey moustache were sometimes fierce, sometimes set in lines of iron resolve; but it was always an intensely sad face. Only one person ever made it smile, and that was his daughter Molly; but music always softened it, and Mr. Everton was softened now.

"She always played Handel," he whispered to himself, as the glory of the mounting notes rose above him. "And that's 'Samson,' I think. Something in 'Samson.' I remember she sang the solos in that—before they wrecked her life and mine!"

He seemed lost in thought; but he walked in a little way, his lips working, and his eyes bright and fierce. He did not see the marble effigies of the bygone De la Poles, for he was looking back into that tragic past which cast its long shadow over his life still.

"Poor lassie! My poor, noble lassie!"

Upstairs in the organ-loft Magdalen had stopped playing. She must be going home, for Lady Elizabeth always liked to see her before she slept; and there was the rector's frugal supper to attend to and arrange with those little deft, dainty touches which a man so much appreciates, but can never define. All that Magdalen did for the rector was a pleasure. She did not ask herself why. For this good and true man, who lived up to every word he preached, and whose life taught his people infinitely more than ever his sermons, she could never do enough to show her gratitude.

So she closed the organ, and, singing a few bars softly to herself, put out the gas, groping with one little white hand for the railing. She crept downstairs slowly, half smiling. She was thinking of Luline, and how the little arms clasped her knees and the little eager face had looked up in hers before Nannie carried her away.

"You tome home soon, Maga?" the child had said. "You promise, Maga?"

She had almost reached the foot of the stairs, when she saw a man's dark figure, and she started violently. Was it the rector, come to walk back with her?

"Is that you, Mr. Nugent?"

And Magdalen raised the taper she had lit.

Oddly enough, the stranger seemed startled too, and he came up slowly.

"I beg your pardon. I——"

And then, Magdalen peering forward, her head under the rays of the flickering taper, they looked and saw each other's faces!

The girl gave an awful, low moan; the man a wild ejaculation. Then the light dropped heavily, and rolled to Mr. Everton's feet; and he was just in time to catch Magdalen as she swayed, reeled, and fell down the steps on to the carpeted aisle.

CHAPTER V

THE FALSEHOOD

A LOUD knock at the church door then, and the rector's voice.

"Are you there, Mrs. Sinclair?"

Mr. Everton rose hastily, and he went out into the porch where the rector was standing.

"The door is open, Mr. Nugent," he said, speaking abruptly but calmly. "I stepped in, hearing the music, and I—I'm afraid I have been the cause of an accident to the lady who was playing. She saw me suddenly, and fell down the stairs."

The rector pushed past him abruptly, and in a moment he had raised Magdalen's slight figure and carried her into the vestry. There was water there, and he loosened her lace scarf and the neck of her dress, and dashed the water in her face, his own pale and perturbed.

"She is delicate, I fear. I fear her heart is not very strong," he said, in an anxious, worried undertone, Everton watching him from under his dark eyebrows, but doing and saying nothing, though there was a grey pallor on his face.

"Who is she, Mr. Nugent?"

"My housekeeper."

"Your housekeeper?" He repeated the words mechanically, as if trying to take them in and think them over. "Your housekeeper? Ah, the lady Molly spoke of! The lady she said had——"

And then he broke off again. A little slender gold chain had caught in the rector's hand as he did something to the fastening of the neckband, and it broke off now, a gold locket rolling on the floor, and opening as it fell at Everton's feet.

He raised it quickly, and his eyes fell upon the pictured faces enclosed before the rector said quietly:

"Did something break?"

Everton shut the locket then, and he handed it to the rector at once; and very shortly afterwards Magdalen shivered, sighed, gazed wildly and vacantly with the strange look of returning life, and then sat up and pushed the wet rings of dark-brown hair from her forehead.

"I dreamt I saw——"

"Are you better, Mrs. Sinclair?"

Everton spoke from his place near the door, and Magdalen, starting, looked round. A wonderful change came over her face, then the eyes softened and shone. She rose dizzily to her feet, and seemed about to hold out her hands. And then Everton spoke again, with a strange note of warning.

"I did not know to whom I must apologise for my stupidity in appearing so suddenly till the rector told me your name."

Yes, that warned her! Her eyes changed, the colour mounting in her face paled again, and she sat down and looked up at the rector.

"Please can we go home now?"

"You cannot walk," he began; "let me go and bring a carriage."

"Oh, no! Indeed, the air is the best thing for me. And Luline and Lady Elizabeth——"

"You must think of yourself now."

"Indeed, I do! Indeed, I had much rather walk," she repeated eagerly, as if anxious now to go.

And she took a few steps to the door, her eyes, brilliant as if with inward fever, fixed on Everton.

He drew back and opened the door, and he waited till the rector followed. In the porch Mr. Nugent drew Magdalen's hand under his arm. Then Everton put on his own hat.

"I am glad you are better," he said. "May I call and inquire later? I hope you forgive me for startling you?"

"Oh, yes. I—it was very foolish," Magdalen faltered.

And then the men shook hands, and the three separated, Everton mounting the fine bay mare he had tied to the fence which bounded the churchyard and riding off at a sharp trot.

"It was fortunate that I looked in," the rector said, as they walked on. "I was over seeing Mrs. Lamb, and, passing, I wondered if you had left. When I saw no light I made sure you had gone. Everton was foolish not to let you know he was there."

She made no answer.

"Had you seen him before?"

"Mr. Everton? No!" And the rector could hear a faint, unwilling terror in her voice. "Years ago I had a great shock, and my nerves have been stupid ever since. I feel as if I had given you a great deal of trouble, Mr. Nugent."

They were in the little avenue then. He paused suddenly and looked down at her, and Magdalen shivered under the look.

"Do you think you ever give me trouble? What of all the trouble you take for me and mine?"

"That is a work of love!" She had not meant to say that, and she added hastily: "I love them both—little Luline and Lady Elizabeth." And, as if terrified at her own speech, she drew her hand from his arm.

The rector said nothing. He opened the door for her, and in the hall gave her her candle.

"Will you go to my mother, and then you will eat something?"

"I could not, thank you," she murmured, already half-way upstairs. "Good-night, Mr. Nugent."

"Good-night."

And then she disappeared; and the rector went into the dining-room, and sat down by the sandwiches and fruit,

though he ate nothing. He was thinking deeply.

"I torture myself over every little incident in connection with her, though I trust her with my whole soul! Did she know that man? She said 'No'—and she is true."

He sighed heavily. His face looked tired and sad as he rose presently and went away, leaving his supper untasted.

And in her room, Lady Elizabeth having been attended to, Magdalen was standing looking at a little photo she had of the rector and his Sunday-class. She was looking at the kind face pleadingly and sadly.

"I told you a lie. I told the kindest and best man who ever lived a falsehood! But, oh, you might forgive me! You might forgive me if you knew all!"

CHAPTER VI

MOLLY'S FATHER

THE next days were of lazy heat and slumberous sunshine, and Luline, in her pink sun-bonnet, with Spot, the exceedingly mischievous fox terrier, lived in the open air, with either Nannie or Magdalen. The latter was glad of the excuse of the beautiful weather to spend a great many hours in the old-fashioned rectory garden, or down in the copse or the paddock, only returning in time to read to Lady Elizabeth, or be near when the old lady required her at meal-times. At all other hours of the day the rector scarcely saw her. She and Luline were away together, seated for the most part in a little strip of pine wood, which was really the property of Mr. Everton, though Magdalen did not know this.

They were here, on the Thursday before the rector expected his London guest; and Luline was fast asleep now, her sun-bonnet tipped over the freckled little nose, and Magdalen's sunshade open over her head. And then, coming down the little path—which was used occasionally as a short cut by the villagers—Magdalen saw the tall figure which had so startled her in the church. Her face grew very pale, though the eyes shone softly; and then Mr. Everton looked and saw her, and he advanced eagerly, with long strides.

"Magdalen!"

She rose softly, so as not to waken Luline, and yielded her hands to his. Then he drew her to him softly, and kissed her again and again, yearningly and almost reverently.

"My darling! I thought you were dead!"

"And I did not know whether you were or no! I find you here—safe, wealthy, secure! Oh, I am so thankful!"

"But haunted, Magdalen, all the same."

She shivered slightly, keeping her hand on his arm.

"Surely all is safe now?"

"Ah, God knows! But for Molly I would gladly have lain the burden down long ago. Even yet, when I think how I allowed you——"

"Oh, hush! I made you. It would have killed me, Hugh! She never knew? Mary never knew?"

"Never; but she thought it had broken my heart to see you there!"

"Did she believe that I——"

"Never! It did break my heart, Magdalen, though I permitted it. How did I permit it?"

His tone was one of concentrated bitterness, almost despair. The deep lines about his mouth and eyes seemed cut suddenly deeper still, his eyes were hard and suffering. She put up her hand gently and stroked his face.

"Hugh, it is all past now. It can never in this world come over again. God, who alone is our judge, saw and knew all, and I think He would forgive us both."

"You did nothing."

"Ah, yes! I was self-willed and selfish. You warned me. But I am so at peace here, Hugh. The rector is one in a thousand. Sometimes I almost forget the horror of the past."

"Yes, he is a good man. He practises what he preaches, and he believes what he preaches with every fibre of his being! If I ever entered a church, I would enter his; but I dare not. How did you meet him, Maddie?"

She started a little at the familiar love-name, then she told him.

"And, of course, he knows nothing?"

"Nothing."

Everton sighed.

"Well, I think all is safe. As I say, but for Molly—and now you, Maddie—I would not care! God knows, the day that sees my last sleep will see a sleeper well content!"

"Hugh! Ah, Hugh! My poor Hugh!"

As if in passionate pity, she laid her head gently against his arm, and he stroked her brown hair with a lingering tenderness.

"I see a few silver hairs, Maddie! How old are you now?"

"Thirty. Getting middle-aged. Sometimes I have felt as if I had lived centuries."

"Ay, we do not count living by years. But for you, Maddie, there may be years of peace. Have you seen Molly? She is the sunshine of my life!"

"Yes, I liked her at once. Of course, I did not know the name."

"She is like what you were before he crossed our path. Do you know who is her lover? Molly is only eighteen, but she has a lover."

"Her lover? Yes, she spoke of him. Who is it?"

"His half-brother, George Oswald."

She shrank back, with a little cry.

"Oh, Hugh! Oh!"

"There seemed a fate about it, did there not? I never guessed till I began to question him about his family. I shall not permit it, of course."

"Is he at all like——"

"Not at all."

"She is fond of him, Hugh. It is a dangerous thing to stand between a girl and the man she loves."

They had spoken very low, so as not to waken the child, and then Magdalen heard the village clock strike, and she said she must go. He had just stopped to kiss her, when a footfall behind startled both, and Hugh drew back just a moment too late. Miss Gubbins, of the post-office, and the greatest gossip in all Bishop's Thorpe, was gazing, round-eyed, and as she minced past, her spare skirts held up to avoid the pine-needles, she looked at Magdalen with strong suspicion. Talking to the new squire at such close quarters! And had Aminda Gubbins's eyes deceived her? Had he just kissed her? Horrible—most horrible!

She cogitated over the matter all the way home. It was really a nice little dish of gossip. Sarah Binks, the chemist's sister, and Mary Ann Smith, the milliner, would scarcely believe this. They had even gone so far as to vow lately that there was no mystery about Mrs. Sinclair, and that she was "a sweet pretty creature." She would tell them this, and see what they said.

But Miss Gubbins had even a better opportunity for her first gossip than either Miss Binks or the milliner. The rector himself looked in for stamps.

"All well, sir, at the rectory?" she asked deferentially.

"All very well, thank you. Luline is out all day in this weather."

"Yes, sir;" and then Miss Gubbins allowed herself the luxury of a slight, ineffable sniff. "I saw Luline and Mrs. Sinclair in the new squire's wood just now."

"Yes? They are there often." And Mr. Nugent smiled, putting the stamps into his pocket-book. "Pines are said to be very healthy for them."

"The new squire was chatting with Mrs. Sinclair very friendly—very friendly indeed," Miss Gubbins resumed, a hidden significance in her tone. "Are they relatives?"

"They do not even know each other." And the rector looked surprised. "What made you think so?"

"H'm!"—and Miss Gubbins pursed up her maiden lips—"I scarcely really like to say, sir."

"Dear me, that sounds alarming!" But the rector showed no desire to press her, and left the little office.

Poor Magdalen! Unwittingly she had made an enemy, and, alas, the power of a spiteful woman's tongue is no enemy to smile at! The poison of asps is more easily dealt with.

(To be continued)

Human Documents

Pictures that Live and Die with their Owners

IT is a curious fact that although tattooing is commonly supposed to be a semi-savage practice, it is, as a matter of fact, more in vogue amongst civilised nations than amongst barbarous tribes.

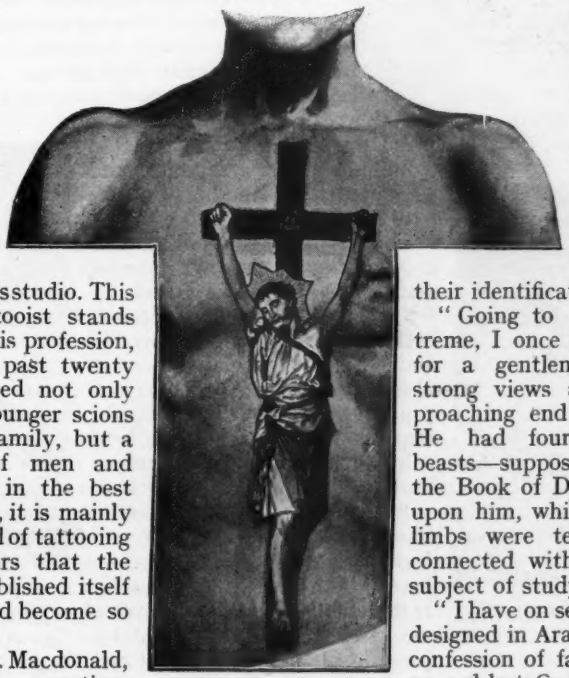
Of recent years this has been notably the case, especially in Great Britain and America. More than one princely personage bears decorative designs indelibly fixed in his skin.

It is, however, with the religious aspect of tattooing that we are now concerned. To most people it will probably come as a surprise that this popular fad has any religious aspect at all. But even the most casual examination of the profusely decorated arms of sailors will show that crosses and other sacred emblems are amongst the designs most frequently met with.

Seeking information on this subject, we naturally turned our steps in the direction of Jermyn Street, where Mr. Sutherland Macdonald has his studio. This well-known tattooist stands at the head of his profession, and during the past twenty years has tattooed not only most of the younger scions of the Royal Family, but a vast number of men and women moving in the best society. Indeed, it is mainly due to his method of tattooing in natural colours that the fashion has established itself in our midst and become so popular.

"No," said Mr. Macdonald, in reply to our question, "I cannot say that religious designs are greatly in favour with my clients. They are common enough in the case of sailors and soldiers, who seem to be never tired of decorating themselves with crosses and the like, but amongst the upper classes of society the designs are usually selected with an eye to beauty, except where monograms and crests are desired. These latter are very popular with military officers, who frequently have their family crest and that of their regiment tattooed upon them.

"Still, I have occasionally been asked for designs of a religious character. One of the most remarkable of these was the case of a Jesuit priest, upon whose chest I tattooed a picture of the Crucifixion nearly a foot long. He was about to proceed as a missionary to China.



Tattooed on the chest of a missionary

"On another occasion I tattooed a certain religious device upon a community of monks. As the device was the badge of their order, I must not describe it, or it might lead to their identification.

"Going to the other extreme, I once did some work for a gentleman who held strong views about the approaching end of the world. He had four many-headed beasts—supposed to be from the Book of Daniel—tattooed upon him, while all over his limbs were texts and dates connected with his favourite subject of study.

"I have on several occasions designed in Arabic the Moslem confession of faith, 'There is no god but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God.'

This was not upon Moslems, but upon English travellers, who were about to visit some of the more dangerous parts of Northern India, and was intended to preserve their lives in case of capture by hostile tribes. It is said that no Mohammedan will slay any creature that bears the sacred name of God. Another formula of the same character that I have tattooed upon Anglo-Indians is the Moslem apology for killing. The object was the same as in the former case.

Worked on the left forearm of a person convicted of larceny and fraud

"It is quite a common thing for demons to be tattooed upon people. As a rule this has no significance. But I recently covered the back of a man with a most awe-inspiring fiend. He was going to South Africa, and wished to impress the natives with the idea that he had a familiar spirit, who would wreak vengeance upon anyone who proved troublesome.

The Crucifixion, with angels ministering to the Saviour

"Mephistopheles in various forms is emblazoned on not a few aristocratic skins, and I have also tattooed copies of the imps on Lincoln Cathedral.

"A well-known Anglo-Indian officer has been tattooed by me with representations of most of the chief Hindu deities, and a recent client of mine bore a rude representation of the Jerusalem cross, done by an Arab tattooist over forty-five years ago.

"So far as I can tell, there is not much religious significance to be attached to designs of a distinctly sacred character. They are generally a mere fad of the wearer.

"But there is a very practical reason for the crucifix which is so often to be found on the backs of sailors. It is a survival of the old flogging days at sea, and was worn in the hope that the man who wielded the cat would not strike heavily on the sign of salvation."

A distinctly startling branch of our subject is that which the records of the police afford. Through the courtesy of Sir Robert Anderson, late chief of the Criminal Investigation Department, we are enabled to present some specimens of religious tattooing which have been found upon convicted criminals.

"Christ died for me; God is Love; No Cross no Crown," was worked on the left forearm of a person convicted of larceny and fraud. In the centre of the chest of a man sent to prison for larceny and assault was found a picture of the Crucifixion, with angels ministering to the Saviour. Christ bearing the cross, and the Holy Spirit descending in the form of a dove, was on the skin of a hardened individual convicted of larceny many times. The words "Faith, Hope,

Christ bearing the cross, the Holy Spirit descending in the form of a dove. On the skin of a hardened criminal

and Charity" are very frequently found tattooed upon the bodies of thieves of all classes.

Another expert tattooer is Mr. Alfred South, to whose private studio in the West End of London have come many representatives of the highest circles of society, seeking pictorial decoration on their skins. Of course, Mr. South is discretion itself, and maintains the strictest silence as to the identity of his clients. But he was good enough to give us some interesting facts about what may be called the religious aspect of tattooing.

"Yes," he remarked, in reply to a question, "I have certainly had many curious examples of this kind of thing. Indeed, it would surprise you to know how many people come here to have religious devices tattooed upon them. Of course, the greater part of my designs are simply artistic and quite secular, but there is always a considerable demand for devices of a purely devotional character.

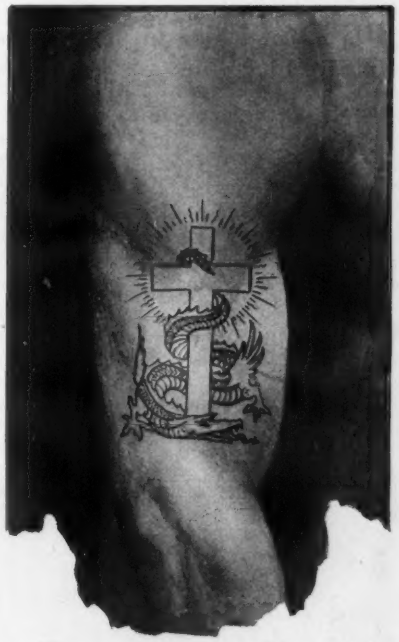
"It is a very common thing for religious medals and crosses of every type to be thus fixed indelibly on these wearers. One gentleman, who has been a frequent client of mine, has no less than eight crosses on different parts of his body. These are accompanied by devotional inscriptions in Latin, Greek, and Arabic.

"Inscriptions, however, are much less common than pictorial designs, though I know a prominent London shorthand-writer who has the entire Lord's Prayer on his right arm."

"Evidently some people are willing to endure pain for their religious principles?" we queried.

"That does not follow at all," said Mr. South. "You must understand that the art of tattooing has made great strides during recent years, and the process used by me is absolutely painless. I use a needle of the finest size — a No. 16, in fact — and the electrical appliance to which it is attached makes many punctures in a second. Thus the stabs of the needle are so rapid that no pain is felt whatever. The skin is at the same time kept wet with an antiseptic solution, so that no inflammation or subsequent irritation results. No, I cannot give my clients credit for enduring any pain in this connection.

"Of course, in many cases the tattooing is on a much larger scale than the instances I have mentioned. I have frequently copied well-known religious paintings in all the original colours, and in such proportions as to cover the entire back or chest. Among others I may mention the



A well-known bishop has a cross surrounded by a serpent tattooed on his upper arm

Madonna dei Ansidei, Doré's Head of the Saviour, and the complete scene of the Crucifixion. Madonnas are very frequently asked for. Curiously enough, the serpent—though it is the emblem of evil—is in great request by people of a strongly religious turn of mind. Perhaps this is because it is also the accepted symbol of Eternity. The skull and snake form a very popular combination.

"I have had several nuns as clients at one time and another. In these cases it was apparently a badge of their order that was to be tattooed upon them. A great number of the clergy, both Anglican and Roman, have been tattooed

by me, including a well-known bishop, who has a cross surrounded by a serpent tattooed on his upper arm. This device is a very popular one with the clergy.

"As to the motive for religious tattooing, it seems to be purely devotional in the case of the better educated classes; but there is no doubt that sailors often wear these devices as charms to preserve them from peril by sea."

Mention has already been made of a man who has the Lord's Prayer tattooed on his arm. A Nova Scotian sailor enjoys the distinction of having the same beautiful supplication on his back.

He says that his dying mother asked him never to part from the back cover of a family Bible on which the Lord's Prayer was printed in letters of gold. For many years he carried this cover on all his cruises; but one day, having a tussle with a sailor, he lost it overboard.

Bad luck pursued him after that; and finally a companion, who had heard him lament the loss of his talisman, suggested his having the prayer tattooed on his back. This was done, though the man suffered much during the process. The tattooing was discovered when the sailor was received at a San Francisco hospital.

Who could fail to reflect that many a man is making the mistake of putting his religion on the outside rather than on the inside? The Lord's Prayer should be engraved on the heart.

Tattooing has been practised for untold generations. It is mentioned in Leviticus xix., and a mummy was discovered in Egypt some years ago on whose body was found a number of designs worked by the needle. They recorded events in the life of the man who had passed away thousands of years before his coffin was dug up by English savants.

At least one gentleman has consciously or unconsciously followed the example of this Egyptian personage of long ago. On his chest is inscribed the date of his birth, engagement, and marriage. His wife's record also appears, along with the dates of birth of his four children, and the various epochs in their history, including the date of the birth of his first grandchild.

The porch in the Palace of Caiaphas the High Priest, where Peter denied his Lord and afterwards heard the cock crow. This interesting spot is visited by a large number of tourists in the Holy Land every year, and, as our photograph shows, is in a very good state of preservation

A Writer of Religious Stories

Fannie Eden at Work and at Play

THE world's largest sounding-boards are not in cathedrals, neither are they made of wood. You will find them in basements, constructed of steel. They go by the name of printing-presses.

When the pulpit orator has spoken the last word of his most brilliant rhetorical passage the matter is ended, unless it has resurrection in print. A stray thought or two may linger with a few persons, but the sound-picture focussed on the mind always lacks what photographers call "definition," and memory fades. Thus the pen and the press are greater aids in the evangelisation of the world than the preacher and the spoken message.

Fannie Eden, the queen of popular religious story-writers, in the drawing-room of her Surrey home.

Women are commanded to keep silence in the churches, but there is a law of compensation, for women are unequalled in the art of writing stories of deep religious interest. In this direction their power for good or evil is beyond estimation, for in many homes their productions are read where a theological work would be ignored.

No one will dispute the right of Fannie Eden to the title of queen of popular religious story-writers. She it was who founded "Horner's Penny Stories," a paper known and loved throughout the world. Its circulation runs into many millions in the course of a year, while "Fannie Eden's Penny Stories," its sister publication, which only saw the light a few months ago, is already an amazing success.

During the course of a recent chat at her beautiful Surrey home she incidentally told the present writer the secret of her power.

"I always make a point of keeping up the standard of my work," she said. "Quality counts, not quantity, and, although I have written so many works of fiction, I always endeavour to make my latest story better than its immediate predecesssor."

Fannie Eden's life has been as full of incident as are her romances. Many of the happenings that befall hero and heroine have actually occurred to her personally. Living men and women are the prototypes of the characters which "live and move and have their being" in her books. That gives to her work the human interest which is so essential in any story, long or short, and which carries along and holds the reader until the word "Finis" is reached.

This popular author is never tired of talking of her youthful days, and she can remember things distinctly which happened when she was two years old. Very soon it was evident that the pen beckoned to her, for she and her sister would weave the most intricate plots

when they were supposed to be asleep. They added a new instalment of this serial every night, introducing their friends and making them have hairbreadth escapes, and for " local colour " picturing the mighty prairie and the forests around their home. For most of her childhood was spent in America, and she believes that the solitary life had much to do with the development of her imagination.

Mr. W. B. Horner, her father, had been educated for the ministry, but, owing to some scruples on religious matters, he threw up all for conscience' sake and became a pioneer in the Far West. Her mother, a woman of refinement and accustomed to a life of ease, set the children a magnificent example of Christian fortitude by doing " the daily round, the common task," as only one who possesses an abiding faith in God can do. " She had a sweet, cheery spirit, that was full of unconscious heroism," says her daughter.

The Bible was read and taught to the little members of the Horner family in such an interesting way that it became first favourite with Fannie. No book has ever fascinated her so much, although she admits that before she was ten years old she had read all the books that Charles Dickens had then written. The authoress confesses that the creator of " David Copperfield " had some influence in the formation of her own style.

One wild, wintry day her father paid a visit to a neighbouring town which possessed a bookseller's shop. It was his custom to bring home a little present for his wife on his return from such expeditions, so he purchased a copy of " Jane Eyre." Little did he think that so trivial an incident was to give to the world a writer whose name was destined to become a household word.

" There, mother ! " he exclaimed, on his arrival home. " There's a treat for you."

After supper had been eaten and the children put to bed, she took up the volume and began to look through it. But Fannie had caught sight of the book, and its spell was irresistible. So she crept out of bed, and making her way into the dining-room unheard, crept under a table, hoping and almost praying that a chapter or two might be read aloud.

Even now she recalls the exquisite treat she enjoyed as if it happened yesterday. She told me that she would never forget the wild thrills of excitement that surged through her guilty being as, with heart throbbing fast with fear lest she should be discovered, she listened to the opening chapters of Charlotte Brönte's masterpiece.

The girl who was to follow in the footsteps of the lonely woman of Haworth parsonage became too absorbed in the doings of the child heroine, and it was her undoing. A certain passage affected her so much that she burst into tears, and after her mother had sufficiently recovered from the shock, Fannie was carried off to the children's room in disgrace, but not before the fire of latent ambition had been kindled. It smouldered for years ere it burst into flame.

" My dear," said Mrs. Horner to her husband, when the little captive had been put to bed for the second time that night, " I'm afraid you ought never to have brought the book into the house. You may depend this—all this—excitement is of the devil." And shutting up the book, she left the story unfinished for ever.

Not so her naughty little daughter. At the very first opportunity she possessed herself of the volume and read it from beginning to end. Yes, she would certainly become an authoress herself when she grew up !

Meanwhile she wrote of prairie flowers and pinewoods, waterfalls and sunsets. She kept the matter a profound secret. None guessed that she was putting her thoughts on paper, and more often than not in the form of verse. She stored the manuscripts in a cupboard, afraid to show them to any members of her family for fear they would ridicule her crude efforts. Fannie Eden says that her father was always her greatest and most merciless critic in after years. Hope and a fixed determination to conquer alone enabled her to keep at her self-appointed task.

" Perhaps they will know some day," she reflected, " but not yet—not yet."

At last she could keep her secret no

longer. So she confided her feelings and fancies to a friend by means of voluminous letters. The replies gave her encouragement. "To the tender sympathy of this friend," she told me, "the careful revision, wise criticism, and unsparing censure given, I owe any—perhaps all—the ease of style in writing that I have since attained to."

The blue waters of Lake Michigan had now given place to the smoke and roar of London. Mr. Horner had grown home-sick, and business in the United States was at a standstill owing to the fear of civil war. Had he been able to foresee future events, Mr. Horner would long since have become a millionaire, for the site of their old home is now part of the densely-populated city of Chicago. The land was abandoned because nobody could be persuaded to purchase it. To-day some lucky person is reaping a rich harvest instead of its real owner.

"My rule is to work from ten o'clock until one every morning"

Mr. Horner founded a small publishing firm in the City. He saw a demand for tracts if they were only issued at a cheap price, and his first venture prospered. Then he launched several magazines for youthful readers. Fannie Eden saw her opportunity and seized it. She confessed to her father that she had penned "a few things," and handed to him an article entitled "Cloudland." It was published, and was followed by a series of papers on "The History of the Reformation." These were really dramatic narratives, and not merely a string of dry-as-dust facts. The characters "lived," and the readers greatly appreciated her entertaining contributions. It is remarkable that ever since she began writing for the press Fannie Eden has never had a manuscript rejected.

Just about this time someone presented to her a copy of "Christy's Old Organ." The sad little story, with the sweet Gospel message embalmed within it, made a very strong impression on the ambitious young writer.

"How sweet and pure it was, I thought; how different from the prurient penny literature, full of unwholesome excitement, which was published at that time! How beautiful it would be, I reflected, if many stories could be written in this style, to be sent broadcast through the land, carrying with them thoughts pure, high, and holy.

"'Father,' I said one day, half timidly, 'I think I could write a story something like "Christy's Old Organ." If I do so, do you think you could publish it for a penny?'

"These few words set my father thinking. They seemed to open up a vista to his enterprising mind.

"Hours and days of anxious thought were now given to this subject. The result of it all was that, with some fear and trembling, the first of 'Horner's Penny Stories' was issued in an edition of 50,000 copies."

My readers know the extraordinary success which has attended this unique publication. It is found in the crofters' cottages of Sutherlandshire and in the most remote hamlet of Cornwall, while grey-headed Colonists read it and pass it on to their children wherever the English language is spoken.

Although Fannie Eden is naturally reticent regarding her work, she confided to me that she believes in method.

"By use you can accustom yourself to write regularly, and half the battle in anything is making a start. My rule is to work from ten o'clock until one every morning; the remainder of the day I spend with my family and friends.

"I do not plan out my story before I begin, like so many other writers, but I have a clearly defined plot, of course. After I have committed the opening chapters to paper I find that the remaining ones develop quite naturally as the story progresses. Sometimes I find an awkward situation exceedingly difficult to get over, and then I concentrate my whole mind on it until I have satisfactorily unravelled the tangled skein.

"Music has a marvellous effect on me. When I listen to its strains I feel my imagination getting the upper hand, and I frequently work out plots in this way. Even in church the organ seems to stir up deep thoughts of pathos and tenderness, which I afterwards incorporate in the story I may then be engaged upon.

"There are times when I feel more inspired than others. I am seldom at a loss for ideas, but when I am I invariably throw down my pen and go to my organ for consolation. Music is a splendid mental tonic.

"After my marriage I had four little girls in four years, and I have often written an instalment of a serial story with one of them cooing or crying on my knee and the others making an almost deafening noise playing on the floor. You will agree with me that in such a predicament there is need for inspiration."

From the study, with its well-filled bookcases, containing many a volume from her own pen, we passed out into the pretty garden, which furnishes the chief outdoor recreation of this weaver of romance. It was autumn, and the roses she tends with faithful care during the months of sunshine had fallen, but bright bunches of flowers made the place look gay and inviting. One particular little glen has been reproduced on canvas by a master-hand and exhibited at the Royal Academy.

A rustic bridge over a miniature ravine, in which grow ferns of many kinds and shapes, leads to a summer-house, where the authoress sometimes spends a quiet half-hour with the writers of long ago. It is her haven of peace. She loves the literary idols of a former day and generation, and although she admires the works of many of her contemporaries, she believes that "old friends are the best friends."

As we crossed the lawn Fannie Eden paused to point out a view rising above the mist oi the town below. For a minute or two we looked at the distant scene in silence. She did not say so, but I believe she saw prairie and forest. I saw a Surrey landscape only.

"I am seldom at a loss for ideas, but when I am I invariably go to my organ for consolation"

And then we said "Good-bye," for Fannie Eden's time is not her own—it belongs to the public, and, to paraphrase a well-known advertisement, "I hear they want more—stories!"

HAROLD F. B. WHEELER

Love Which Passeth Knowledge

A Complete Story. By E. A. Gillie

SHE had fallen in love with him at first sight, when he had come to preach as candidate in the dreary little village church, and when the elders fixed their choice upon him, but decided to reduce the already small salary because he was young and unmarried, she ventured to remonstrate with her father.

"He may want to marry some time," she had said, flushing at her boldness, "and the salary is very little to keep soul and body together on, father."

And as her father only shook his head, and said times were bad, and the harvest would be poor, she had put a great deal of cream in his tea, and a glass of milk in his bed-room, and had also sewn a button surreptitiously on his overcoat because he had neither mother nor sister. They had been married now twelve years, and she had succeeded in keeping not only one soul and body together on the minister's salary, but two, though it had been desperately hard work, especially since her father died, and she got no more butter and milk from the farm. She had not had much sympathy either from the women of the congregation, for the older ones thought it was rash of the minister to marry so soon, and the younger were annoyed that he had chosen the plainest one amongst them as his wife. Just of late she had been feeling specially tired, and could hardly get through the work of the little house, and hide her weariness successfully from her husband, which she thought she had done. But on the way back from the missionary meeting, he slipped his arm through hers.

"My Soo," he said, for though they had been married twelve years he loved her still, "how would you like to have a day in Edinburgh? It is long since we took a holiday, and it would freshen us both up before the winter's work. Besides," he went on hurriedly, "your cough is long in going, and I thought we might look in on that clever doctor we heard of. Our doctor didn't seem to do you much good, did he?"

"He's kind," said the wife quickly, "and I'm taking cod-liver oil again, John, and I'm sure I'll soon be all right. I'd like the trip to town fine, but it seems wasteful to see such a grand doctor. He'll charge so much, John. I'm that ashamed to be ill so often."

John pressed her arm.

"It's because you never give yourself a chance to get really well, dearie, but are up and about before you're fit. But this time I'm going to have my way, and see you better."

And for once the little man was firm, and perhaps at the bottom of her heart the woman was glad. They left the matter of the doctor then, and went on to discuss the plans for the morrow.

"We might take sandwiches with us for dinner," the minister said. "It is nice to know what you're eating, isn't it?"

But he was thinking of the subscription to the missionary society, and the expenses of Edinburgh cafés.

"It is indeed," echoed his wife. "Why, you often hear of folk being poisoned by pies and things they get at these cafés, John. We'll be much better with our own food."

They decided to make an early start, so "the wife" put everything in readiness that night, and sewed her best lace upon her Sunday frock.

"Business before pleasure," the minister said, with laboured cheerfulness, as they got out at the Waverley Station the following morning. They walked all the way to their destination, and found some other patients already waiting. The minister and his wife talked together softly, and the former was quite jocose.

"You seem to be very bright, you two," said an old man near them. "I wish I felt as gay."

"Oh, well, you see," the minister returned, "my wife has only got a little cough, but we're going to take advice in time, and get rid of it quickly."

The old man looked at them curiously, then the door was opened, and they were called into the doctor's presence. The ordeal was not a very long one, and when it was over they gazed into his face with an anxiety they vainly strove to hide. He was not ungentle with them, but the brief summing-up of the verdict was simply this—the South of France, with complete rest and future health on the one hand, and home and gradual death on the other. Then the doctor, noticing suddenly the greenness of the minister's coat and the well-worn look of the woman's dress, added that perhaps a sanatorium in England, with open-air treatment, might do as well, and would be less expensive.

The minister caught and resented the look in spite of his bewildered pain, and said, with a fine assumption of carelessness, that the South of France would probably be pleasanter for his wife. Then he laid the fee upon the table and led her away.

They walked slowly down the street and neither of them spoke, for the man was trying to face the facts and what they meant for both of them, and the woman was wondering what she should say to comfort her husband.

"Oh, wife," he broke out bitterly at last, "what a pitiful wretch you married, after all, who, after twelve years, cannot give you a holiday for your health!"

And again his head sunk upon his breast, while he wrote "failure" large over his life.

"But it is I who am so often ill," urged his wife eagerly, "and they give you so little—so little!"

Turning away to hide her tears, her eyes fell upon a little summer-house in a garden they were passing, and her face changed suddenly as an idea stirred her.

"Dearie," she said quickly, taking his arm, "make me a little wooden house in the garden—you, who are so clever at carpentry. We often regretted the garden was so large, but surely it was Providence, after all. I shall rest in the little house—truly rest, and you will come and write your sermons beside me. So there is no need of France or elsewhere. We will make our own open-air sanatorium."

The minister straightened his shoulders, and at length his face cleared, for surely after all, this was a way out of the difficulty. He would make the house so well, so carefully, it would be almost as good as a proper building; and so eager was he about it, that he would gladly have set off for home at once. But his wife thought it was a pity not to stay longer seeing they had paid for their tickets; so they ate their lunch on Calton Hill, and went for a ride on the top of the tram.

"A good beginning to the open-air cure," the wife said gaily. She was gayer than she had been for weeks past, for she could not bear to see that look of dumb pain come back to her husband's face again.

A fortnight later she was living in the little shanty in the garden, and receiving the sympathetic visits of the women of the congregation, which tried her not a little, though she did her best to be grateful. For a time she seemed to improve, the rest undoubtedly doing her good, though she longed desperately to go in and see how the house was looking under the care of the village girl, and whether she was keeping "the minister's study" well dusted. She would have gone back to the house now and then to lend "a hand" had she not been so desperately anxious to get well quickly.

"I knew it for some time," the old doctor had said, his kindly face flushing, "but I had not the heart to tell you. You see, you have never given yourself a chance before, but now if you just keep quiet, and do nothing—who knows?"

He had gone away smiling, but had wiped his eyes at the end of the garden, and the minister's wife had set herself bravely to the heavy task of sitting still. Yet weeks flew by, and the eager eyes that looked so anxiously for improvement did not see it, and the pale cheeks gathered no colour. Perhaps it was because, lovingly as the minister had

The brief summing-up of the verdict was simply this: the South of France, with complete rest and future health on the one hand, and home and gradual death on the other

planned the house, carefully as he had made it, there were yet many chinks through which the cold east winds, howling up to the bleak little garden, found their way in a manner that was not part of the "open-air treatment." Whatever the cause, the fact remained that the minister saw his wife fading gradually, though she never failed to answer cheerfully when he asked her how she was:

"Oh, better, John—better."

Matters came to a crisis, however, one day when she had had a visit from a sonsy farmer's wife, who told her with well-meant intentions of showing how much she was missed, that the sewing meetings were falling off sadly, and that people thought the minister was looking very thin, and perhaps it was Providence that those two dear babes had been taken from her, for how could she have looked after them now? The minister's wife answered bravely at the time, and saw the visitor go with a smile; but that evening, when her husband asked her "how she was doing," she suddenly burst into

tears, and, laying her head on his shoulder, cried pitifully that he ought never to have married her, for she had made him a poor wife and a miserable helpmeet. She was thinking of the two pale-eyed children who had died in babyhood, of the work in the parish undone, and the money he was spending on her.

"My Soo," he said tenderly—"my precious little bit, you have been my chiefest blessing all these years, and my greatest comfort, and you must never think anything else."

So he soothed her with tender words and caresses until she was herself again, and, leaving her comforted, he returned to the house. But that night, while shivering in his study—for he had been saving coals of late—he made up his mind to do what he had believed nothing in the world would have brought him to—he would ask the people to increase his stipend. For himself, he would rather have died than do such a thing, but for his wife! The following day there was a meeting of elders, and when the usual business was over, he rose to his feet prepared to speak. A moment he hesitated. Would they tell him, he wondered, that he already got more than he was worth—that his sermons were miserably dull, and himself a failure? Then he remembered his wife, and began to speak. Never in his life before had he been so eloquent, and the burly farmers eyed him with astonishment. Then they began to notice how pale and thin he looked, and remembered how very small his income was, how much had gone in doctors' bills, and yet how faithfully he had contributed to missions and the needs of the church. When he had finished most of their minds were made up, although they let him depart without telling him so, and he went home burdened with the thought that perhaps they would ask him to retire. When he was told later that evening that an elder wanted to see him, he went trembling into the study to meet him.

"You have served us faithfully for many years," the man said, in his broad, Berwickshire dialect, "and taken but few holidays, so we think you might have one now. Your wife, puir body, is no just the thing at present, and as we've heard the South countries is good for her complaint, ye might take her somewhere there. We'll defray the costs. Crops has been good this year."

The minister never could remember what he said. He was afraid he spoke most foolishly, but he distinctly recollected the elder patting him on the shoulder, and saying, "Ay, ay, to be sure, I quite understand," and adding, with a twinkle in his grey eyes, "You'll have time to write good sermons."

He was not sure whether he let the visitor out or not, but he found himself flying hatless down the garden, with the stinging rain in his face, to the poor little shanty.

"My Soo!" he cried, bursting in. "My Soo, ye're to go to France, and I'm to take you. The folk are giving us the money. Oh, my dear, I'll keep you yet!"

Then he sat down by the table and cried.

. . . . . .

The minister's eyes wandered slowly over the great stretch of sunny sea and sky, the rich, green leaves, and the gay, coloured flowers, then they came back to his wife's face.

"My dearie, I seem to have begun to live again," he said. "It was getting so hard to write even one sermon, and now I feel as if I could write straight on."

"It is like paradise," replied the little woman.

At that moment a girl, gay as spring itself, passed by, and, glancing at the two shabby figures, she said to her companion:

"People like that should never come to this place. They are blots on the landscape."

Just then the minister turned with radiant face to his wife.

"Dearest," he said softly, "it makes me think of the love of God, which passeth knowledge."

The girl's eyes dropped.

"Perhaps," she said, a flush creeping into her cheeks—"perhaps, after all, they are enjoying it in their own way."

"Perhaps they are," returned her companion, with a sigh, as he noticed the look on the woman's face as she turned towards her husband.

THE PROMISED LAND

WRITTEN BY

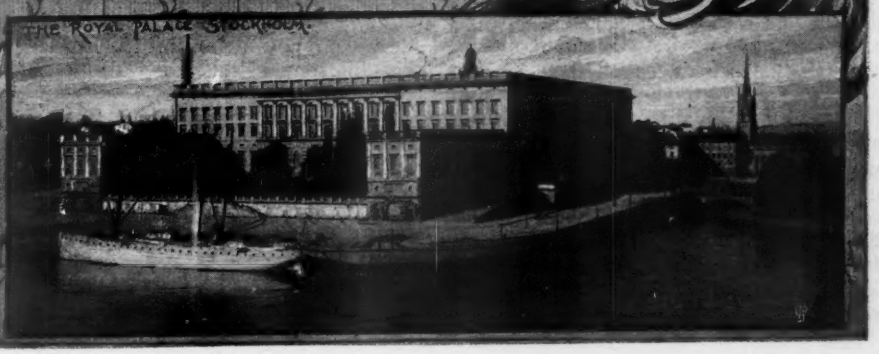
HIS MAJESTY

THE KING OF SWEDEN.

Up, then, and act! Rise up and undertake
The duties of to-day. Thy courage wake!
Spend not life's strength in idleness, for life
Should not be wasted in care's useless strife.
No slothful doubt let work's place occupy,
But labour on, for sweet is labour's rest.

Up, then, and sing! Rise up and bare the sword
With which to combat suffering and wrong.
Console all those that suffer with thy word,
Defend man's heritage with tongue and song!
Combat intrigue, injustice, tyranny,
And in thine efforts God will be with thee.

Up, then! A thousand duties claim thee! Come!
Pay life's tax, ere God calls thee to thine home.
For thou art Heaven's son, and should remain
Though all the powers of darkness howl again!
Then tranquil, holding by thy Father's hand,
Be guided on towards the Promised Land.



The Tragedy of Coal

Heroes who Face Disaster and Death for Thirty Shillings a Week

HOW seldom do we remember that the bright coal fire which so cheers the heart during the long winter evenings annually exacts a heavy toll of human life! Yet it often is that the coal which brightens the hearth has meant the sacrifice of the father of a family. To reflect too often upon the tragedies that lie beneath the comforts of civilisation is not good, but to be reminded of them occasionally is salutary. We may at all events be proud of this—that the hearts of the British people who have been reminded of these tragedies never fail to beat in sympathy with the widow and the orphan.

The most tragic feature of colliery disasters is that they usually come with terrible suddenness. Take as an example the commonest form of accident—a fall of coal. The collier, indifferent through familiarity to the dangers that surround him, plies his pick or spade with confidence, when suddenly, without a second's warning, down comes a huge mass of coal that completely buries him. He may escape with broken legs or broken ribs, but often he loses his life. Compensation is paid to his survivors, it is true, but what can adequately compensate for the loss of a husband or father? Fifty per cent. of the accidents in mines are caused by falls.

The saddest feature of accidents of this nature is that they might often be avoided if the collier was more prudent. In illustration, a case that occurred not long ago may be quoted. An overman, passing through his district, called the attention of a workman to the need of a sprag beneath a certain slip of coal. The usual answer came from the collier: "Oh, I was just going to place one in after finishing this tram." The last word had scarce been uttered when down came a huge block of coal that crushed the unfortunate worker to death.

Prayers are sometimes offered for the sailor who has only a plank between him and eternity. The collier, though perhaps not so often prayed for, is as frequently in an equally dangerous situation. The mesh of his safety-lamp is little more than the thousandth part of an inch in thickness. Let that flimsy mesh become defective, and his safety-lamp is no better than a naked light. He may presently have occasion to hold the lamp above his head to see something. The light comes in contact with the gas that is lurking about the roof. A second later the unfortunate pitman, with perhaps dozens of his companions, is sent on the last long journey.

A calamity more appalling than a colliery explosion can hardly, indeed, be imagined. Its victims, as a rule, are numbered by tens, sometimes even by hundreds; nearly always by hundreds if into the calculation is put the number of widows and children. Such a disaster spreads over the district affected a heavy pall of gloom which is not lifted for weeks, and it may even be months and years. Happy homes are, with tragic suddenness, made desolate. Men who descended the pit vigorous and healthy are brought home scarred and lifeless. In most cases they had no warning whatever of the impending doom. They were at work in their stalls when a loud report broke the stillness with a roar as of thunder or the booming of cannon. Then upon them swept a whirlwind of fire, lighting up with awful vividness the dark places of the mine, and sweeping before it, as though they were chaff, the unfortunate colliers, dashing some against the walls and others to the ground.

No more affecting scene can be conceived than is presented at the pit-top after such a calamity. The writer had a short time ago to witness such a scene. The explosion occurred towards the close of the day, and before any of the victims could be brought up darkness had fallen upon the land. A cluster of relatives—wives, children, brothers, sisters, mothers—

hung round the top of the pit-shaft with heavy hearts, waiting and hoping against hope that their relatives below might be brought up alive. They spoke but seldom, and when they did their voices never rose above a whisper. The women's faces were pale and haggard.

The metallic clank, clank of the catches presently told us that the cage was about to come up. The melancholy crowd now presses forward a little. The cage soon arrives at the surface. Tenderly its occupants are lifted out and placed on stretchers. The doctor who goes round to examine them pronounces with sickening regularity the word "dead." A wild shriek breaks upon the stillness. It is a poor woman who has recognised among the lifeless forms that of her husband. Her children cling to her skirts. Kindly hands lead them away from the sad scene.

Slowly and reverently the dead are taken into the adjoining offices, which for the time being have become mortuaries. They are laid upon the floor, and relatives go round to identify them.

Many of the dead have succumbed to the after-damp. We know this because they look so life-like. It requires a very strong assurance indeed from the doctor before we are convinced the life-spark has really gone out. For on the cheeks there is still a healthy colour. Look, for instance, at this healthy young fellow. There is upon his cheek a ruddy glow and a faint smile plays round his lips. He is stripped to the waist, showing he was cut off in the midst of his work. A few yards away stands his grief-stricken mother. Near by reposes the body of a young lad, who, one would think, ought still to be at his hoop and marbles. A new patch is noticeable on his little coat, stitched on only the previous night by his mother. He has now passed beyond a mother's care—poor little chap! Next to him lies an old man, scarred with the marks of his dangerous occupation. Now, however, he is at rest from toil. Saddest of all is the sight of the strong men, fathers of families all of them, cut off in the very flower of their lives.

When you pass out again into the night

The fruits of the Welsh Revival. An early morning prayer-meeting in the depths of a coal-mine

it is with a heavy heart. The relatives of the dead already brought up presently trudge off home through the darkness and the rain. Gladly would you go, too, did not duty compel you to return to the pit-head to resume your melanchcly vigil. An hour or more passes away wearily, and then the ominous clank, clank of the ascending cage is once more heard. Another load of dead is discharged, and the same tragic incidents and sounds are re-enacted.

Slowly the leaden morning breaks over the wild upland, revealing a scene as bleak and desolate as mortal eye well could rest upon. Just as the dawn merges into day another signal is given, and once more the cage brings up its load. Some of these, unlike most of those previously brought up, have been mutilated.

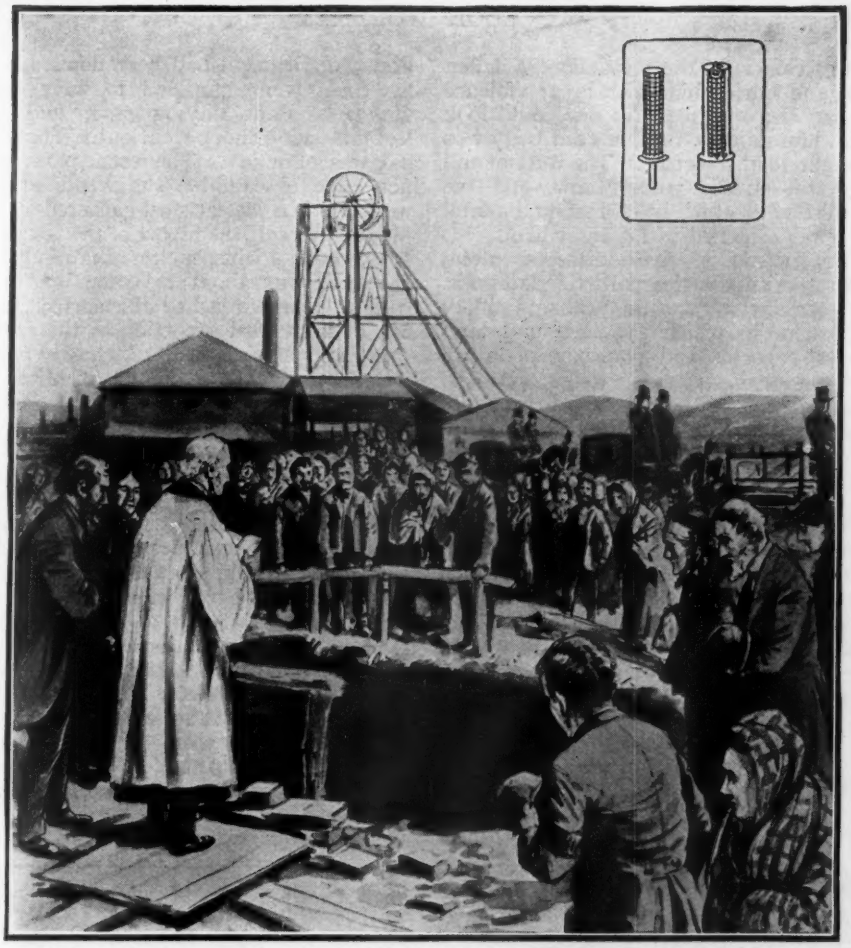
You breathe a sigh of relief—if perchance your duty is now at an end—and depart. Duty compelled the writer to visit some of the homes in which tragedy had stalked with ruthless feet. In one house lay the father of six children ; in another, a father and son ; while in a third house reposed the rigid forms of three brothers. The mother of the stricken trio had not yet found relief in tears. And so you might go on from house to house, and find that in nearly every one tragedy has entered. The desolation of these homes ! Quivering voices, haggard faces, tears and groans, all are blurred in one inexpressibly sad picture.

The living are, unhappily, often sacrificed to recover the dead. Not so long ago a gang of men, under a foreman named Derrick, was set to work to clear an "adit level." The foreman concluded from the water that had commenced to flow that the intake was clear. Then, in company with a boy, he descended the shaft. Four hours passed, and those on the surface received no message. The decision then come to was to endeavour to secure information of the whereabouts of the foreman and boy. A checkweigher named Hughes immediately volunteered to go down and investigate. Hughes's signal was eagerly awaited by the man on the pit-top, but none came. A lighted comet was finally let down, and at a depth of forty feet went out. A second and a third were lowered, with the same result. Those on the surface then knew that the workings and also the shaft were full of foul gas. They knew, too, that Derrick, the boy, and Hughes must have lost their lives. The father of the lad, however, actuated no doubt by a father's love, persisted, despite the strong protests of the others, in descending the pit to attempt the rescue of his boy. His lamp was extinguished at a depth of twenty yards by the foul air, but he still refused to allow himself to be drawn up to the surface. Before he reached the bottom the deadly gas suffocated him.

More affecting are the cases in which men who might have been rescued have sacrificed their lives that others might be saved. William Griffiths, an old collier, was amongst several who were all but overcome by gas in a Maesteg pit. A foreman, who was at the time assisting a young collier, saw the old fellow tottering forward, and proffered assistance. "No, no," said the old man ; "take John out, then you can come back for me." The rescue party came a few moments later and found the old man dead.

In the Great Western Colliery disaster five men, who had hastened from their working places about a mile distant, found, on arriving at the pit bottom, that there was room in the cage for only one. The elder men insisted that the young man of the party should have preference. Away swept the cage to the surface, to hurry down immediately for the noble fellows who were to await its return. The after-damp, however, suffocated them before the cage was lowered again.

Lives are often lost, too, in descending the pit, especially during sinking operations. The snapping of a rope has precipitated many poor fellows to their death. But there are few more tragic incidents in the annals of colliery life than one associated with the Tynewydd disaster. A quarter of a century has elapsed since it occurred, but it is still much spoken of in Wales. A thin barrier only stood between the workers and an immense body of water, when suddenly, on Wednesday, 11th April, 1877, the barrier gave way. A strong, foam-crested torrent rushed



When an explosion or subsidence makes it impossible for the bodies of entombed miners to be found, it is usual for a funeral service to be held at the top of the shaft. The small picture represents Davy's first miners' safety-lamp, and the pattern now in general use

forth into the workings. Many of the men, fortunately, reached the surface, but fourteen remained to battle with the seething water. Five escaped in one direction and five in another. Four were overwhelmed. The first five, under the guidance of an elderly collier who intimately knew the workings, ran to the rise, where, though hemmed in by water, they were in comparative safety. Knowing the relief party must be making for them, they plied their mandrils on the sides, and after many disappointments, a responsive echo at last came from the rescue party. But a thick wall of coal intervened between the imprisoned miners and their would-be rescuers. The prisoners at once began to cut themselves out. They cut through no less than eight yards of coal in one night. The rescue party on the other side worked with equal zest. The day following the two sections came near to each other; only a thin partition remained to be cut through. One of the imprisoned — a young fellow—eager to get out, rushed at the thin barrier, and, striking with his mandril, cut a hole in the partition. Through rushed the compressed air with the sweep of a whirlwind, took up the

young collier as the wind does a fallen leaf, and hurled him with great violence against the opening. No one could look upon him unmoved as his dead body was brought to the surface. The dust of toil was still on his young brow, and the mandril with which he had made the fatal hole was clenched in his right hand.

The victims of these disasters often, before death, write pathetic farewells. One of the victims of the Seaham Colliery explosion, in which 164 men and boys and 181 horses and ponies were killed, left a touching message to his wife and children. With the point of a rusty nail he scratched his farewell on his tin bottle. "Farewell, dear wife and children," ran the message. "There was forty of us together at 7 a.m. Some were singing hymns; but my thoughts were of you and the children, and my little Michael—that him and I would meet in heaven. Be sure and learn the children to pray for me. Oh, what an awful position we are in! Oh, dear wife, God bless you and the children! All of you pray for me." His little Michael, to whom he refers so affectionately, died on the day of the explosion.

One among many other scenes is indelibly stamped on the writer's brain. A Forest of Dean pit had been flooded, and five men were supposed to have been drowned. Four days passed, and the last glimmer of hope went out. The fifth day was a Sunday. The rescue party was now able to examine the whole of the workings. A large crowd gathered at the pit-top to await the report of the rescuers. About noon a whisper passed around that the cage was about to come up. The cage at length reached the surface, and out of it stepped a portion of the rescue party and the five men. A ghastly pallor was on their cheeks, and they had to be supported. A clergyman was amongst those present, and, in a tremulous voice, he started to sing the Doxology. The crowd, with bared heads and tears streaming down their cheeks, joined in, and sang with intense fervour, "Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow." The men had lived five days without food. That they were saved was little short of a miracle.

Many more illustrations might be given of the tragedy that lies behind coal, for the number of colliery disasters of one kind and another is appalling, but enough has surely been written to induce—reflection.

R. H. BREWER

Longfellow's Home: Craigie House, Cambridge, Massachusetts

The Marquis Forlorn

A Story of College Days

"MAKE way there, worthy gentlemen! The Marquis Forlorn!"

Ned Blythe turned towards the little knot of students gathered just within the portals of Banchester Medical College, and flourished his cane in a stiff and solemn gesture of command.

The "meds.," always ready for a joke, doffed their hats, and hastily opened a generous passage-way for the self-appointed herald. Every ear had caught the pun on the title of a nobleman which was just then much in the newspapers, and every face was eager with curiosity. What new audacity was Blythe about to perpetrate, and who was his victim?

They were not left long in doubt, for the light cane was still high aloft when the gaunt figure of "Stingy" Wilcox crossed the threshold, and, with his great swinging strides, followed his graceful usher down the stone-paved hall to the lecture-room.

As the students recognised the new arrival, something very like a wave of enthusiasm swept along their ranks. John Wilcox was the most unpopular member of the class, and Ned's impromptu nickname for him seemed a stroke of genius. Wilcox had a kind of offensive dignity about him that made "The Marquis" fit him like a wet glove. As for "Forlorn"—well, his coat was threadbare when he entered college eighteen months before, and he had been trying to brush the shine off it ever since.

With head erect, and his handsome face set rigidly to the front, Blythe marched solemnly down the hall, maintaining his slight lead without apparent effort. Could that, thought the "meds.," really be the same prince of good fellows who so deftly tossed dignity to the winds in their festive excursions about the staid old Western city? He opened the great swinging door with the slow deliberation of a well-trained footman.

The next instant the half-score of early students, lounging indolently upon the long wooden forms of the class-room, were startled by Blythe's clear, well-modulated voice: "The Marquis Forlorn!" Turning, in astonishment, they saw "Stingy" Wilcox just advancing through the doorway, and Blythe, bare-headed and deferential, standing aside to let him pass. The spirit of the thing was irresistible, and the dull looks and careless attitudes vanished.

Suddenly Wilcox paused, and turned full upon his tormentor. Involuntarily the young men upon the benches sprang to their feet, and those in the outer hall pressed hastily forward. A blow was by no means improbable.

As they stood there, the contrast between the two was strong and well-defined. Blythe was lithe of figure, self-possessed, and smiling; Wilcox was gaunt, rugged, and earnest. For possibly two seconds they confronted each other in perfect silence, and then, without the slightest demonstration of any kind, Wilcox passed on to his accustomed seat by the window. The verdict of his fellow-students was prompt and unanimous—he had added cowardice to meanness.

There was a significant shrugging of shoulders and lifting of eyebrows as the whole class trooped noisily down the uncarpeted aisles. The bell on the professor's desk sounded and the lecture began. The tiny whirlwind of feeling had subsided.

As far as Blythe was concerned, the affair didn't amount to much, beyond, possibly, a mild sensation of artistic triumph. He had promised himself at the outset that he would lead the fellow along the hair-edge of the fighting-line without actually drawing a blow. He had done better, for there had not even been an exchange of words.

And yet the fact remained that Wilcox seemed rather poor game. He cut no particular figure at examinations, none whatever in college athletics, and worse

than none in the social functions of his class. "Why did I bother with him?" thought Blythe.

There was an acute dramatic instinct in Blythe's nature that was quite irresistible, even to himself. It rendered him wonderfully susceptible to the play of human emotions around him, and was ever tempting him to set those emotions vibrating merely for his own and others' amusements. His little piece of mummery had been really prompted less by a wish to ridicule Wilcox than by his own dominating impulse to create and enjoy a sensation.

The next day, and the days which followed, frequently brought Blythe face to face with "The Marquis," who made no sign either of recognition or resentment; but, then, Wilcox never did speak to anybody except by accident. Indeed, if the question had been put to his fellow-students, they would have attributed his unpopularity to his lack of social impulses. He was the only man of his class who had refused to attend or subscribe to the class suppers.

Two busy months came and went, and, though John Wilcox's high-sounding title survived, the incident of its bestowal had passed to the crowded limbo of departed jokes. The spirit of the approaching holidays was in the air, and Ned Blythe entered Morton's room one evening to await the arrival of certain other boon companions. As Craig put it, they were going out for a "miscellaneous assortment of fun."

"By the way, Blythe," he announced, with his hand still on the door-knob, "last Sunday afternoon, at about three o'clock, I observed a most remarkable and interesting phenomenon. 'The Marquis' walked down Broad Street dressed in a first-rate suit of clothes! Tailor-made, as I live!"

"Sorry, Craig," said Blythe, rising from his chair, "but as a sensation your information comes a trifle late. I saw that suit in Chestnut Street a week ago."

"Oh, you did, did you? He's a queer sort, is 'The Marquis.' He'll never starve, though. He'll graduate, of course—that sort always get their diplomas. And then—why, imagination falters. What's to prevent him from mounting the professional ladder, round by round, until, in the end, he stands forth, the proprietor of a huge chemist's shop?"

Blythe made no response.

"They say," Morton continued, with renewed animation, "that your style with him was quite a triumph—that affair of lectures, I mean. I happen to have omitted that particular lecture myself, so I missed the show. Had him undergoing 'grinding torments,' and all that sort of thing, without turning a hair yourself."

Blythe gave an impatient little grunt, and a close observer would have suspected that he was not quite at his ease. He glanced at Morton curiously, but smoked away for half a dozen puffs or so with increased vigour, and in ominous silence.

"Craig," he broke out at length, "that fellow's too much for me!"

All the badinage had suddenly vanished from his manner.

"I suspected it at the time, and the conviction's been growing on me ever since. I let the other fellows count it a hit, of course; but when you come to putting it at me seriously, I must own up.

"Why, that performance of mine didn't even ruffle his temper. I *know* it. It wasn't a matter of sight. I *felt* it. Upon my word, Craig, while he stood there looking at me, I somehow felt that he was no more annoyed than I was myself, only—well, I don't pretend to understand him. But we should never fool ourselves, and I tell you I didn't have the best of it that day."

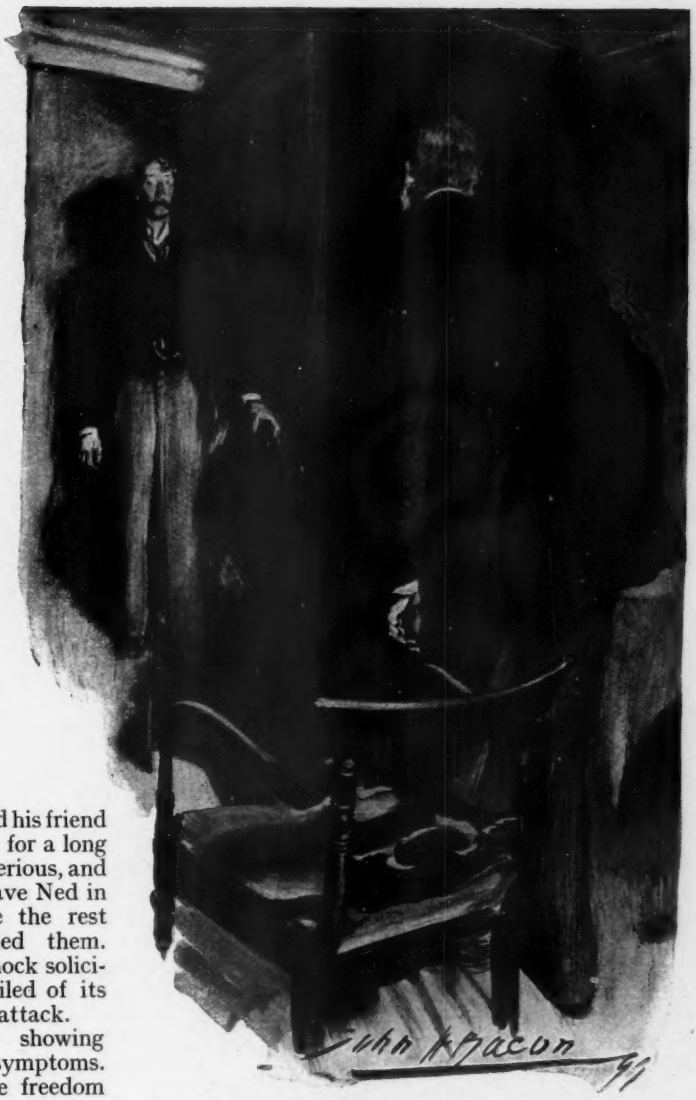
This from the imperturbable Blythe was so preposterous that Morton could only stare.

"So much for his mental suffering," Blythe resumed. "But that isn't quite all. A couple of weeks ago I was coming up Baldock Street, and I had to stop at the corner while some sort of slow vehicle dragged past. I happened to glance behind, when someone ahead shouted my name. I looked around again, just in time to dodge a heavy iron rail that stuck out from the tail of the passing waggon. The driver had suddenly turned up Chestnut Street at my risk.

If the thing had struck me, my head wouldn't have been worth carrying home. It was Wilcox who had warned me, and I felt moved to do the decent thing in the line of gratitude."

"Oh, I see, I see" — and the puzzled look melted from Morton's features. "It all led to a happy reconciliation, and you treated Stingy to a new suit of clothes to cover back accounts?"

"I did, did I?" drawled Blythe, in a tone of enforced patience. "Well, as nearly as I could make out, he had forgotten my existence before I was near enough to speak. My vote of thanks failed for want of a seconder."



"Sorry, Craig," said Blythe, "but as a sensation your information comes a trifle late"

Craig contemplated his friend in perplexed silence for a long minute. This was serious, and he determined to have Ned in gayer spirits before the rest of the party joined them. Assuming a tone of mock solicitude that seldom failed of its end, he began a new attack.

"Blythe, you're showing some very alarming symptoms. If you'll pardon the freedom of a friend, I've noticed a dangerous tendency upon your part of late towards the habitual use of water as a beverage. I know what you'll say." And he held up his hand as if to check a natural but mistaken protest. "You think you can take it when you want it, and leave it alone when you wish. It's a dangerous error. The habit's a most insidious one, and the only safe course is to stick to the regular beverages. Take the advice of a friend—and a fresh cigarette."

This raillery affected Blythe almost as something uncanny might have done. He strode impatiently to the window, and

stood there in silence, looking down upon the passing street cars without seeing them.

His thoughts had suddenly taken flight to his home away up in the North. He thought of his mother's letters, so tremulous with a fear they did not express; of his sister's questions as to his friends and his pleasures, carefully underscored to secure their more definite answer. He wondered if really he was in any danger. Then came the sound of voices and footsteps on the stairs, and his wondering ceased.

During the next few hours the young men doubtless found the "fun" they sought in the theatre—a few games of billiards, and a late supper. Craig Morton's hilarious example succeeded where his mock philosophy had failed, and Ned Blythe was soon free from the sombre shadows of his distant home. His mimicry and the keenness of his repartee kept the party in a gale of mirth.

But all things must end, and, with the passing hours, high spirits began to flag, and pleasure to lose its freshness. One by one the soberer members of the party bade their comrades "Good-night," and sought their beds. Even Morton, after some vague attempt to induce Blythe to accompany him, departed alone.

John Wilcox, hastening homeward from a visit to one of the hospitals, was just crossing a broad band of light that streamed out from a public-house, when the swinging doors were thrust broadly open by some departing guest, and the light and noise attracted his attention. He glanced in, and what he saw caused him first to slacken his speed, and then to come to a full stop and retrace his steps.

Three young men, shamefully intoxicated, were before the bar. One of them was engaged in a drunken altercation with a typical rowdy, himself reckless with drink. It was one of those tableaux which sometimes dissolve in idle words, and sometimes in ghastly wounds and ruined lives. Somehow, the spectacle seemed to stir grief in Wilcox. He stood for a moment upon the threshold, and then, with a firm step, entered the saloon.

Blythe felt a firm hand upon his shoulder, and, turning unsteadily about, beheld a familiar face. At first he seemed in doubt as to their mutual relation, whether friends or foes. At length—moved, perhaps, by the incident most easily recalled, or, perhaps, by some vague, high instinct of the soul toward self-preservation — his wavering mind chose peace.

"Gen'a'men,"—with a feeble flourish of the hand toward his visitor—"thish m'ol'friend, Markus o'—Markus o'—M's'r Stingy Wilcox, yo' know." And he paused, while his two companions proffered a tipsy response to the introduction.

Then Blythe began an incoherent recital of all he knew, or thought he knew, about John Wilcox, and finally came to the incident of the iron-laden waggon. Upon that critical occasion, his listeners were gravely informed, Wilcox had saved him from "public decapitation," for which invaluable service he was now making his heartfelt acknowledgments. John Wilcox remained passive during the whole of this pitiable scene, save that his hand slipped gently down from Ned's shoulder to his arm.

"Blythe, I want you."

Again the look of uncertainty came into the flushed face, and there was a pause; but once again the better will prevailed. After two ineffectual attempts to find the rim of his hat, Ned Blythe bared his head by way of parting courtesy, and, guided by the steady hand at his elbow, turned and tottered out into the crisp November air.

When consciousness next dawned for Ned Blythe it was morning, and he found himself resting upon a comfortable couch in strange quarters. A folding screen obstructed his view, but someone close at hand was moving about on tiptoe. Slowly his aching brain supplied the shreds and fragments of last night's adventures until at length he realised where he was, and how he chanced to be there. He was in the room of Stingy Wilcox!

The thought stung his brain into sudden activity. What right had this boor to humiliate him? It was the revenge of a coward.

"Boor and coward!" Before these

epithets reached his hot lips, he knew them false. The rugged features and simple, earnest words which came back to him now from out the aching chaos of the night gave the lie to both. Quietly Blythe turned his burning face to the wall, and yielded to better, saner thoughts. So very silent he lay that Wilcox, moving noiselessly about the room, felt sure he was asleep.

Beneath the enforced self-scrutiny of that silence Blythe's vanity melted. He saw the pettiness of his own poor little tricks of self-possession when measured beside the moral composure of the youth he had so often sought to ridicule.

At length Wilcox heard a slight noise in the direction of the couch, and, looking around, discovered Blythe sitting up. He had pushed the screen to one side.

"Mr. Wilcox, who are you?"

A faint smile flitted about the corners of the serious mouth, but the answer came quite calmly:

"John Wilcox. No middle name. From near Selby, Yorkshire."

"Well, I know. But what on earth made you stand by me last night?"

There was a long pause. Wilcox stood with his elbow resting on the screen, and his serious gaze full upon Blythe's upturned, expectant face.

"It isn't always quite possible," he said at last, "to tell exactly why we do this or that. I've had several thoughts about you. One was that it was rather fine of you, all things considered, to select me for that little performance of yours last autumn."

Blythe winced, but there was no need.

"A coward would have chosen some weaker fellow—someone whose feelings might have been hurt, and who couldn't have resented the thing in any event. I noticed you at the time, and I knew that you would not shirk the attack you provoked. It's something—that sort of courage—not very much, perhaps, but a man can't afford to be without it.

"Then, too," he went on, "I've noticed your answers at the class examinations, and I believe you've the making of a skilful doctor if you ever take to work in earnest. I judge as much by your failures as by your successes. They're both significant, you know."

"But what of it? Why do you care whether I make a good doctor or not?"

"Only this"—and Wilcox spoke more freely, and with a little air of haste. "I feel that you're not giving yourself quite a fair chance. I hoped you might look at it in the same light. If you do, and if you want my help, Blythe, you can have it. You'll always be welcome here, and—and—you needn't stop to knock."

How ridiculous that permission would have sounded a few months before! Ned Blythe, the admitted leader in all the college fun, was welcome to bury himself in the musty companionship of Stingy Wilcox. But now there were undoubted tears in Blythe's eyes as, without a word, he extended his hand in token of the best friendship he had ever found.

In the end, helped and encouraged by a stronger will, Blythe himself grew brave, conquered his growing appetite for strong drink, and equipped himself well with knowledge.

At last the day came when the two friends stood side by side in the theatre of the medical school, and together reaped their first well-earned honours.

For good or for evil, the door of their great profession was thrown open before them. Then came the hasty packing of trunks, and those parting scenes which mellow with passing time, but which never quite leave the canvas of one's memory.

Ned was on his knees, attempting to force an extra waistcoat into a bursting trunk. The door opened, and John Wilcox entered. Blythe did not look up from his work; indeed, he bent the closer to his task.

"Ned, this is your doing!"

Blythe sprang to his feet in grotesque astonishment, and gazed at the open letter in his friend's extended hand. He pretended to examine the handwriting, shook his head, and said: "That's not my writing, and I never saw it until this minute. A dun, I suppose?"

"It's very kind of you all," Wilcox resumed, ignoring the other's protest; "and if you wish it, I will go home with you for a couple of weeks."

"Glory!" said Ned; and then grumbled gleefully: "I might have invited you until I turned blue in the face, and you'd have just kept on shaking that stubborn head of yours. It takes mother and Nell to capture a chap of your sort."

"They have written very cordially," replied Wilcox gently, "and I think I'd like to go."

Later, when together and for the last time they had climbed up to Wilcox's dismantled quarters, Blythe put a question which had been on his lips a hundred times before, and as often died unuttered:

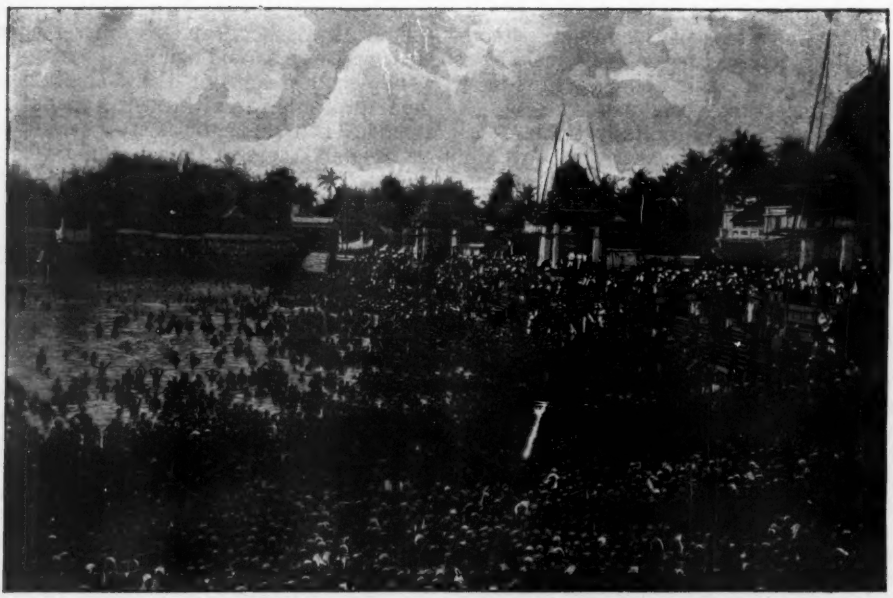
"John, the first time I was in this room I asked you why you had chosen to be my friend, and you didn't tell me the whole truth. There was something behind it all. I've felt it often. What was it?"

Wilcox was standing by the open window, gazing off over the smoky factories at the waters of the Bristol Channel, silvery in the distance. He started slightly, but steadied himself, and stood motionless. For a long while he was silent, and when he did speak his voice at first was hardly audible.

"Yes," he said, "there was something else," and again he hesitated.

"It doesn't take long in the telling, and yet it's not quite easy to put into words. Ned, two years before I came to college, my only brother died. He ought to have lived longer—and better. We were very different, Rob and I, and he was much like you. We were alone together, and God knows I tried to do a brother's part, but I was clumsy at it. I saw the boy's better nature crushed and smothered beneath a little wit, a little grace of speech and of bearing, a little of life's merest show and glitter. One earnest ambition, no matter of what sort, might have saved him.

"And so," he continued, yet more slowly, with his eyes still fixed on the fair, tranquil river, "when I saw you passing in Rob's own footsteps, I just held out my hand. It was good of you to take it. Good for both of us, I hope."



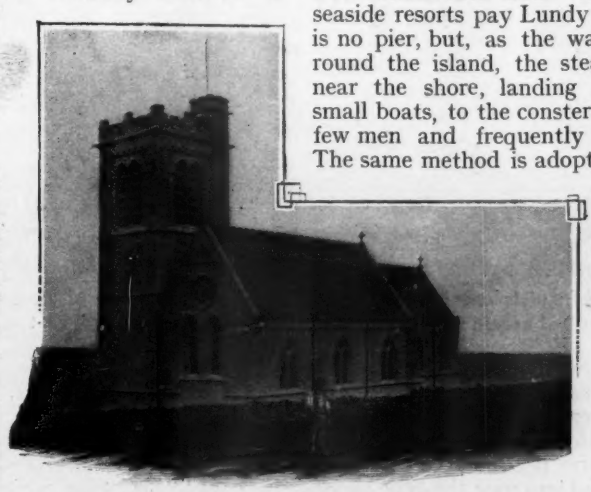
The largest congregation in the world. Pilgrims bathing in the "sacred" waters of the Ganges. It is believed by competent authorities that the plague is spread in this way; but if these gatherings were forbidden, insurrection would probably break out

A Clerical Robinson Crusoe

Beautiful but Isolated Lundy Island and its Uncrowned King

DEVONSHIRE people are very fond of riddles, and they look at you knowingly when they ask, "Where is the kingdom of Heaven upon earth?" The perplexed stranger almost immediately gives up the problem, and is astonished to hear the solution—Lundy Island; but when he learns that the place in question is owned by the Rev. Hudson G. Heaven he sees the point of the riddle, and inwardly resolves to bring the poser before his friends at the earliest opportunity.

For it is indeed a poser, for not one person in ten thousand knows that Mr. Heaven is the owner of beautiful but isolated Lundy Island. The name of the island is familiar to all on account of the weird and thrilling stories that are connected with its history, when pirates and smugglers were in possession, in strong contrast to the present occupant, who, by virtue of his profession, necessarily preaches the opposite doctrines of "Thou shalt not steal" and "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men."



Almost the first thing one notices on landing at Lundy is the beautiful church, erected by a lady for the islanders

Mr. Heaven inherited the island from his father, and for many years has been known as the Resident Lord. He is more often called the "Squire," and as owner of Lundy extends his hospitality to all comers.

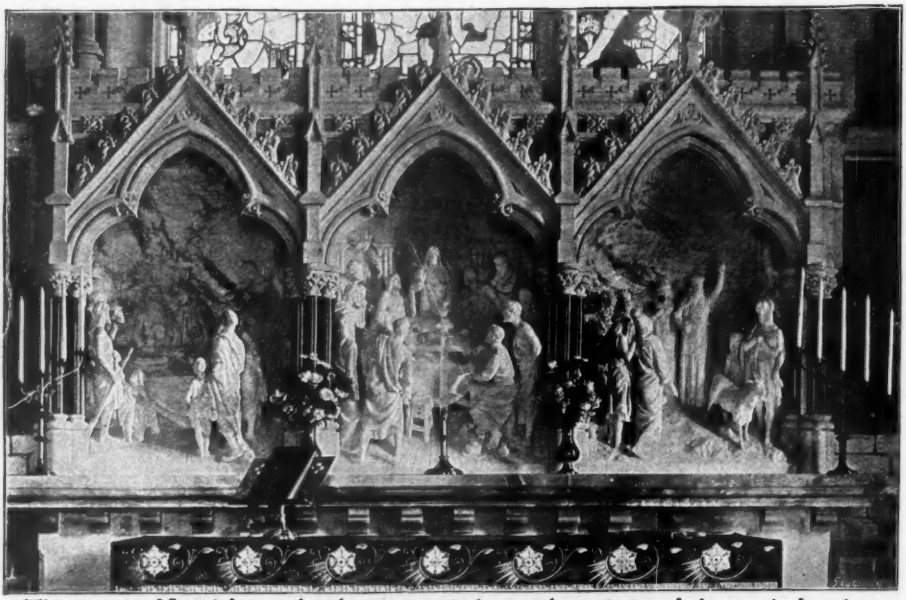
During the summer season well-patronised steamboats from the neighbouring seaside resorts pay Lundy a visit. There is no pier, but, as the water is deep all round the island, the steamers heave-to near the shore, landing passengers in small boats, to the consternation of not a few men and frequently all the ladies. The same method is adopted at Clovelly, on the mainland.

One and all receive a hearty welcome, and there are few days when the kindly clergyman does not stand on the beach giving each arrival a hearty handshake and a pleasant word of greeting. Mr. Heaven is now getting on in years, but many a man of forty might well envy his upright form and splendid health. In appearance he looks much more a "squire" than a parson in his

non-clerical garb and straw hat, the Lundy islander alone knowing how well Mr. Heaven combines the two duties.

Almost the first thing one notices on landing is the beautiful church, which a lady interested in Lundy Island erected for Mr. Heaven and his parishioners. As the latter do not number fifty all told, it will be seen that the church provides ample accommodation for the whole of the people. But the church was not built solely for the Lundy folk, as the visitor soon learns.

and the services he holds at such times are greatly appreciated. The stormy weather that is hanging around is a swift reminder of the perils of those who "go down to the sea in ships." The sermons and discourses of the Squire are to the point, and on the whole these gatherings are productive of great good to the strange congregations. They are all the more impressive from the fact that, in all probability, it is the first and last visit of those who form the great majority of the congregation.



The interior of Lundy's one church surpasses in beauty the majority of those to be found on the mainland. The reredos is an exquisite work of art

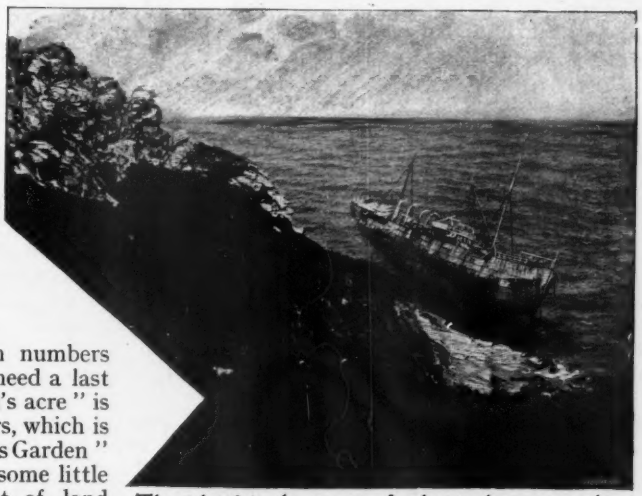
During the winter Lundy Island is used as a harbour of refuge by sailing vessels overtaken by bad weather. They are often sheltered by the island for several days, and the men on board are very glad to land and pass the time away. Then it is that the church is utilised to its fullest extent, Mr. Heaven providing books and papers for their entertainment during their forced stay, so that in one sense the church is transformed into a reading-room.

Naturally, Mr. Heaven does not overlook the spiritual side of his hospitality,

Previous to Jubilee Year Lundy Island did not possess a church. Services were conducted in a kind of outbuilding, or else in Mr. Heaven's own home. True, the island at one time contained a castle in connection with which was an old church dedicated to St. Helena — its ruins may still be seen—and prior to Mr. Heaven's reign as lord of the manor services were conducted there, but the old church was far from suitable, and a change was made But the days of substitutes have passed, and Lundy now rejoices in the possession of a church

the interior and exterior of which surpass in beauty the majority of those to be found on the mainland. The reredos is an exquisite work of art.

It should be stated, however, that the old ruins of the ancient church are by no means neglected, for interments are still made within the burial-ground, particularly when numbers of shipwrecked mariners need a last resting-place. This "God's acre" is of great interest to visitors, which is enhanced when the "Friars Garden" is pointed out—situated some little distance from it—a plot of land which, oddly enough, is shaped like a coffin, it being until recent years enclosed by walls, which emphasised its unique appearance.



The island is the centre of what is known as the "wreck radius" of the Bristol Channel

Few clergymen work harder than Mr. Heaven. In addition to two services on Sunday, and the meetings of a religious character during the week, he takes night-classes for the benefit of the men and boys. The ladies of his household devote themselves to the education of the children.

Many a clergyman might well envy the life of Mr. Heaven. The rectory, which goes by the name of Millcombe, is beautifully situated. The trees and shrubs, all of which were planted by Mr. Heaven, are luxuriant in their foliage in the summer, the whole presenting quite a tropical aspect, as the Squire has been able to grow many plants rarely seen in the United Kingdom.

Templar Rock, accidentally fashioned by Nature into a perfect resemblance of the human face

Millcombe is almost a hallowed spot to the islanders. Here they go with their troubles as well as their joys. Many a glad scene has been witnessed within its walls, and many a sad one, for several times Mr. Heaven and his family have been awakened late at night by the bringing in of half-drowned survivors from some wreck, who have miraculously managed to reach the shore.

Some particulars of Mr. Heaven's fair domain will not be out of place here. First of all, it is some three and a half miles long. Its breadth, which is somewhat irregular, is about half a mile in extent. Those visitors who are desirous of walking round it can easily do so, for its circuit is only nine miles, and as the path is practically flat it can be comfortably done in three hours.

There is, in reality, only one steep ascent, and that has to be taken immediately on landing, for the island lies a little over 400 feet out of the sea. That is the average height, the highest point, Beacon Hill, being about a hundred feet more.

It has already been intimated that in bad weather vessels take refuge at Lundy. This can only be done on the lee side, where the water is always smooth and calm. During stormy weather it is often possible to count from fifty to one hundred vessels, and it is stated that on one occasion three hundred craft of various kinds were in sight, one hundred and seventy of which were anchored in the roadstead of the island.

Some idea of the state of the weather may be obtained when it is ascertained that often during the winter it is impossible to communicate with the mainland for three weeks, and during that time Mr. Heaven and the other folk at Lundy are quite unconscious of what is taking place in the world around them. There is now a post on fixed days, when letters are despatched and received, and budgets of newspapers arrive—weather permitting! During the summer the visits of the steamboats make communication more frequent, but, as a rule, our Colonies thousands of miles away learn the news before the Lundy islanders.

The "fairyland," as it is sometimes called, is as treacherous as it is kindly, for the great majority of the wrecks that take place in the Bristol Channel occur at Lundy, or within its immediate neighbourhood, the island being the centre of what is known as the "wreck radius." Hundreds of noble vessels have gone down within view of the islanders, who have been powerless to lend a helping hand. The wreck shown in the illustration is one of the sights of Lundy. It took place many years ago, and the pleasure steamers that visit the island pass near it for the gratification of the passengers.

An amusing instance of the fickleness of the weather at Lundy is afforded. One day a party of five clergymen visited Mr. Heaven. When they arrived the weather was beautifully fine and clear, but ere the time for departure came a storm arose, and the clergymen were kept prisoners on the island for two Sundays, to the dismay and anxiety of their respective congregations. This is by no means the only day's visit that has of necessity been prolonged into weeks.

Everybody who goes to Lundy visits its chief lighthouse on Beacon Hill. There is another elsewhere, and in a few years there will be three or four to visit, as the authorities are anxious that vessels on all sides shall be able to find out readily when they are near the dangerous rocks of Lundy. There is nothing remarkable about the lighthouse beyond the fact that at its foot there is a little graveyard, which the inhabitants call "the most novel burial-ground in the United Kingdom."

Some of the Lundy cliffs are of particular interest. First in importance comes the Templar Rock, which is situated a little beyond the half-way wall that denotes the centre of the island.

It is a mass of granite standing out from a projecting point, accidentally fashioned by Nature into so perfect a resemblance to human features, when seen in relief against the sky, that one can scarcely believe that it has not been carved by a sculptor's hand.

Many of the other cliffs have very curious names. There is, for example, the "Virgin's Well," a spring of fresh water that arises from a promontory. It is reached by boat through a tunnel, and adventurous folk who pay it a visit are amply repaid by a sight rarely seen—a spring of fresh water bubbling out of the sea.

One of the cliffs goes by the name of "St. James's Stone," while another is designated the "Devil's Chimney." Satan is also honoured in another part of the island known as the "Earthquake," a title gained because the land in that part seems to have subsided at one time. It is in this "Earthquake" that the "Devil's Limekiln" is to be found. A little further on "Benjamin's Chair" is to be seen, formed by a junction of two slabs of granite on the path that leads to

"Seal Cave," so termed because seals inhabit it.

One of its valleys—Punch Bowl Valley—is believed to contain an old font that belonged to the church that formerly existed on the island; but though it is certainly a stone basin, the best authorities agree that its remote position argues against this assumption.

No history of Lundy would be complete without some reference to the extraordinary find made by Mr. Heaven some years ago. It consisted of two stone coffins, each of which contained skeletons of unusual size. The largest of these was eight feet two inches long, and one of the workmen—a man of average stature—took up the shin-bone to compare it, and found it reached more than half way up to his thigh from his foot. The other skeleton was nearly as big, and it is not surprising that they were immediately called the "Giants' Graves."

It is impossible to attempt to give the history of Lundy in a magazine article. There are plenty of records that describe its adventures in the old feudal times, and afterwards when it was the refuge of smugglers and rebels. In the middle of the eighteenth century the member of Parliament for Barnstaple owned it; and when he undertook to transport convicts to Virginia he took them to Lundy instead, and worked them for his own profit. Want of space also forbids details of the numerous species of birds, insects, animals, plants, and minerals that abound all over the island.

Some of the birds are so rare, and their eggs so precious, that Mr. Heaven has suffered greatly from the depredations of visitors who have brought their guns and otherwise robbed the island of its treasures. There are few landowners, under the circumstances, who would not prohibit the landing of visitors, but Mr. Heaven still extends his hospitality to all who care to visit his "island fairyland," or, as Devonshire folk prefer it, "the kingdom of Heaven on earth."

ARTHUR BIRNAGE

Part of the Rev. Hudson G. Heaven's fair domain. The population of Lundy is under fifty persons

Gold in the Holy City

By Albert Goodrich

"And the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass."—REV. xxi. 21.

THE Holy City does not mean heaven, the beatific state beyond death. The Holy City comes down from heaven to earth. It is the Messianic triumph upon earth. It is a city upon earth which is entirely ruled by Christ, and is the centre of His world-wide rule.

The conception of the city is very simple. It is four square, having three gates on each of its four sides. Down the centre of it is a broad, straight street; in the centre of the street a stream runs, on either side of which are trees. The street was pure gold, bright, highly polished, reflecting all around and above it. This street suggests a few thoughts as to the place of gold in the Holy City.

It suggests that the Holy, or Ideal City will possess gold in great abundance; it will be very wealthy. The very stones of the street will be gold. Poverty, it is often said, is an ideal of Christianity. This certainly is not a faithful saying. In certain circumstances and for certain persons, poverty may be a Christian ideal. But, speaking generally, Christianity says poverty is an evil. Christ has said not a little in condemnation of loving money and of the wrong use of money; but the whole spirit of His life and teaching, which among other places finds expression in this representation of the city in which He will be de facto King, is that gold in the Holy City will be very plentiful—the very street will be gold.

Even Socialism does not condemn money or capital; what it condemns is capitalism—that is, the unequal distribution of money and its being so held and used as to create and support a highly competitive and oppressive economic and social system.

The cities are now complaining of high rates. We cannot, it is being brought home to us, have public education, public parks, public recreation, public art, without money and much money. We have not, it would seem, gold enough to support even a moderate standard of cultured life for all the citizens. In the Holy City there will be no lack of funds; gold will be in plenty; no one will complain of the rates; no good work will halt because of lack of money. The very street will be of gold; so plentiful that if you want it, you have but to pick it up. But no citizen there will want to pocket or hoard it, any more than we want the stones of our streets.

The street of gold gave a channel for the river of life, and, strange as it may seem, it is represented as affording soil to the trees which are for the healing of the nations. Does not this recognise that on earth apart from money we cannot get channels for cleansing and vitalising movements, and that apart from money we cannot get soil to nourish the healing fruit for mankind? In our present cities how apart from money can our hospitals and schools and museums and churches be maintained? Love not money; but recognise its value. Trust not in riches, but despise them not; they have their place in the economy of life. Haste not to be rich, but put money in thy purse. The street of the city was pure gold.

Where is gold placed in the Holy City? At the foundation? Are its fundamental principles gold? No. Are its walls, its protective forces, monetary influences? No. Is its throne, its ruling idea, gold? No. Its street is gold. That is the place for gold—under the feet. Assess it; but possess it under your feet. Stand on it; don't let it stand on you. Walk on it; don't let it walk away with you. I know not if Giotto had this passage in mind when he painted Charity on the wall of the Chapel of the Arena. He there painted Charity as a woman of fine, full form, standing upon bags of gold. Even in that age the great genius recognised that Divine Love upon earth must for her beneficent work stand upon gold.

Such is the estimate of gold entertained by the citizens of the Holy City. They do not put it on the throne, they do not worship it or lust for it. They do not measure men by their holding of gold. They do not make it the one all-absorbing and all-controlling end of their industrial concerns. They do not despise the gold; they do not attempt to cast it out of their city as among the things which defile; they hold it, but give it quite a subordinate place; they melt it into a fine broadway of communication upon which men can stand firmly, walk cleanly, and hold intercourse freely.

How this in present circumstances is to be done is the problem. We, however, get ourselves into a right position to solve the problem when we come to recognise that the place of gold is that given it in the Holy City, viz., that its primary use is to advance human welfare.

The street is common property; it is owned by no private individual; the day of toll-bars has passed. To say, then, the street of the Holy City was pure gold is to say that in the Holy City gold will be duly distributed. Gold will be so plentiful and so well distributed, so much of it held in common, that in no form will individual poverty exist. Political economy thus far has been concerned with the production of wealth, it must now turn its attention to the distribution of wealth. In the Holy City, however, the problems both of production and of distribution will have been solved. There will be abundance of common property. The street will be pure gold.

But will it be, as some desire, that in the Holy City there will be no private property? Will all capital be in the hands of the community? Will the basis of society be collectivism, to the exclusion of individualism? To such a question the passage can give no answer. The whole passage is imagery, and that can be manipulated any way. Nor does Christianity explicitly commit itself to any theory of society as it does not to any theory of government. Righteousness is its one demand. If collectivism would do more for righteousness, then Christianity favours collectivism. If individualism does more, then it favours individualism. If the conciliation of the two opposing principles would do most for righteousness, then Christianity requires that conciliation.

The streets, however, of our cities are not yet of gold. Our gas, our water, our trams, our postal and telegraph systems are held collectively. In all these collective holding serves us better than individual holding. As we approach the Holy City, will it not be that we shall advance towards more collective holding? If you will, towards more municipal and national trading? Is not this one way of securing a more equitable distribution of the gold or capital which as a community we create? Certainly the monstrous development of capitalism in the forms of huge trusts and of mammoth financing is not moving towards the Holy City where the street is gold. Such movements pile up the gold in the cellars of the few instead of making of it a clean, solid highway for the use of all the people.

But we would not suggest that private property will be altogether excluded from the Holy City. The parables of Christ, such as the Talents, the Pounds, and the Labourers, and also His sayings, assume and sanction private property. No private property was the state of the savage. To abolish private property would go far to reduce society to its primitive state. Without private property, how can a man have a home of his own? Involved in the destruction of private property is the contention that all children are the children of the State. Parents would thus be bereft of the privileges and responsibilities of parenthood. The home would then be quite gone, and with it some of the most sacred and sanctifying influences. There could be no Holy City.

Collective property and private property are not mutually exclusive; they are complementary principles in a well ordered city; they are in the Holy City conciliated. We need, indeed, more private property as well as more collective property—that is, we need more of the population possessing property. As a nation we have said Britons shall

be free; and we have said they shall be educated; we have now to say they shall each possess some property. Freedom and education are good only as they are used; to use them efficiently a man needs some property. The street of the city was of pure gold—the gold was well distributed.

The street is the great avenue of social life; may we not then say that in the Holy City gold will advance social life? At present gold is a great divider. How has gold separated brothers and sisters! How has gold been the apple of discord in families! How has it pitted class against class! What a fire it has too often kindled between employers and employees! How at the behests of Mammon, for more land or commerce, for diamond or gold mines, have nations let slip the dogs of war! It is, however, true to a degree that gold connects persons and peoples. Common enterprise and common gains bring men together somewhat. Reciprocal interests make friends. Nations are held together in peace to a degree by the golden cords of commerce. But in the Holy City gold will be no divider; it will be a street, an open, easy way of social life. It will make kindly intercourse, mutual help, social friendship easier. The citizens will not be fevered with covetousness, but filled with goodwill towards each other.

If competition there be in the Ideal City, it will be within those lines where it promotes energy and enterprise; it will be a pleasant stimulant, not an oppressive power. Variety of faculty, inequality in the number of talents, different grades of ability and of manhood and, consequently, of possession there will doubtless be; but there will be such knitting together of these and such organising of them that they will form an organic whole in which each member will co-operate with all unto the attainment of results which will satisfy and enrich all. "The street was of pure gold."

The gold was so pure and so highly burnished, of such blazing splendour that as a mirror it reflected all above it; it was, as it were, transparent glass. The light of the Lamb, the glory of God, the flashing lights of the walls of jewels were mirrored in the street of gold.

Gold is ever a mirror. How a man makes and uses his money reveals, mirrors, what he is. Is he a base creature, mean, tricky, fraudulent? The way he grabs and hugs gold will show him up. Is he a hard, pitiless person, without heart, without conscience, able to crush a young man's life without a qualm, or to devour a widow's house and suffer no discomfort? The way he gets and uses his gold will reveal his wicked soul.

Hence gold, which in itself is without moral quality as is granite, because in this way it mirrors so much evil, is regarded by many as evil, and is condemned.

But in the Holy City gold will reveal what is good, brilliant, blessed. Many say if they had the gold they would do we know not what glorious things. Perhaps they would. Anyway, without gold there are many glorious things which cannot be done. The liberal man not having gold is deprived of one important way of manifesting his liberality; he cannot feed the hungry or heal the sick, or build the garden city. The man of enlightened philanthropy, or the man of great religious zeal, or the lover of science or art, having gold, can so give or use it that it shall mirror his noble affection and purpose. Gold cannot regenerate the hearts of men, it cannot convert the ungodly and the vicious, but it can materially help to these blessed ends, and so flash forth, mirror the splendour of Christian love and the glory of Divine redemption. "The street was of pure gold, as it were transparent glass."

But the Holy City can never be without the holy citizens. The street of pure gold is in the city in which enters no one who worketh abomination or maketh a lie. Gold has in itself no moral quality; its moral quality comes from the hand that uses it. And so we come to the old truth, the citizens must be born from above ere the Holy City can come down upon earth. As says Mrs. Browning, in contrasting reformers and poets:

> Ah! your Fouriers failed
> Because not poet enough to understand
> That life develops from within.

ALBERT GOODRICH.

When Princess Othilde came into the world everyone exclaimed with admiration and astonishment; with admiration because she was the prettiest little thing imaginable, and with astonishment because she was scarcely as big as a baby's fist. Lying in a cradle of not more than a hand's width and a finger's length, you might have thought her some as yet unfledged bird of the Isles in its nest. The King and Queen were never tired of admiring her legs and pink feet, which would have only fitted a doll's stocking, her little white mouse's chest, and her face, that the petals of a daisy would have sufficed to hide.

To tell the truth, they were rather disturbed at seeing her so extraordinarily small, and their Royal dignity could not support the idea of having given birth to a dwarf. But they hoped that their daughter might grow without losing anything of her loveliness.

They were, however, very much deceived in their expectations. While remaining as graceful as possible, she grew so little that at the age of five she was no higher than a blade of grass, and when playing in the garden walks she was obliged to stretch herself on the points of her toes to gather the violets.

They sent for the most famous physicians, and promised them the richest rewards if only they could contrive to give the Princess a few more inches of height. These consulted together gravely, with hands crossed on their breasts, and, winking their eyes behind the glass of their spectacles, they concocted drugs which Othilde was obliged to drink, and infallible ointments with which she was rubbed night and morning. All this only seemed to make her white, and she still remained—a charming dwarf. When she amused herself in company with her favourite lapdog, she ran between his legs without bending her head.

The King and Queen had recourse to the fairies, with whom they had always been on excellent terms. They did not fail to come, some on litters of cloth-of-gold with jewelled fringes, carried by ebony negroes, others in cars of crystal drawn by four unicorns. Some among them found it more convenient to enter by the window or the chimney, in the form of birds of Paradise or blue-winged martins, but as soon as they touched the inlaid floor of the hall they became beautiful ladies dressed in satin. One after the other they touched Othilde with their wands, took her in their hands—she was no heavier than a good-sized lark—kissed her, blew on her hair, and made signs on her forehead, murmuring all-powerful words.

The charms of the fairies had no more effect than the medicines of the learned

men. At sixteen the Princess was still so small that it happened one morning she was caught entirely in a trap which had been set in the park for the nightingales.

The courtiers—who were interested in keeping their sovereigns happy, because good humour generally shows itself generous—did their best to console the King and Queen. They declared that nothing is more ridiculous than a tall figure—that high stature is, if you consider the matter well, but a deformity. As for any of them, they would not wish to be more than a foot in height; but it is for Royal races that Nature reserves her favours!

And when they saw some great clown pass they contorted themselves with laughter, holding their sides. The maids of honour, so that the Princess should look less small beside them if they looked less tall, renounced by common accord wearing high heels, which was the fashion at that time; and the chamberlains adopted the habit of never approaching the throne unless walking on their knees.

But these ingenious flatteries did not always succeed in smoothing over the King and Queen. Many a time they felt inclined to weep when kissing their little girl with the tips of their lips for fear of swallowing her, but they restrained their tears so as not to soak her quite through. As for Othilde, she did not appear the least distressed about her misfortune; she even seemed to take a great pleasure in looking at the reflection of her pretty little figure in a hand-mirror made out of one rather large diamond.

. . . .

In the meantime—as all griefs are worn away at last by custom—the King and Queen became less sad day by day. No doubt they would have made up their minds not to lament any more if something had not happened to renew their sorrow.

In consequence of the tale they told him of the beauty of the Princess—for fame, which readily flatters Royal persons, had published everywhere Othilde's grace and not her small stature—the young Emperor of Sirinagor fell in love with her, and sent his ambassadors to ask her hand in marriage. You may imagine the embarrassment such a proposal caused. To marry this tiny doll—no bigger than a paroquet—it was not to be thought of!

What man could accommodate himself to a wife who would to a certainty lose herself every minute? And the request of the Emperor of Sirinagor was all the more dreadful because he himself was said to be of colossal proportions. He was the handsomest of all the princes, but the biggest of all the giants. The day he was born it had been impossible to find a cradle large enough for this enormous Prince, and they had been obliged to lay him upon the long carpets in the throne-room.

At three years of age he had to stoop a little to take the birds' nests from the top of the oaks. His parents, like those of Othilde, had consulted the physicians, and then the fairies, and quite as vainly. He grew more and more in a most immoderate fashion. When his people erected triumphal arches to him, in celebration of some victory, he was forced to get down from his horse to pass underneath, and, however high they were, he never failed to strike the pediments with the silver crest displayed on his helmet! The King and Queen naturally declared to the ambassadors that the union in question was the most impossible thing in the world. But the young Emperor, passionate as he was of temperament, would not be satisfied with this reply; he would not listen to anything; the confession of the small size of Othilde appeared to him an absurd statement, conceived with the intention of turning him into ridicule, and he swore as he donned his helmet, on which the silver wings trembled, that he would avenge this insult with fire and blood.

. . . .

He kept his word. There were terrible battles, towns sacked, and whole populations put to the edge of the sword, so that at last the King and Queen saw plainly that the same would be done to them and all their kingdom if they did not come to terms with the gigantic conqueror, who was striding across the burning towns and forests in his march towards the capital. They hastened,

She growing taller and he shorter, all through love—more powerful than the fairies—which attracted them one towards the other

therefore, to demand peace, promising no longer to refuse him the hand of their daughter. They were, moreover, quite easy about the consequences of their concession; the Emperor could not fail to renounce his intentions at the sight of Othilde, and would return to his own country with his army victorious in vain.

A day was chosen for the first interview of the affianced ones; but it took place in the park, not in the palace, because the conqueror would not have been able to stand upright in the halls.

"Come," said he; "I see no Princess. Will she not soon be coming?"

"Look at your feet," said the King.

She was there, in fact, scarcely higher than the borders of the walk. So slender and so pretty in her gown of gold, her brows glistening with gems, she seemed still smaller by the side of the magnificent Emperor, whose armour rose towards the sky, bathed in sunlight.

"Alas!" said he.

For he was grieved to see her down there, so charming and so small.

"Alas!" she said, in her turn.

For she was very sorry to see him so far up there—so handsome, but so tall.

They had tears—she in her upturned and he in his downcast eyes.

"Sire," said the King, while they were still contemplating each other from a distance—"sire, you see that you could not marry my daughter. We are compelled to relinquish the honour of your alliance——"

But he did not finish his sentence, and, dumb with astonishment, gazed at the Princess and the Emperor, she growing taller and he shorter, all through love—more powerful than the fairies—which attracted them one towards the other. Almost the same height, their lips touched like two roses on the same spray.

THE END

The recent political trouble between Norway and Sweden lends additional interest to this unique picture of three Norwegian families on their way to church. Villages in Scandinavia are very scattered owing to the beautiful fiords which intersect them, and as it would be impossible to have a place of worship in every tiny hamlet, congregations gather from neighbouring places by means of boats

Wonderful Portraits of Christ

Executed with Chisel, Fingers, and Brush

LONDON'S smoke-begrimed statues come in for their fair share of attention. From an artistic standpoint, many of them are not what might be desired in a century when Art is invariably written with a capital A, and some critics are bold enough to say that their removal would be a positive blessing to the metropolis.

The Russians have solved the problem in Odessa to the complete satisfaction of all concerned; they have decided to make a magnificent statue serve a noble and useful purpose.

It is a colossal figure of Christ, and is to be used as a lighthouse. The Light of the World stands with the right arm extended, and in the left, which is upraised, He holds a cross. The size of the statue may be imagined from the fact that the light is placed in the centre of the cross, and is of exceptional brilliancy.

"The Christ of the Lake," overlooking the beautiful waters of Lucerne

The statue was exhibited at St. Petersburg some years ago under the title of "Christ on the Sea Saving the Ships." It is by a Russian sculptor—Mark Antocolsky, the son of poor Jewish parents. At the time of the completion of his wonderful work he was over fifty years of age, but from a youth he displayed a love of the art of "expression in stone," and when quite a lad became apprenticed to a wood-carver. When twenty-one he entered the Royal Academy at St. Petersburg.

His greatest works have been religious in character. Three of the most famous are a beautiful "Head of John the Baptist," a pathetic rendering of "Christ Before the People," and a still more touching piece of work, "The Last Sigh of Christ upon the Cross." But the work which will perhaps bring him most fame is that which is depicted at the end of this article.

At the entrance of Odessa Harbour there is a sunken rock, and on this foundation the lighthouse is to be built. From the cross there will stream a great flood of light, and the seamen who do business in the great waters of the harbour will be able to avoid the sunken pinnacle which has been so great a source of trouble to past generations.

No more fitting emblem for a lighthouse could be conceived than this figure of the Saviour, for He Himself said: "I am the Light of the World; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

The only lighthouse to which this can be likened is that which stands in New York Harbour, and was presented to the Republic by the French people. There stands a gigantic figure of "Liberty," holding in her hand a torch, and the torch lights up the harbour for miles

round. So big is the figure of "Liberty" that people can walk about in its head, while it is the first thing that travellers from England see of America.

Switzerland, the "playground of Europe," has no prettier lake within its cantons than the Lake of Lucerne. To this delightful resort many thousands of British tourists go every year.

Overlooking the lake, on a rocky bluff, is a beautiful figure of Christ. This has been erected by a wealthy lady, whose grounds slope to the lake; and naturally this exquisite work of art excites much interest among all who see it.

It is carefully carved of hard wood, and has a very natural and lifelike aspect, representing Christ in the act of blessing. It stands on the shore between Seeburg and Weggis, and all the steamers pass it on their way to Kussnach, Vitznau, and the other charming spots on the lake. Our illustration gives a good idea of the situation of this unique figure, which is known throughout Switzerland as "The Christ of the Lake."

A statue of our Lord was discovered a few years since the eyes of which were of deep-blue rock crystal. The finding of this figure created quite a sensation in artistic circles, for the work was of such excellence that it was thought to have been executed by Michael Angelo or Donatello.

The fact that a sculptor who could produce such magnificent work conceived the idea that the eyes of Christ were of a deep-blue hue was of considerable weight in determining a question which has agitated the minds of artists for centuries, and for a time it was the fashion for pictures and drawings of the Saviour to have eyes of blue.

A photograph of this statue was sent to the late Queen Victoria, who admired it so much that she had the statue copied in marble, and right up to the time of her death it occupied a prominent position in Windsor Castle. The carving is of extreme delicacy.

Perhaps the most beautiful of modern statues of Christ are those in terra-cotta by Mr. George Tinworth. In some cases, of course, our Saviour is represented in a group, but his marvellous model of "Christ Blessing the Children" will endure when many other Royal Academy triumphs have long since been forgotten. Christ is seated, and two little children are leaning against His knees, looking up trustfully into the eyes of the great Lover of the little ones. A third child is sleeping peacefully, with his head on the Saviour's feet. This beautiful group was done for Whitworth Park, Manchester.

Although Mr. George Tinworth is a monarch in his own line of work, his education was not exceptional. He tells the story of how he took first to modelling in few words:

"When I was a little toddle," he says, "my mother took me to Camberwell Fair, where two men dressed in white happened to come forward and pose as statues. I saw them on the cheap, you know. The men grouped themselves as statues outside in order to encourage people to see the show inside.

"These statuary groups impressed themselves so much on my mind that when I reached home I got a little wooden sword and began myself to act the part of a statue before the looking-glass. This was how I got my idea of modelling; but I was also helped by my mother, who bought me some transparent slates."

Strange to relate, the largest representation of Christ is not a statue but a picture, and was executed by James Tissot, the great French painter, who spent so many years in the Holy Land in order to illustrate the life of Christ in as accurate a manner as possible. It was executed for the famous chapel of the Dominicans in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, Paris.

His great picture of the Saviour is half-length, His arms outstretched as though calling upon humanity to come to Him. The head is of majestic and mysterious beauty, and measures no less than 6ft. 6in. from the chin to the top of the forehead. The open arms stretch 16ft. from finger-tips to finger-tips. The little finger is as large as the entire hand of a full-grown man.

Experts have criticised the painting for the severity of the face and attitude,

declaring that both are not true to nature and tradition. The countenance is one of human intelligence, beautified by spiritual refinement.

The entire attitude of the figure and the execution of the work is one of symbolical mysticism. The lips of the Saviour are slightly parted, as though He were about to speak. The eyes are dark and severe, and have a questioning look. The severity is modified by a gentle smile.

The draperies are arranged in noble lines, and are in the historic three pieces. First is the tunic, reddish-brown in colour, and seamless; then comes the geba, or immaculate white linen robe; and then the white mantle of the prophets, with one end thrown negligently over the right shoulder.

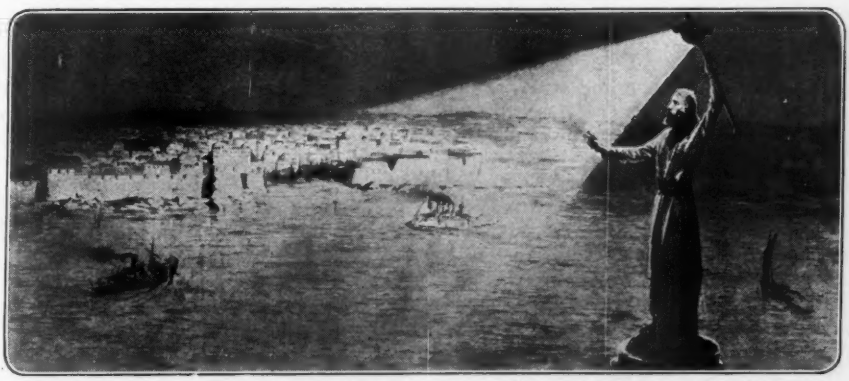
The background is of azure blue, brightened by a seven-fold aureole of golden light-beams. Behind the head is the triangle emblematical of the Trinity, with a white dove fluttering near. The nimbus completes a picture that, but for its severity, would be considered as one of the masterpieces of religious art.

The beautiful figure of Christ above the altar in St. Paul's Cathedral is one of the finest examples of mosaic work extant. He is represented seated, with the globe at His feet, the hands stretched out in blessing. When the sun is shining through the windows of the choir the effect is particularly striking, and the figure can be seen the whole length of the nave. Of all the designs executed by Sir W. B. Richmond for London's cathedral this is by far the most popular with sightseers.

Mr. W. O. Partridge, an American sculptor, paid a visit to the Holy Land in order to find a model for the face of Christ. "Once I saw it," he says—"the type that was forming in my mind. Two peasants we passed on the road in Samaria had the features, but lacked the refinement and power of presence that should go with it."

Some authorities regard the traditional ideal supposed to represent the face of Jesus as altogether mythical. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that Christ lived in an age of real and skilful portraiture; and it is certain that there must have been an early and widespread demand from His followers for likenesses of their Master.

Sir Wyke Bayliss argues in favour of the authenticity of the traditional portrait, and he believes that it must have been derived from the catacombs. Gem portraits and ring seals were common articles in the early Christian ages. The catacomb portraits of Christ and the Apostles would certainly be based on traditional opinions of the aspect of each person represented. Why should we not infer that in the well-known ideal portrait we possess a real likeness of the Saviour?



How the Russians have determined to make a beautiful statue serve a noble and useful service. A colossal figure of Christ to be used as a lighthouse at Odessa

A Country Manse in Scotland

By the Rev. William McConachie, B.D.

A LITTLE balcony projects over the manse door; an upper window opens to it, and the balcony is a favourite retreat in the cool of the day.

Down beneath is the gravelled drive leading to Station Road, and on the far side of the drive are trees all the way down. What a motley collection of timber these trees form! Near the balcony is a tall aspen, then successively a chestnut, plane tree, gean tree, Ontario poplar, and a bushy lilac. One of the finest of them all is an ash tree further down the drive—a real "Venus of the Woods" for proportion and shape. An opposite lime tree interlaces its branches with those of the ash, and there, in the lengthening nights, the shadow is deepest. Nearer the tennis-green, whitebeam, beech, mountain ash, and elm trees grow.

What the manse grounds lose in symmetry from so many different trees they gain in character and variety. There is a greater interest in watching the coming of leaf and blossom. Trees of the same kind vary a good deal—when one plane tree is well into leaf, another has only begun to open its buds. But this difference is much more marked in the different varieties of trees. The manse poplars are the earliest trees to leaf in the parish; by the second week of April they are covered with delicate orange-green foliage. Plane trees and chestnuts rush into leaf soon after, and as the days grow hotter, beeches, elms, and limes. Aspen and ash trees are latest of all; some years they do not reach full leaf until the middle of June.

There is a wider difference still in the season of their flowering. Alders and birches in the marsh by the ash tree are covered with catkins early in the year. The elm is faint, misty purple, with tiny flowers on the first days of March. Plane trees have large, ruddy buds, from which the greenish-yellow blossom and the leaves come together. About the same season—early in May—ash blossoms show as dark clumps crowning the leafless twigs. Then, too, the gean tree is covered with a bridal veil of snowy flower. Last of them all, the linden puts forth its perfume-laden blossom. When the pastures are becoming scorched and bare, and the earlier clover has been stripped of its honeyed stores towards the end of July, every lime tree is murmurous with the sound of bees.

Under the trees by the drive are laurels and large rhododendron bushes, covered in summer with flower. An early crimson rhododendron flowers a full month before the others. Growing beneath a gean tree, the sprays and masses of gean blossom above and about it make a lovely harmony of white and crimson flowers. When the chestnuts are covered with tall, creamy spires it is pleasant to sit in the balcony. The evenings have grown mild, and the air is full of the teeming life of a summer night. In the soft, meditative stillness that follows the sundown fancy grows active, and the mild air, like a soothing opiate, is full of sweet dreams. Then the chestnut flowers are aspirations that rise straight to heaven from the outstretched leaves like the hands of a multitude at prayer.

Opening buds and full-blown roses cover the Gloire de Dijon by the drawing-room window. Some of the sprays hang across the panes, bending under their weight of flowers. Ivy tendrils overgrow the low iron railing of the balcony, and intertwine to form a bank of leafy green. The manse has been built on a sloping terrace looking southward. The trees in front of it make a setting of vivid green foliage for part of the rushy field that reaches to the stream. Above the field the stream is crossed by the road. Under the stone arch of the low bridge dippers nest, and, summer and winter, the old birds sing their hurried notes from a large stone further down the stream. At night the murmur of flowing water fills the air with a soft, steady rush, as of a wind in a distant wood.

Nearer than the bridge is a marsh

enclosed from the field by a hedge of hawthorn and beech—a little bit of wild nature gathered into the manse grounds. In the springtime, marsh marigolds and cuckoo flowers grow all over it. Near the loose, mossed wall under the hedge, where the ground is drier, delicate, lilac-veined flowers of wood-sorrel hang their tiny bells above the pale green leaves. By autumn the marsh is a thicket of meadow-sweet, marsh thistles, yellow irises, and tall grasses. Young trees are growing rapidly in it, and the large rhododendron bushes almost hide it from the drive.

But bending over the railing of the balcony, there—almost beneath us on the right—is the narrow iron gate that opens to the garden. Behind the tall yew hedge it lies on a sunny slope. Fruit trees cover the walls and the side of the manse that lies open to it. In April, the study window is framed in abundant pear-tree blossom. We can see from this elevated seat but a small part of it—the sheltered walk, sacred to deeper thought, between the hedge and a row of bushes, and a fern-covered rockery beyond. A dear old-fashioned garden it is, with all the commoner flowers, from the first yellow aconite to the last dahlia and chrysanthemum of the year. There, too, are gillyflowers, pinks, and great crimson peonies. The night air above the box-edged walks is heavy in their season with the scent of sweet violets, lily-of-the valley, roses, white jasmine, and other fragrant flowers.

On the other side of the house, from the garden, the tennis-green completes the manse grounds. The bushes and trees, with the undisturbed quiet, make them a favourite sanctuary for the birds. A great many different kinds visit them; in the cold season, the thick-leaved evergreens are a cosy roosting-place. Last winter a number of redwings came to them every evening. Shy, wary birds, they settled on the leafless trees, with long, plaintive calls, before disappearing among the bushes; and one or two seemed to act as sentinels, until the bare, frosty afterglow of December began to fade in night. The redwings left the grounds as the days lengthened, but a great many pied wagtails took their place. These birds continued until the early summer, gathering to the bushes along the marsh at sunset. Some of them evidently came from long distances, they descended from such a height in the air. If the evergreens were brushed with the hand they rose into all the trees about with loud "tsee-wits." Latterly, at least, perhaps a mutual desire for companionship brought them together, when the female birds were busy with nesting cares. Often quite sixty came, all beautifully marked males.

The wild creatures of the woods and fields freely visit the grounds. From the ditches near, where they make their purring sounds on mild March days, frogs wander to the marsh. The garden has always two or three patriarchal toads; these are valued inmates. Moles and occasional field-mice burrow in the ground, and tiny shrews rustle through the summer grasses. Squirrels are often seen in the trees. They climb the ivy on the manse itself, and run along the garden walls, stopping by the way with odd, jerking motions to see that everything is safe. The abundance of wood around makes them very plentiful.

A family of hedgehogs have lived in the yew hedge for several years. On moist summer nights, the young feed near the bushes. The old ones sometimes cross the gravel by the door on their way to the field. They call to one another with a strange, half-whistling, half-screaming note. With the chillier autumn nights they all disappear, and spend their winter somewhere in the thick covert of the hedge in a warm bed of leaves.

Hares have their forms among the rushes and bennets of the field. They enter the grounds for the sweeter grasses. One evening a hare was eating quietly on the embankment. Disturbed by approaching footsteps, he cowered down among the grasses and wild flowers. Within a few feet of the passer-by he lay close to the ground, his keen eye watching every movement.

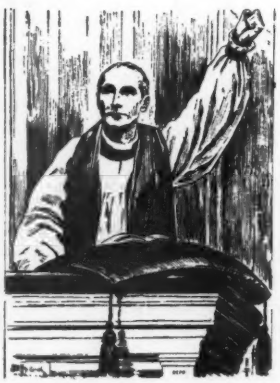
The abundance of birds often brings weasels; they follow the open stone walls from the fields. A summer ago one weasel hunted two blackbirds beside the marsh. The birds kept in the middle of

the drive, taking short flights whenever their tiny enemy came too near. After each unsuccessful rush, the weasel returned to the cover of the grass. For a moment it was hidden, then somewhere near the narrow chestnut head, with its cunning, glittering eyes and the white breast, showed, to disappear rapidly again. But for one's knowledge of the creature's bloodthirsty ways, it might have been woodland sport. The birds always returned to the same place, exposing themselves again and again to these dangerous rushes to distract the weasel's attention from their young in the bushes.

There are other wild creatures than these. Bird and beast love the peaceful quiet of the manse grounds. All the different forms of wild life come and go. Day and night trains pass on the railway across the stream. The swift mails come with a hurried rush, the heavier goods go by with a deeper roll. Outside the gate is the traffic of Station Road. People linger by the bridge, above the rushing water, to talk and laugh when the day's toil is over. But the wild creatures have grown familiar with all these sounds. Inside the manse grounds they live in a little Arcadia of their own, happy in the sunshine of the passing hour.

The manse itself crowns and gives a human interest to everything about it. Above the wide steps that lead between two yew trees to the doorway the balcony forms a portico, supported by large sandstone pillars. Honeysuckle, clematis, roses, ivy, and other plants cover a large part of the manse, and make it beautiful all the year. The trees and its own position shelter it from the cold east winds that sweep over the fields from the sea. All the beauty of the grounds gather round the manse. Everything seems to find expression through it. For it the daffodils and blue anemones grow under the shelter of the tennis-green wall. For it the tufts of large-flowered marguerites gleam in the waning light, and the speedwell opens its blue eyes to the sunshine on the grassy bank. Garden flower and wild flower, flowering shrub and leafing trees, birds and wild creatures that love them, they add their tribute of beauty and interest to the manse grounds, and the manse gives a richer beauty and a deeper interest to them all.

WILLIAM MCCONACHIE, B.D.



THE BISHOP OF LONDON,

preaching at Westminster Abbey recently, referred to what he called "that remarkable work of fiction entitled 'When It Was Dark.'" The opening chapters of this epoch-making story will be found in the November number of the "Sunday Magazine"—the first of a new volume. It is now on sale, price Sixpence.

Everything in the "Sunday Magazine" is of vital interest—there is nothing to miss. Among many important illustrated articles and stories may be mentioned: "In Prisons Oft," the experiences of an Evangelist who has actually visited many of the world's prisons; "Christian Watchfulness," a sermon by Evan Roberts; "The Religion of Natural History," by the Rev. Theodore Wood, F.Z.S.; and contributions by the Venerable William M. Sinclair, D.D., Archdeacon of London, and the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A.

Queer, Quaint, and Curious

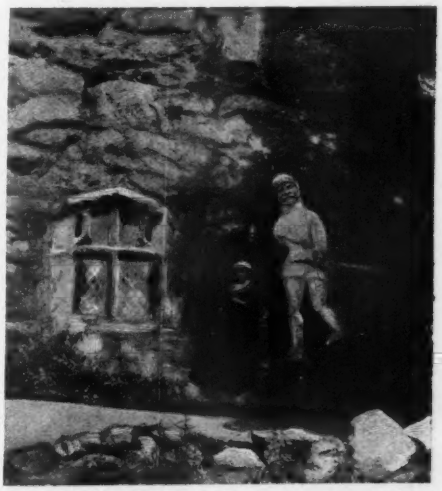
Pictures and Paragraphs from Far and Near

CARVED OUT OF ROCK

The quaint chapel of St. Robert is situated on the banks of the River Nidd, at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire. It is carved out of the solid rock, and is guarded by the figure of a Crusader in the act of drawing his sword.

St. Robert was the son of a Lord Mayor of York, and was remarkable for his learning and piety. After spending some years at the monasteries of Whitby and Fountains, he was made Abbot of Newminster, and subsequently, growing tired of the world, retired to the solitary hermitage depicted in the photograph.

A little further down the river is St. Robert's cave, another of the hermit's dwellings. It is also carved out of the solid rock, including the steps which give access to it. The cavity in the floor was cut out by the pious hermit as his last resting-place, but it never contained his body, that precious relic being conveyed by the monks of Fountains and interred within the precincts of the abbey near Ripon.



St. Robert's Chapel, Knaresborough, which is guarded by the carved figure of a Crusader

Apostle Island, Lake Superior. One of the beautiful "Thousand Islands"

£920 FOR A SINGLE SERMON

Perhaps the highest price for a sermon goes every year to a German preacher, who receives £920 for his effort. This high figure is obtained in a curious way.

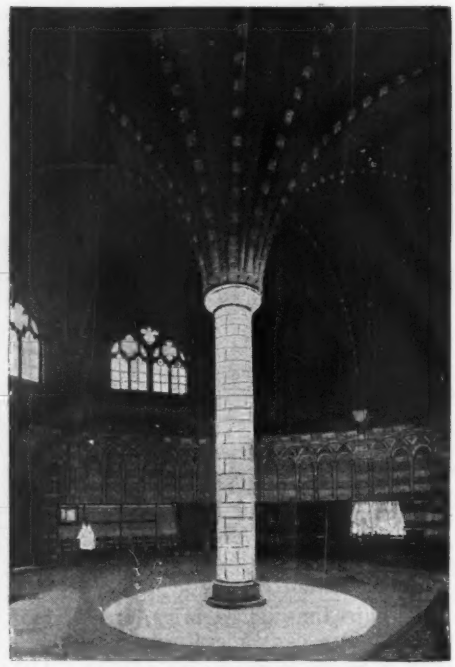
Away back in 1690 a wealthy French baron named Favart, who lived in Elberfeld, died, and bequeathed his money to the Protestant Church there, on the condition that it should be invested, and the interest given annually to some clergyman, chosen haphazard from those holding the poorest livings in the see, on condition that he preach a short sermon extolling the good deeds of the dead baron.

The sermon is generally delivered after one of the regular morning services, and lasts about half an hour.

HELPING THE LEPERS

Outside the walls of Jerusalem is a lepers' hospital, tended by deaconesses from the German religious houses. Year after year these heroic women, without pretentiousness, without any trumpeting of their work, almost unknown to the world, have waited upon lepers, while themselves literally dying by inches.

Their courage has only come to light by the chance notice of travellers.



Umbrella-shaped Chapter House, Worcester Cathedral

AN UMBRELLA-SHAPED CHAPTER HOUSE

The interior of the beautiful Chapter House of Worcester Cathedral resembles a huge umbrella. It is a circular building supported by a central Norman column, the groined roof of ten compartments being Perpendicular.

This peculiar architectural mixture is due to the fact that in the early part of the fifteenth century the Norman work was found to be so unsafe that Perpendicular work was substituted.

TWENTY THOUSAND SACRIFICES A YEAR

No heathen altar has had such a terrible history as the Mexican Sacrificial Stone, which is exhibited at the National Museum in the city of Mexico.

On this pagan altar thousands of human victims were cruelly sacrificed to Huitzilopochtli, the Mexican god of war.

The side of the stone, which is perfectly round, bears a spirited carving of a Mexican battle-scene. On the top of it is the figure of the sun. On this the victims were slaughtered by the Mexican priests, and offered to the idol of the terrible god which stands beside it.

Over twenty thousand victims are said to have been sacrificed every year. They were usually men and women, but on some occasions children were offered up. They were carried to the temple in open litters, decked with flowers, and their cries drowned in the wild chant of the priests who escorted them. On one occasion seventy thousand captives are said to have perished at the shrine of the terrible war-god.

Over three hundred years have now passed since Christianity overturned paganism in Mexico. The great cathedral of the city of Mexico stands to-day on the very spot where these pagan ceremonies were once celebrated, a splendid monument to the triumph of true religion over superstition.

WHAT DOES "CHAPEL" MEAN?

The word "chapel" has a very romantic origin. It is associated with the story of St. Martin's sharing his cloak with a beggar. "Cloak," in late Latin, is "capella," a little cloak, or cope, from "cappa," cloak, cape, cope.

The Frankish kings preserved St. Martin's cloak as a sacred relic. They had it carried before them into battle and used it to give sanctity to oaths. It was preserved in a sanctuary, under the care of a special minister, called "chapelain," or chaplain.

From these ministers the name came to be attached to the building, and thence to any sanctuary containing relics, and so to any private sanctuary or holy place.

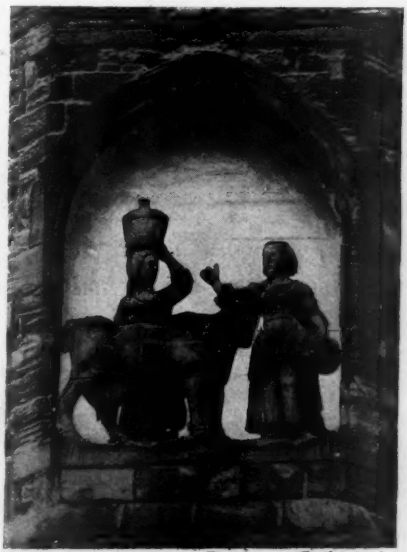
BISHOP WHO WAS ALMOST KING

The Palatinate of Durham existed from time immemorial till the year 1836. It was presided over by the Bishop of Durham, and comprised within the limits of its jurisdiction the whole county of Durham.

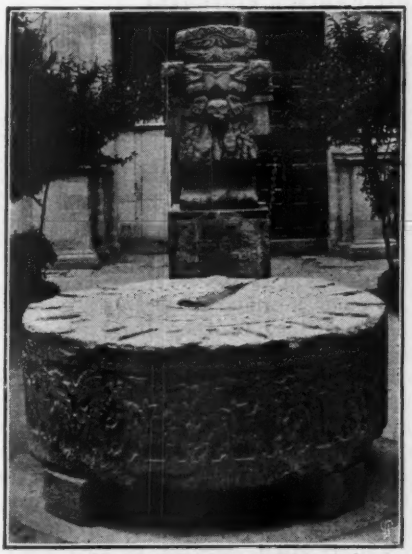
Its possession made the bishop, next to the King, the most powerful temporal prince in England. He had his Courts of Chancery, Common Pleas, and Exchequer. He had the power to levy taxes for the defence and service of his Palatinate; to make truce with his enemies; to raise troops and impress sailors in time of war. He sat in judgment of life and death, and could inflict capital punishment.

He could create barons of his Palatinate, and summon them to his councils; and he could confiscate their lands for treason against him. He possessed all manner of Royal jurisdictions and rights, could coin money, grant licences to establish castles, churches, hospitals, or other charities; could create corporations, and grant markets or fairs.

In short, every source of profit, and every post of honour or service, was at his disposal. The Sovereign could not interfere with him, nor could the Sovereign's officers enter the Palatinate without his sanction.



The Dun Cow in Durham Cathedral, about which an interesting legend is told on this page



Mexico's Sacrificial Stone

Durham Cathedral was founded by St. Cuthbert, who died in the year 687 A.D. Three hundred years afterwards the body was removed to Dunholme, the ancient name for Durham. The monks who brought the remains from their priory at Chester-le-Street were guided to the city by overhearing an old woman, who was searching for her lost dun cow, being directed by a passer-by to Dunholme. Hence the piece of sculpture placed at the north end of the Nine Altars within the cathedral. St. Cuthbert's coffin is still preserved in the library of the great pile, "Half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot."

ANIMALS AS CHRISTIANS

According to the Turks there are two animals only that are Christians—the buffalo and the wild boar. All the other creatures in the animal kingdom are True Believers.

It is generally accepted among Mohammedans that their Prophet not only converted his fellow-men, but, with these two exceptions, all the animals also.

COFFIN-SHAPED BAPTISTERY

In an isolated spot called Monksthorpe, between two and three miles from the nearest village, is an outdoor baptistery for observance of the rite by immersion according to the practice of the Baptist denomination.

The appearance of the crumbling bricks gives evidence of an antiquity little less than that of the chapel, which may be seen in the background, and which dates from the year 1669.

A modern railing has been placed round the baptistery to keep back the crowd which assembles when it is used, and the arrangement of that barrier serves to heighten the coffin-like outline of the enclosure. Whether this was accidental or was designed to suggest the Scriptural connection of baptism with death and resurrection, it would indeed be hard to say with certainty.

The isolated position of this ancient place of worship is due to the fact that it was built at a time when the Five-Mile Act was in force. This was a Parliamentary measure forbidding the erection of a "Dissenting conventicle" within five miles of any market town. In the case before us the distance was, measured from Burgh-in-the-Marsh, which is just five miles away.

SACRILEGE AND THE MOTORIST

Peculiar sounds were heard proceeding from the Cathedral of Rheims amid the stillness of the night recently. The edifice had been duly locked up at the usual hour of closing, and it was feared, therefore, that something was amiss.

Under the circumstances, it was thought advisable to summon the Archbishop. The latter summoned the police, and together they searched the building, taking with them candles and lamps. The commotion attracted the attention of a motorist, and when the search was about to be abandoned, he brought his car on the scene, and, unfastening his acetylene headlights, joined in the search.

Thanks to the superior illumination, a robber was discovered in hiding. By his side were the contents of one of the cathedral muniment chests.

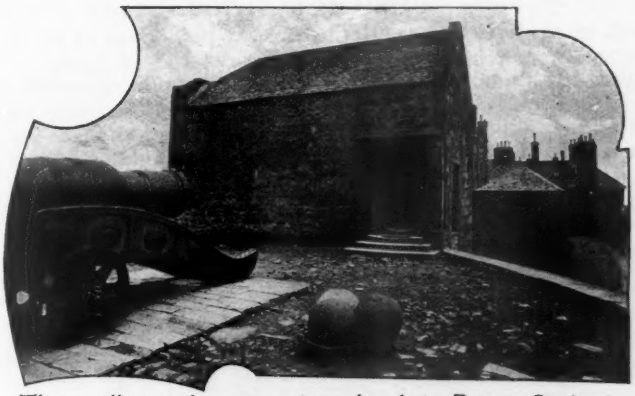
TO FRIGHTEN SATAN

The churches of Mexico seem to be a particular object of Satan's plots and machinations, judging from the manœuvres made about the premises for his benefit.

For a month or so before the day or week of a festival, an old man with a fife, two very small boys with drums, and as many of the population with sticks and tin pans as are inclined to follow them, march round and round the church, all the while coaxing as much noise from their instruments as possible.

The object of all this good work is to keep the devil and his imps from the sacred precincts.

The peculiar coffin-shaped Baptistery at Monksthorpe



The smallest and most ancient chapel in Bonnie Scotland, with the cannon called Mons Meg in the foreground

SCOTLAND'S SMALLEST CHAPEL

The little Norman chapel within the walls of Edinburgh Castle is at once the smallest and most ancient in Bonnie Scotland. It stands over 400 feet above sea-level, and was built over 800 years ago, when the Scottish people—like the people of the South—were unlettered and barbaric.

The saintly Queen of Malcolm Canmore was the founder of this miniature place of worship. Although her husband was a man of warlike tendencies, this did not prevent her from working in the cause of learning.

The cannon in the foreground of the photograph is called Mons Meg, and is stated to have been forged at Mons, Belgium, in 1476, but its origin is somewhat doubtful, some authorities believing it was made by a blacksmith of Galloway. The view overlooking the city and the Forth has been well called "the most magnificent view in Europe."

LEGEND VERSUS FACT

On the gable of St. Lawrence Church, Ludlow, is an arrow standing perpendicularly. There is a curious legend attached to this ornament.

It is said that when Robin Hood, the outlaw, was dying, he called his friend, "Little John," to his side, and begged the latter to let him have his trusty bow and arrow.

Then, fixing the arrow in the bow, Robin Hood fired, and besought "Little John" to mark the spot where the arrow had fallen, and bury his remains there. The arrow fell, so the legend declares, upon the gable of the church, and here Robin Hood was buried.

The spot whence the outlaw fired is situate about two miles from the church in the meadow at Broomfield. This alone proves that the story is a fabrication, for it would be quite impossible for a man to shoot an arrow such a distance.

The real story of the arrow on Ludlow Church is that it was fixed there when the sanctuary was built by the Arrow-makers' Guild some four centuries ago. It stands as a symbol of their trade.

WANTED—A WIFE

An American clergyman, a Mr. Brownback, has been conducting a search for a wife in public—that is, through the newspapers.

Here is the list of requirements he drew up for the information of candidates for his hand and heart:

She must be a lady in calico as well as in silk.

She shall not bring me a troublesome mother-in-law.

To personal beauty and sound health she should add some money.

An even temper—not "a street angel and a house devil."

Her knowledge of cooking must include bread and meat, as well as pies and cakes.

Less than sixteen is too young; more than thirty too old.

She must laugh readily—I will furnish tears for both.

Slow of speech, with soft answers that turn away wrath.

All ladylike accomplishments will be appreciated.

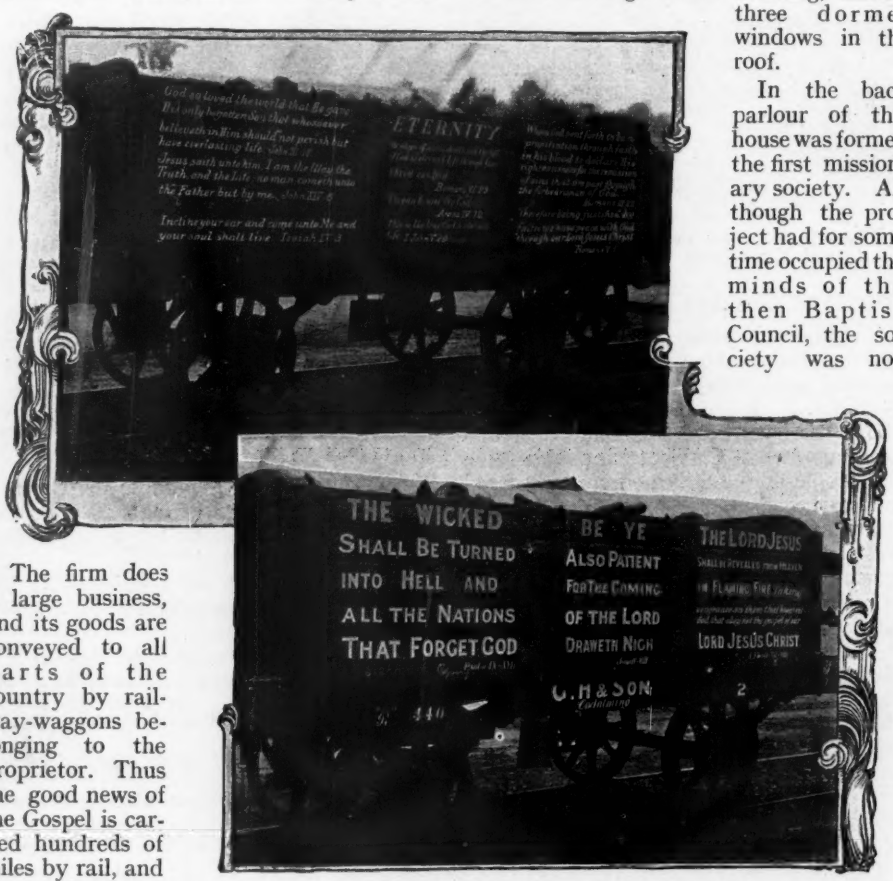
She must despise and ignore all manner of gossip.

At all times and in all places she must ardently admire and believe in George W. Brownback.

Strange to say, he has found someone who comes up to his ideal, even including the admiration mentioned in the last clause. This s certainly an interesting attempt to solve the problem of finding a suitable life-partner.

SERMON BY COAL-TRUCK

Rather a unique method of spreading Gospel truths is that adopted by a well-known firm of manufacturers at Godalming, who have caused useful and practical texts from the Bible to be printed in bold letters on the sides of their railway-trucks.



Silent sermons on railway-trucks

The firm does a large business, and its goods are conveyed to all parts of the country by railway-waggons belonging to the proprietor. Thus the good news of the Gospel is carried hundreds of miles by rail, and thousands of people who might not otherwise be reached have their attention arrested by these novel preaching railway-trucks.

Another railway curiosity is to be seen on the main line of the Great Eastern Railway. On the side wall of a private house close to the Globe Road Station is the text, in bold characters, "Prepare to meet thy God." The idea is due to Dr. Reilly, the owner of the building.

BIRTHPLACE OF BAPTIST MISSIONS

Kettering has the distinction of having been the birthplace of Baptist missions.

Some fifty yards from the main street leading from the Midland Station, and on the road to Market Harborough, may be seen a large white building, having three dormer windows in the roof.

In the back parlour of this house was formed the first missionary society. Although the project had for some time occupied the minds of the then Baptist Council, the society was not formally inaugurated until October 2nd, 1792, at which thirteen gentlemen were present, whose subscriptions in all amounted to £13 2s. 6d.

The room itself has undergone several alterations, and is considerably enlarged, but there still remains the identical two-leaved mahogany dining-table upon which their famous resolutions were written.

Photo by *Schloss, New York*

Christmas Waifs

By permission of *The Berlin Photographic Co.*

The Christ Child

Christmas in Many Climes

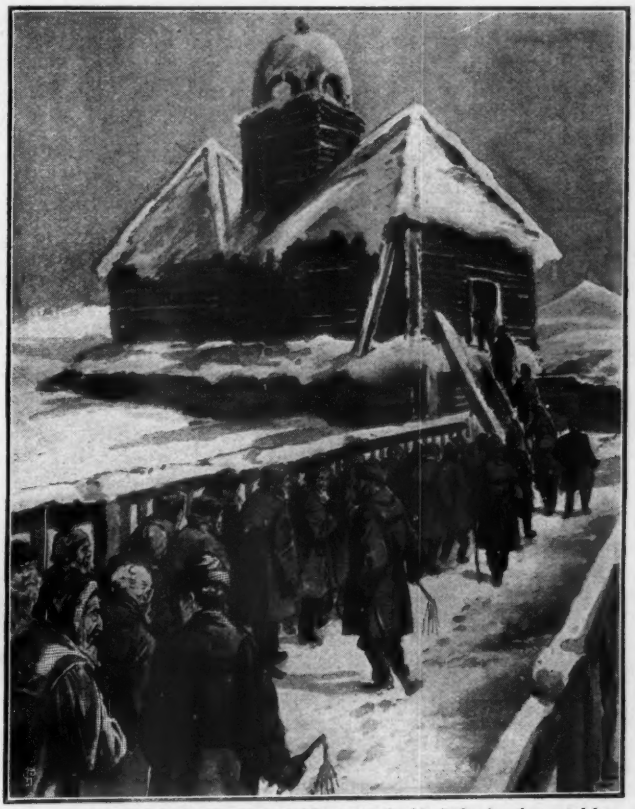
How the Great Festival will be Celebrated All Over the World

CHRISTMAS DAY is observed in every civilised country, but under very different conditions. The hymns sung throughout the United Kingdom will be echoed round the world in hundreds of strange tongues and dialects, and in places of worship very different in appearance and comfort to those at home. For the missionaries have been at work, and where there is a missionary there is a Christmas festival.

How Christmas is spent in the Holy Land is best told by the Rev. Canon Kelk, of the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews. This kindly old gentleman has spent over a score of Christmas Days at Jerusalem, which is six miles distant from Bethlehem.

"Only three out of these two-and-twenty anniversaries were fine," says the canon. "On the other nineteen it either rained or snowed. Milton was, therefore, literally accurate when, in the first line of his glorious hymn on the Nativity, he wrote: 'It was the winter wild.' In the same verse occur the lines: 'Nature in awe to Him, Had doffed her gaudy trim.' This also is true. Palestine is the land of flowers, but at Christmas almost the only blossom to be found is a small iris—except, perhaps, in some sheltered nook where an early crocus has broken into flower.

"Were it not for our gardens," continues



Away in the cold, northerly wastes of Siberia stands this little church, erected by Russian convicts. Here the saddest of Christmas festivals will be held

A party of Chinese converts entertained by the Church Missionary Society on Christmas Day

the canon, "the altars of Christendom would be bare of flowers on the birthday of Christ in the land where He was born.

"We decorate our churches in Jerusalem with feathery sprays of the pepper-tree, which has bright red berries, and with branches of fir; also with palm-branches, which are plentiful in the country, though not growing in Jerusalem. The fir-tree provides Christmas-trees for the German colony, which is comparatively large. One of the great functions in Jerusalem on Christmas Eve is the German deaconesses' Christmas-tree, and also that at the Church Missionary Society's schools."

The Rev. James B. Nies, D.D., who attended a recent Christmas service in Bethlehem, vividly describes his experiences, for the place of Christ's birth is a Christian city in the heart of Mohammedanism.

"The interior of the church," he writes, "was most picturesque, for there were only a few chairs provided for foreign visitors, while the bulk of the congregation was made up of the Bethlehemite women in their blue dresses, with red frontlets, wearing peaked caps when married and flat caps when single, covered by white veils.

"As they entered the church they at first kneeled down, and then sat upon the ground in true Oriental fashion. In the dimly lighted church these squatting vari-coloured figures, with their beautiful faces lit up by fits and starts by flashes of the candles, intent on devotion, seemed like so many modern Madonnas come to celebrate the glory of the first Madonna.

"At precisely twelve o'clock the Pontifical High Mass is celebrated, with all the pomp and ceremonial of the Church.

The Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem, where the most gorgeous of Christmas services are held. Within its walls is the manger in which, tradition says, Christ was born

"Then the bambino—a doll representing the Christ—is brought in a basket and deposited upon the high altar. Then the procession forms to accompany it to the crypt. As the long, chanting procession winds through the dimly lighted church, there is something weirdly solemn about the ceremony; and as the bambino passes various acts of worship are performed by the devout attendants.

"On the procession moves through the rough-hewn, age-worn passages from the Latin Church to the Grotto of the Nativity. When the long train of richly robed ecclesiastics reaches the silver star set in the pavement, they pause and stand in a group about the bambino in the basket, which is deposited upon the star. This is the spot upon which tradition places the actual birth of Jesus.

"There the recital of the accounts of the birth of Jesus, as found in the Gospels, is slowly recited, and when the passage (Luke ii. 7), 'And she brought forth her firstborn Son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn,' is read, the bambino is reverently picked up from the star and carried over to the opposite side of the grotto, where it is put into a rock-cut manger and then covered with a wire screen—probably to protect it from the fanaticism of the Greek Catholics, who are utterly opposed to the use of images. Here the bambino is left that night and all the next day."

Bringing in the Christmas-tree at Quetta, North India

Yuletide and snow are closely allied in fancy, certainly in fact, in the vast territory over which the Rev. E. J. Peck presides. Probably the most unique of this year's Christmas services will be held in the little ice church away in the frozen wastes of the Far North, where the Esquimaux dwell. Wood is very scarce, and it is only by substituting ice for timber that buildings are at all possible. However, once erected, and made snug and cosy inside, an ice church is not at all so cold and forbidding as would appear.

Mr. Peck, during the many years he has been in Baffin's Land, has only been in England twice. While in that far-

away country he has only been able to communicate with the homeland once a year, and the only people with whom he has been able to speak in his native tongue are the crews of the whalers which touch Cumberland Sound about every six months.

Previous to labouring in the Arctic zone, Mr. Peck spent many years spreading the Gospel in the neighbourhood of Hudson's Bay, where the conditions of life were almost as bad as at Baffin's Land.

The saddest of the Christmas festivals will be held in a log-built church which has the distinction of being the most northerly place of worship in the world. Away in the cold, dreary plains of Siberia it stands, offering shelter to the few inhabitants who desire to meet for worship. This little church is situated about seventy-two miles north of Yakutsk, which is said to be the coldest city on the globe.

The church was built by Russian convicts, who had been sent from the European dominions of the Tsar for punishment on account of various crimes or political offences. Here, imprisoned on all sides, not by walls of stone, but by the very vastness and solitude which presents death, from cold or starvation, perhaps, as the only means of escape, the convicts were set to build the church.

Services are held in the little church from time to time, and although the numbers of the convicts are falling off now, the building will stand for years an emblem of Christian worship in a land of eternal snow.

In Canada it is the custom for missionaries to take warm clothes and toys to the poor children of their converts; for it must be remembered that the rich, as a rule, do not live in the scattered villages, but congregate in the towns during the winter. These ministers of the Word often preside over vast territories, and a journey of thirty miles, and three services in as many different churches, is thought nothing of on a Christmas Day.

The Rev. J. C. Dearden, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, relates a thrilling experience he had in Manitoba a few years ago, after one of his errands of mercy on Christmas Eve.

"Clad in big fur coats," he writes, "with the long hair outwards, and collars so large that when turned up they hid the head and face of the wearer, mittens to match, with hair on the wrists and backs of the hands, and well tucked in with rugs and fur robes, we commenced our return journey.

"The storm made it impossible to see even the road from the cutter—sledge—and the horse had to choose its own way. If we had been walking we could not have seen where the road had been, for it was completely covered with the drifting snow; but the horse seemed to feel for the safe places with its feet, and stumbled onward at a slow pace. To have stepped aside ever so little would have thrown the cutter over into loose snow four feet deep; but the horse seemed to understand that we were depending upon her intelligence, and she acted nobly. Sometimes we thought we were lost, and then the storm, blowing fiercely from the south-west, reminded us of our bearings. We came at last to the worst part of the road, where the snow had drifted for a long distance six feet deep over the track we had travelled in the afternoon. The horse lay down in the deep snow, and we had to search around for the best way out of it. By walking about we were able to tell where was the thinnest covering of snow, and then we persuaded the horse to follow us.

"Once more we were on the main road, and we followed it for some miles until another deep drift obstructed our passage. By repeated bounds and an occasional rest the horse drew the empty cutter through on to a firmer spot, and we were able to resume our journey.

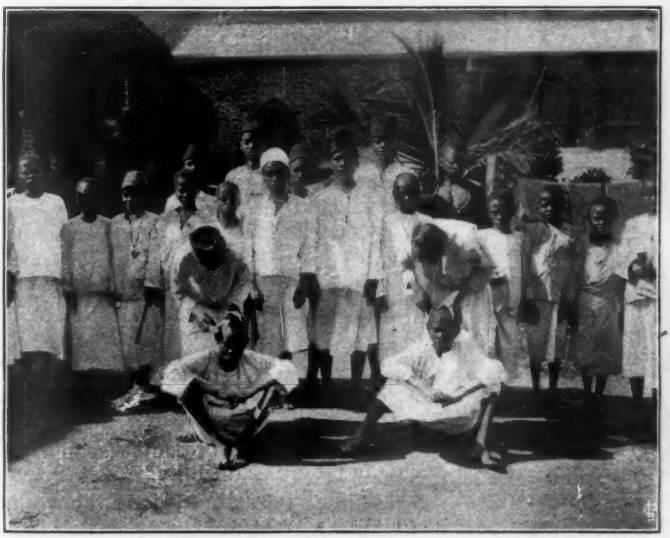
"We encountered other bad places, some of the drifts very deep and only a few yards across; and again others not quite so deep, but where we had to walk behind the horse for hundreds of yards. We reached home at length, near midnight, suffering badly from the cold, in spite of our warm clothing."

From the Arctic regions to the torrid heat of Central Africa is a far cry, but

contrast is not without its charm. The natives round the station of the Universities' Mission at Magila show their respect for the great festival by presenting a clean-shaven bald head on the occasion. This is a scene which may often be witnessed; a piece of glass, or a knife fashioned from a sardine-tin, is the razor on such an occasion. This district, thirty years ago, was the hunting-ground of the slave-dealer, and of scenes of constant intertribal wars. Now the advantages of peace and security are recognised; slavery is stamped out, schools established, and around are a flourishing cluster of stations, under the charge of two native clergy, each with its home and school. At these centres Christmas is as joyful and happy a time as with us at home.

French peasants outside the little church at Conval, erected by Pasteur Lecoat, the Protestant Apostle of Brittany

Christmas in China has a very different outward appearance from that of the feast in Great Britain. The trees are green; the gardens, balconies, and tables are crowded with roses, heliotropes, and chrysanthemums. As the days, moreover, are made glorious by the sun, so the nights are rendered resplendent by the moon.



The natives round the station of the Universities' Mission at Magila, Central Africa, show their respect for Christmas by presenting a clean-shaven bald head on the occasion

Here is a Chinese Christmas scene, extracted from a letter from "Dragon Land," which will place a Yuletide morning far more vividly before the eye than any words of ours could do:

"Midnight has just sounded. It is Christmas morning, and we are far from home. Memories flow over our souls as the shadows o'er our heads. How few in this great Asiatic camp honour and celebrate the day! There are, however, wandering lights gleaming from the upper windows

of the houses in the European settlement.

"The mothers are stealing around with baskets full of toys and sweets, waited upon by broadly smiling 'amahs,' as they fill the stockings of their pale darlings asleep under the mosquito-nets. In the early dawn we notice how the foreign steamers have burst into tufts of green foliage during the night, and we observe coolies going from house to house with bundles of white-enveloped Christmas-cards, which the house-boy will pile upon the breakfast-tray and take to the sleepy recipient. It is so pleasant, too, to get them in this far-off land—we even read the *words*, and every one of them.

"After morning service comes the feast, which is, in fact, a 'tea'—that is to say, a series of trays, straight from the confectioner, each containing a dozen or so of little round plates, like rows of buttons on a card, each plate being filled with a different variety of small cakes. To give a 'tea' here at Christmas, or at any other time, is a very simple matter, and a cheap one. If the party be, say, fifty, order five 'ten-people trays': each tray will cost about a shilling, and its contents are wonderfully indigestible for the money. Oranges and tea for the fifty can be had for two or three shillings more."

Two Scandinavian lassies on their way to church on Christmas morning

A lady missionary of the Church Missionary Society relates how difficult it was to get the natives of Quetta, North India, to understand what a Christmas-tree was like when she asked some of them to secure one for a large party she wished to give. Eventually the natives brought patterns of all kinds of leaves, so that she might tell them which was right. One young convert, by the aid of drawings, managed to understand the kind of tree required, and putting the little diagrams in his pugaree—cloth wound round the head in place of a hat—he set out with another Pathan in search for one.

"Two days later," she writes, "just as it was getting dark, we heard a funny sort of brushing noise, and ran to the window with the children. There we saw a wee donkey, nearly hidden by a big Christmas-tree, and two very old Pathans, muffled up in blankets and thick coats, helping the donkey to carry the tree. Out we ran, just full of fears and hopes and excitement.

"Well, the tree was big enough—nearly fourteen feet high when it was planted—but it was covered with dust, and on one side it had no branches. Still, we thanked the men, and put it in the verandah. Next day we gave it a bath in the sun, for fear the water would freeze on the branches, and then, when it was dry, the gardeners planted it. Then I said to them, 'What is the good of a gardener who cannot graft? Graft some branches on here'—showing the bare place on one side. So the gardener went away and got long rose trails and some little evergreen branches and straight twigs, all as unlike Christmas-tree branches as possible, but they covered the gap. Crackers and sweets, bags and presents soon hid them, and it did beautifully."

While the Jews throughout the world take part in the seasonable festivities in a general way, they have a distinct festival of their own which is the very counter-

part of the Christian Christmas, and which may be styled the Jewish Christmas. It begins on Christmas Eve, and lasts for eight days. The coloured candles which adorn our Christmas-trees play an important part in this festival, so much so that it is sometimes known as the Feast of Lights.

In every Jewish home—in every home, that is, where Jewish ceremonies are observed—you may notice at this season of the year, in whatever land and in whatever clime, an eight-branched candlestick, and every evening at sunset its coloured candles are kindled—one on Christmas Eve, two on Christmas night, three on Boxing night, and so on until all the candles are ignited.

This Jewish festival is called Chanukah, and goes back to the time of the Maccabees, 150 years before Christ, when the famous Judas Maccabeus rose against the terrible persecution of the Jews by Antiochus, and achieved a marvellous victory over the despot. The Jews fought with such success that at length they were strong enough to march against Jerusalem and capture it from the Syrians. Then they dedicated it anew to the worship of the God of Israel, and rekindled the lights of the sacred candlestick.

Coming nearer home, to the scenes of Pasteur Lecoat's labours in Brittany, it is interesting to know that the legends

The postman who will deliver Christmas cards and letters in the far-off mining towns of Yukon and Alaska. The letters are placed in long cowhide bags and then strapped to the sledge

of the Christmas season are quite different from those in England. Little is known of "Saint Nicholas," "Old Criss Cringle," or "Santa Claus." The French tots receive their gifts from "Little Noel," the Christ-child.

Upon Christmas Day every French child possesses among his or her treasures a little "Noel" crib, which consists of a magnificent stable of Bethlehem, with the Christ-child and the adoring shepherds and the wise men from the East, if his parents are rich, and a less elaborate representation of the birth of the Saviour

according to what the family can afford, down to the small sugar Christ-child encased in a tiny shoe. This last sells for a penny, and is purchased for their little ones by the poorest people on the street.

It seems strange that as Brittany is our nearest foreign missionary field, so is it one of the darkest, and yet, at the same time, one that gives the greatest encouragement and promise and blessing.

Some forty years ago there was a little boy whose grandfather had filled an office in the Financial Department of the Government of Napoleon I., but, losing all his property in the Revolution, the boy's father was a poor man and a sabot-maker, living in a little village in the Côtes-du-Nord.

This boy was being trained for the Romish priesthood, and was going to the curé's house for his Latin lessons.

One day, on his return home, his companions told him there was a Protestant man inside, and he avoided his cottage till the man had gone away.

On another occasion the same thing happened; and this time the boy, hearing a voice, listened to what he was reading, and when the man came out he asked the name of the book. The man told him it was the Bible. It was, of course, a French Bible, for at that time there was no Bible to be had in the Breton language. The boy asked where he could get a copy, and the man promised to bring him one. It was well that he kept his promise, for that Bible led to the conversion first of his mother, and afterwards of the boy; but not of the father till some years later.

The boy at once gave up going to the priest for his lessons, and walked to and from his village many miles to the nearest town every week.

Pasteur William Monod, hearing of the boy's perseverance, arranged for him to go to Paris, and there, in the College of the Reformed Church, he completed his education, and returned with his literary and legal degrees, to preach the Gospel in his native village.

This was the beginning of the present work, which is called "The Breton Evangelical Mission." The boy became Pasteur Lecoat, the Protestant Apostle of Brittany.

On Christmas Day services will be held at Trèmel, the headquarters of the work, and from the Bible Carriages owned by the mission the rich and poor will have the Gospel "preached unto them."

Christmas is not yet universal, but the time is coming when every race and every tongue will join in praise of Him who was born on Christmas morning over eighteen hundred years ago.

FRANCIS GRAHAM

Bedouins at the Well of the Magi

The Old Schoolmaster

A Pathetic Complete Story

By C. V. Chippendale

EVERYBODY who heard Mr. Bode's Christian name for the first time were surprised. He was an old man of thin, spare frame, rather below than above the middle height, with bent and sloping shoulders. His face wore an expression of childlike inoffensiveness, and his blue eyes looked out at you with the same half-timid trustfulness which was there in early life, and which they had never lost. He was, indeed, a simple-minded, gentle old man.

Oddly enough, he had been christened Samson. Samson Bode was on the foundation of St. Hilary's Cathedral. He was a lay clerk—that is, a member of the choir, in which he sang a wheezy tenor. The tones of that voice, now so thin and worn, had not always been wheezy; but it was small wonder that they had become so after fifty years of unbroken service.

For forty of the fifty years Bode had held, in addition to his lay clerkship, the post of master of the choristers. At the time when the dignity of this office, with its not too lavish emoluments, was conferred upon him by a dead and forgotten dean of long ago, people had not the ideas they now have about education. It was enough for the dean of that day that Bode was a young man of unblemished character, with some experience of managing a school. That experience he had gained in helping his old father, who kept a "Select Academy for Young Gentlemen." The dean had been quite satisfied to entrust to him the education of the choristers, and Bode was delighted to don the cap and gown which the chapter expected him to wear as the sign of his office.

Many generations of choristers had passed under his care. He had done his duty to them all.

Their musical training was in the hands of the organist, but their general education rested with him. It was he who had drilled into them the rudiments of polite learning; under him they had learnt to read and to cypher, and had been taught their catechism; the mysteries of penmanship had been revealed to them by him, with a certain amount of Latin grammar.

But there was one subject in the curriculum of studies on the teaching of which Samson Bode prided himself most of all. It was the use of the globes. This was the pole-star round which his whole universe revolved. All else was but hay and stubble compared with this, the refined gold of his educational system.

Mr. Samson was not alone in the world. He believed in the Bible, and was early convinced that it is not good for man to be alone. He had married not long after he became a lay clerk, and would soon be keeping his golden wedding-day. She was a quaint little body, and Samson's inseparable companion. They had no children, and were all-in-all to each other.

Every day after school, regularly twice a day, morning and evening, the two sallied forth arm-in-arm for their walk. Fashions came, and fashions went, but Mrs. Bode's attire knew no such capricious variation; with her it was as it had been in the beginning. A wag of a chorister in the early days—he came to no good end—gave her the name which clung to her to the last. The man was Samson; nothing to the

boyish mind seemed more appropriate than that she should be Delilah! And so it came to pass that the pair were ever afterwards spoken of as Samson and Delilah.

All went well with this devoted couple until the new archdeacon came. He was a restless, reforming spirit. No sooner was he appointed and installed than he set about to improve things in general, and at once fixed upon the choristers' school as that part of the cathedral foundation which stood in most need of overhauling. He formulated a scheme which he laid before the dean and chapter, and which was approved by them. By this it was provided that Samson Bode should be practically shelved; a young certificated master appointed, with a pupil teacher to assist him if necessary, and the school placed under efficient inspection. Samson was still to be allowed to retain an interest in the school.

"We must let the old fellow down gently," said the archdeacon. "We might appoint him honorary lecturer to the choristers, or something of that sort."

At the same time, the scheme allowed Samson to receive half his original stipend, the other half to go towards the salary of the new man. The archdeacon undertook to acquaint Samson with the decision of the chapter at a special meeting to be summoned for the purpose.

Samson and Delilah lived within the Close, in a venerable, ivy-grown, squat, square tower, which was known by the name of Abbot's Lodge. It had never been reduced, like the rest of the monastic buildings, to ruins; but, after serving the purpose of a storehouse for lumber of various kinds, it had finally been made habitable for the master of the choristers.

In this tower on a bright summer day sat Delilah, knitting. The morning sun was shining, and the blind was partly drawn down to shield her from the glare, for she was sitting at the upper window on the south side.

This was her favourite place, for from it she could see the school at the far end of the Close beyond the deanery.

Now and again Delilah, like some love-lorn damsel of bygone days, looked out from the window and across the green lawn, and always towards the deanery, as if she were expecting somebody—which was, indeed, the truth. She was waiting and looking for Samson, who had been summoned to the chapter meeting at the deanery. She knew that the meeting had been called to consider the condition of the school, and that her husband's future was concerned in it.

She had waited and waited, and was beginning to think that he would never come, when she descried his familiar figure, capped and gowned, crossing the lawn. She drew up the blind and waved her hand to him, as if he had been a lover and they were both still young. In a few minutes Samson was in the room.

He let himself fall wearily upon the couch, resting his head on his hand.

"Are you tired, dear? It has been a long chapter meeting. Was anything settled?"

Mrs. Bode asked her questions tenderly and anxiously. She saw that her husband was agitated, and that the meeting had been a painful and trying one for him. She came and sat beside him on the couch, and took his hand.

"Tell me all about it," she said, like a gentle mother speaking to a troubled child who needed comfort.

The old man gradually collected himself.

"I may as well begin from the beginning. You remember when I had that touch of lumbago last month? Well, it was then that the new archdeacon took it into his head to inspect, as he called it, the school, and examine the boys. He told me so this morning. And now he says they're not up to modern requirements and modern standards. Modern fiddlesticks! I had a good mind to ask him if he thought modern buildings were superior to our grand old cathedral. Modern standards, indeed! Modern stuff and nonsense!"

The old schoolmaster spoke in tones of withering contempt.

"Well, dear, what then?"

"What were the subjects I taught

the boys, was the next question. I told the archdeacon, of course, and I laid special stress—as the importance of the subject required—on the use of the globes. Then, what do you think happened? He laughed! He made no effort to conceal his unseemly mirth. 'That's very old-fashioned, Mr. Bode,' he said. 'It may be old-fashioned,' I said, 'for I have done it for forty years; but it doesn't prove it's no good because it's old-fashioned.' 'Quite so! Quite so! Mr. Bode,' said he. 'You have been a good servant of the dean and chapter,

"Did you come away then?" asked his wife in a gentle voice.

"No. There was some more talk, but I was so upset that I couldn't pay much attention to it. Something, I believe, was said about warm appreciation of my valuable labours in the past, and regard for my zeal. Tom Hardiman, indeed!"

"Will they make any difference in your pay, dear?"

"Oh, ah! I had almost forgotten that. I am to be allowed to retain half my present stipend. Isn't it funny, dear?"

"I am to be allowed to retain half my present stipend," said the old man. "Isn't it funny, dear?"

and we are all proud of you; but times are changed, and we must change with them. Still, we're not going to do anything beyond relieving you of the responsibility of the choristers' education. Mr. Hardiman will teach the boys, while you will still, for a time, at least, retain your connection with the school as honorary lecturer.' 'Mr. Hardiman?' I asked. 'Do you mean young Tom Hardiman?' The archdeacon looked at the dean, and the dean said, 'Yes, that's so!' You might have knocked me down with a feather. I couldn't say a word."

Samson paused.

Old Samson asked the question in a different tone. Mrs. Bode did not understand the sarcasm. It was so unlike her Samson.

"Don't you see?" he went on. "'You've been such a good servant, and performed your duties so faithfully for forty years, that, as a reward for your faithful services we intend to—reduce your salary by one half!' Isn't it funny, I say?"

The old lady was already in tears.

"Never mind, Samson; we shall get on well enough. You won't have so much work to do. You mustn't be bitter about it."

"Bitter?—who's bitter? 'Isn't it funny?' is what I said."

"It will take a great load of worry off your shoulders, dear."

The fond little old wife tenderly stroked his thin, wrinkled hand with her own.

"I don't mean to quite give up yet," said Samson stoutly. "At seventy-three a man is hardly past his prime, to my way of thinking. Do you imagine I'm going to let young Tom Hardiman give himself airs in the very school where not long ago I used to birch him?"

"Oh, Samson, don't be angry! It's all for the best."

There was a pause. The old lady's tears flowed faster. Controlling her emotion as well as she could, she asked:

"When is this new arrangement to begin?"

"On Monday. They don't mean to lose any time. But, mind you"—and old Samson spoke with increased energy—"I'm going to school as usual—punctually as the clock strikes nine. On Monday mornings, for the first half-hour after prayers, we have always taken the use of the globes; and I mean to see that that isn't given up."

Promptly at five minutes to nine on Monday morning Samson Bode donned the old cap and gown, which had grown shabby with long years of daily wear, and hurried across to the choristers' school.

Young Hardiman was already there, at the desk, register in hand, ready to mark the boys as soon as they should come in and take their places.

It was a cruel blow to old Samson to see Tom Hardiman—not so long ago a boy in that very school—standing in his place, invested with his authority, prepared to do his work.

He advanced to the desk. His face was paler than usual; but he wore the resolute look of one prepared to do his duty, cost what it might. He stood for some moments quite still. It was the young man who broke the awkward silence.

"Good-morning, Mr. Bode!" he said.

"Good-morning, Tom!" was the answer.

"By the way, Mr. Bode, I think it would be better if you called me Mr. Hardiman. Not that I care myself a bit; but for the sake of discipline it would be as well, when the boys come in, that they should not hear you address me as Tom."

Samson nodded a little impatiently, and asked Mr. Hardiman to hand him the register.

"The register?" said Tom Hardiman, lifting his eyes in dramatic surprise. "May I ask you what you want the register for?"

"What for, sir?" replied Samson, getting angry. "What are registers usually for?"

"I know all about that," retorted Tom Hardiman. "Look here, Mr. Bode, you seem to be labouring under a mistake. I'm master of the school now."

The old man winced.

"You? I didn't understand that—that you—that I—that I was to be reduced to a nonentity in the school where I have been master for forty years."

"I don't want to put it like that, Mr. Bode; but I have my duty to perform here, and it comes to that," Tom Hardiman continued. "That's the chapter order."

Another awkward silence followed.

"This is the new time-table; you will see that it is signed by the dean."

The young man pointed to a table of the revised school routine newly affixed to the school wall.

Old Samson glanced at it.

"Nine to nine-thirty, Monday morning. I don't see any mention of the use of the globes."

Tom laughed.

"Oh, we've knocked all that nonsense on the head!" he said rather brutally. "The use of the globes went out with crinolines and the tinder-box."

Tom Hardiman was rather pleased with that. Still, he saw that he had given pain to the old man. He did not wish to do that wantonly, and his better instinct triumphed.

"I am sorry, Mr. Bode, but there is evidently some mistake," he continued.

"I think it will save further trouble if I go to the archdeacon, and ask him if he will come across to the school and put things on their proper basis. I hate a misunderstanding, and we had better clear the matter up at the outset."

So saying, Tom Hardiman left the school, and strode across the green lawn and through the cloisters to the archdeacon's. The archdeacon had just finished breakfast, and listened with impatience and annoyance to the hurried tale of the conflicting authorities. It was plain to him that, in his anxiety to spare old Samson's feelings, he had not made the situation as plain as it ought to have been made.

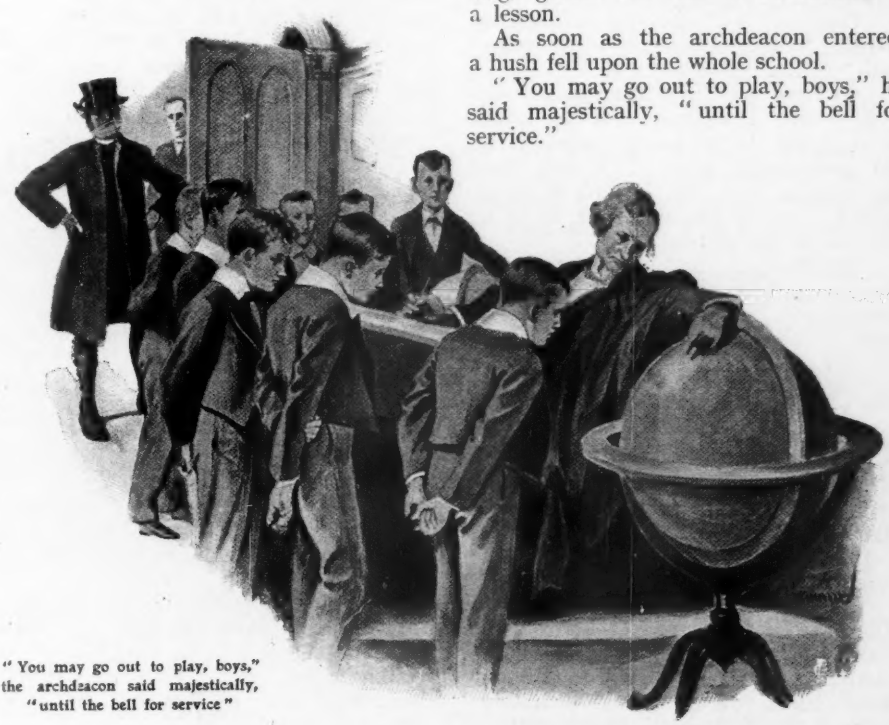
It was, of course, essential to the welfare of the school that the whole question of authority should be settled at once and for all. He readily agreed to accompany Tom Hardiman back to the school without delay. It would be better that he should go in person than send a note or message.

About a quarter of an hour had elapsed since Tom Hardiman had quitted the school to fetch the archdeacon. He now returned with that dignitary, to find that the boys were in their usual places, and that the old schoolmaster was holding his class as usual.

The younger boys were writing a copy; the older boys were standing in a half-circle round old Samson, who was sitting at his desk, flanked on each side by a large globe. He was in the middle of a lesson.

As soon as the archdeacon entered, a hush fell upon the whole school.

"You may go out to play, boys," he said majestically, "until the bell for service."



"You may go out to play, boys," the archdeacon said majestically, "until the bell for service"

The boys trooped out.

"I thought it best to dismiss the boys," said the archdeacon, turning to Samson, "as I can speak more freely in their absence. I do not think you quite understood, Mr. Bode, that Mr. Hardiman is now the master. He is responsible for the school work, and for the school discipline."

"No, sir; I did not understand that I was no longer to have any voice in the management of the school."

"Well, but we hoped that you would accommodate yourself to the new circumstances, and that you would be quite ready, when it was explained to you, to fall in with our wishes."

At last, then, Samson was face to face with the bitter truth — the truth which he had tried to conceal from himself. Self-deception was no longer possible. It was more than a rude awakening from a dream — it was a shattering blow.

"This, you see," said the archdeacon, pointing to a card hanging on the school wall, "is the new time-table."

"So I see, sir," said Samson, in tones little above a whisper. As he looked at it again, he recovered some of his old professional pride. "If you want my opinion on it, sir, I think it incomplete; you've left no place in it for the use of the globes."

"Oh dear me, no!" cried the archdeacon impatiently. His temper was being tried by the silly, obstinate old man. "That, of course, will be dropped ——"

"But, sir——"

"As entirely antiquated."

"But, sir, for forty years——"

"I thought we had all that on Saturday, Mr. Bode. I thought you understood. It is really too absurd of you to reopen that question!"

Just then the quarter-bell began ringing.

"Ah, there's the bell! I must go." The archdeacon moved towards the door. "I will see you again after the morning service, and we will then arrange what classes you are to take definitely—subject to the general requirements of the new scheme."

In another moment the archdeacon was gone.

Samson was still seated at his desk. He felt very strange. It seemed as if the world was coming to an end. He was so agitated that he could not speak. He could hardly breathe; he simply sat and trembled.

Tom Hardiman, now confirmed so triumphantly in his new authority, and convinced that he would soon succeed in getting rid of the old man altogether from the school, determined to lose no time in asserting himself once for all. Taking no notice of the old man, he called two of the choristers in from the playground.

"Here, Brown! Here, Potts! I want you to move these globes. They'll not be wanted any more. One at a time. Each catch hold of one side. So! Steady! That's right! Take it into the singing-room, and stand it in the recess by the cupboard, and then come back for the other one. Look sharp!"

Old Samson looked up like one in a trance. He could not believe his eyes. He was powerless to interfere; he could not stir hand or foot. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

The globes, the palladium of his educational citadel, his cherished idols, his gods, were being stolen away from his very presence. The dean and chapter, it was evident, cared nothing for him now. The new archdeacon had humiliated him before a young upstart, who himself had flouted him openly and without shame.

A pang shot through him. He sighed deeply, and his head fell on his arms as they were folded on the desk.

Tom Hardiman hurried off to marshal the boys for the procession into the cathedral. But Mr. Bode was not in his usual place, and there was no tenor on the Cantoris side that morning, whereat the precentor raged.

When Tom Hardiman returned to school after the morning service, he found old Samson still with his head bent down, resting on his arms. Tom spoke to him, but there was no answer. He shook him, but in vain.

There was no school that afternoon.

Old Samson had passed away to the land where all things are forgotten, and where they have no need for the use of the globes.

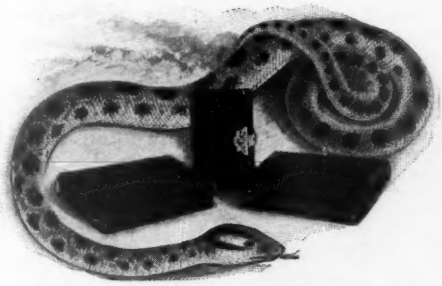
Mrs. Bode now occupies one of the Good Samaritan Almshouses, which are in the gift of the Archdeacon of St. Hilary.

THE END

Animal Bibles

Christmas Presents Bound in Bear, Snake, Shark, and Badger

THERE are little museums in private houses which few of the public ever hear of, and fewer see. Yet for that reason, perhaps, they are all the more interesting. When a man's life is given to any particular work, it is not a matter of surprise that in a great or small degree the curious side of it should some-



Bibles bound in snake's skin are as unique as they are pretty

times impress him, and in spare moments he is led to making collections.

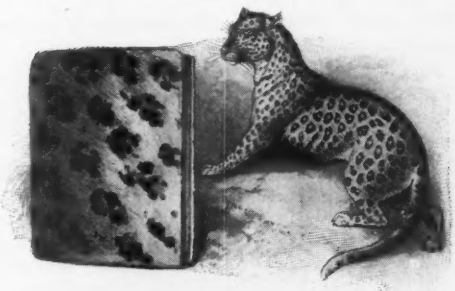
Neither is it surprising, then, that the King's printers, who make Bibles for his Majesty's subjects to read, should have in their possession some Bible curiosities. It would be strange if they had not. As a matter of fact, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode's show-room is in itself one wonderful museum where all concerned in religious work, with some appreciation for the merits of the printers' and binders' craftsmanship, may find much delight.

The Bible is the most wonderful book in the world, and certainly the form in which it has been presented for reading is almost as extraordinary. Its various messages have been written on palm-leaves, on papyrus, on parchment, on sheepskins and goatskins, on silk and on paper. So also its bindings are as varied and strange as can be conceived, and if examples of this are required a glance at the clever photographs here reproduced should suffice.

Tastes differ, and to-day there are some wealthy Bible readers who delight to have the Sacred Volume put in a binding which satisfies their own peculiar liking as regards colour and material. Hence every animal, and even reptile, pictured in this article, and many more besides, are requisitioned to supply tasteful and uncommon coverings for the Scriptures.

This apart, however, Mr. Hugh Spottiswoode could, if he would, show you a little museum the like of which it would not be easy to find. It is a veritable Bible Zoo.

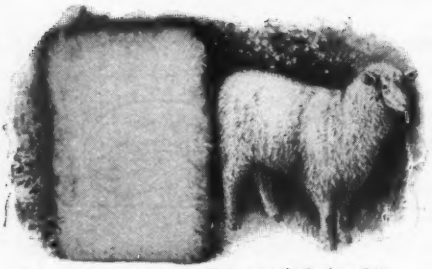
Tame and useful quadrupeds, which we see daily in the streets and in the fields, part with their skin on death that, amongst other things, it may go to the covering of books, and among those



The strikingly handsome cover of a Bible bound in leopard's skin

books the Bible and the Prayer-book. These are ordinary leather bindings, but in the Bible Zoo there are the works of Scripture backed with the skins of stranger animals. Venomous reptiles, men-swallowing fish, and beasts of prey all serve the purpose.

Of course, the work of procuring



Delicately pretty is the Bible to which the white lamb has given its coat

these skins in the first instance is the task of the huntsman, the trapper, and the breeder, and strange it is to think of the huntsman in the wilds of Asia, catching the bear whose coat will ultimately clothe the Bible that lies on the table in the millionaire's mansion, or the hardy sailor catching the seal in northern seas, its skin being used to adorn the dainty Bible which the aristocratic lady handles while at worship in a fashionable West-End church.

The goat furnishes a vast amount of coverings for Bibles

The king of beasts is absent from the collection. This is no place for him, for lion hair is none too soft and silky. In his absence the throne may be said to be occupied by the grizzly, who is represented by a really handsome Bible which measures thirteen inches by eleven. The long fur which its owner in his lifetime wore in the forests has been beautifully dressed. It is thick and long and soft, and as the Bible stands there all its edges, and even its shape, are hidden, so that it might by the unwary be taken for anything, and least of all for a Bible. You have to stroke the shaggy hairs aside and feel for the edges before the book may be opened. Within it is, of course, just the ordinary Bible.

Such a one may be bought, but, naturally, purchasers are infrequent. As a matter of fact, about a score of these have been made and sold in the last seven years. They are rather expensive luxuries, for less than twenty guineas will not buy them.

There seems something almost anomalous in one Bible which your eyes catch sight of. It is pretty enough, with all its rectangles and patterns, but it is the skin of a serpent, and one's thoughts turn instantly to the mention of the serpent in the early pages. People of a somewhat morbid turn of mind may like serpent Bibles.

Neither does the shark, though no doubt a superior sort of gentleman to the one just alluded to, seem quite the most desirable of God's creatures, on purely sentimental grounds, to furnish the covering for His Word. But it is a curious and interesting cover. The grey, beaded surface resembles glass more than anything else, and it seems quite as hard. A shark Bible is worth £4 or £5.

Now, quite one of the most delightful bindings, as may well be imagined, is the skin of the seal with its rich appearance and its beautiful touch. A Bible so bound is worth about £10. Delicately pretty is the Bible to which the white lamb has given its coat—a snowy, fluffy cover; whilst the grey lamb's Bible looks less attractive, but more business-like.

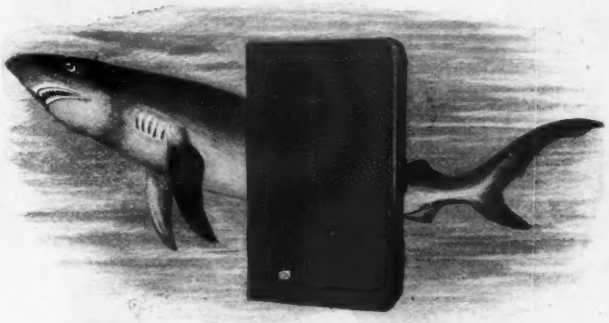
There is a badger Bible, a skunk Bible—the latter looking for all the world like a lady's muff—and many others. They are worth about £8 each.

A skunk Bible, which resembles a lady's muff. Price £8

One of the most delightful bindings is the skin of the seal. A Bible so bound is worth about £10

Squirrel-skin seems a very strange thing to use for binding a book, and yet the fur of the nimble little creature we meet with in our woods, springing from tree to tree, his reddish-brown coat flashing as he passes along the boughs, is utilised for this purpose.

Lambskin is another peculiar material for binding the Bible. For the wealthy buyer the wool is often left on, and a very soft and pleasurable book it is to handle. Various kinds of lambskins are used. There is the fur of the odd-looking Himalaya sheep, the coat of the Persian sheep, and other foreign varieties, which differ vastly from the pretty creatures that browse in the meadows of our own country.



A Bible bound in shark's skin. It is worth from £4 to £5

No more curious binding for a book could be imagined than the skin of the giraffe, yet even this animal, which is fast becoming extinct in a natural state, is laid under contribution for covering the best of books.

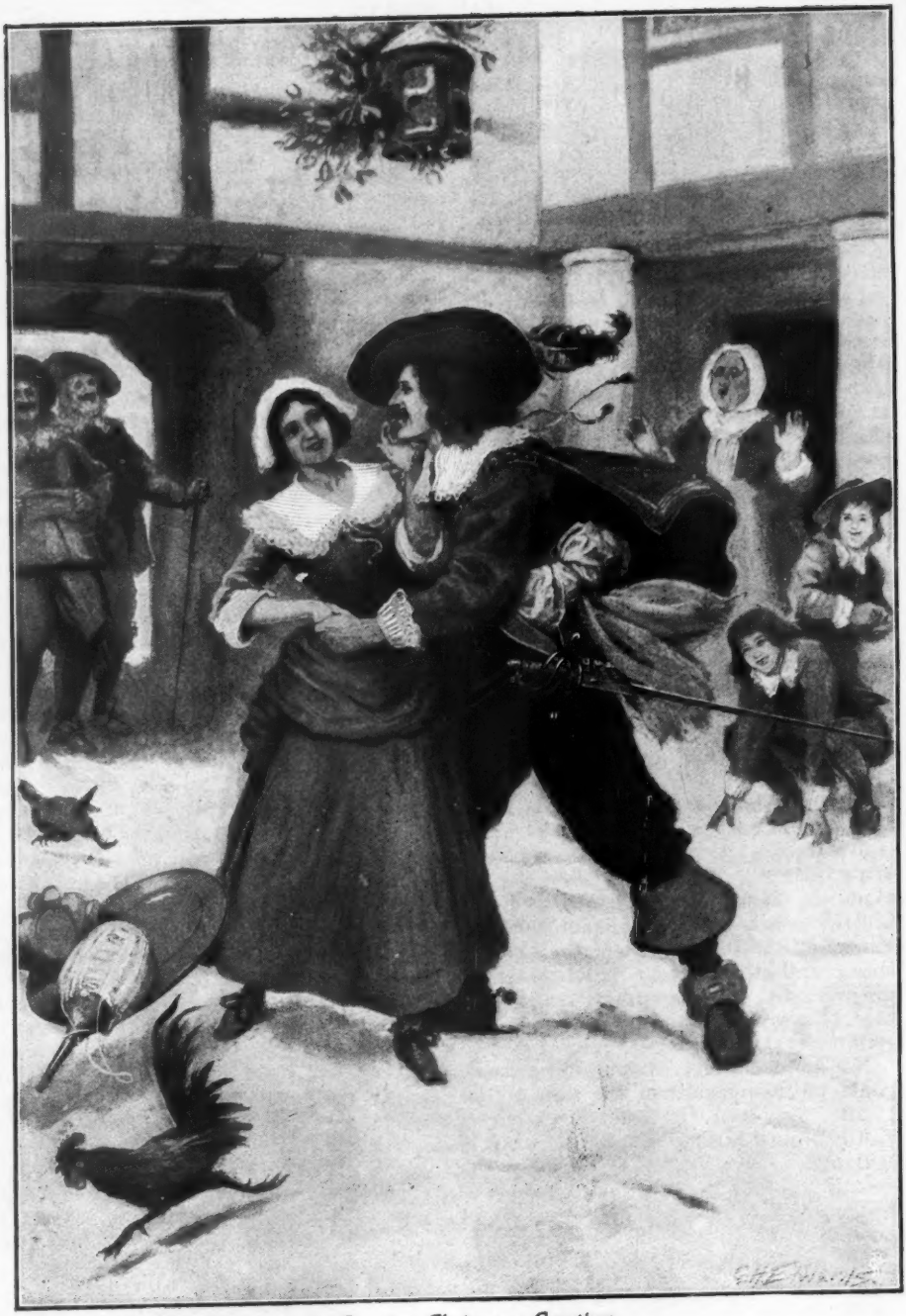
The goat furnishes a vast amount of coverings for Bibles. The wealthy purchaser can choose a binding with the fur of the skin left on. This is most uncommon, but there are some Bible lovers who like their volumes done in this way. The colour is a fine shaded grey, and the book is substantial to the touch. Many a goat that wanders over the mountains abroad is pressed into service. When freed from the fur and carefully tanned, goatskin becomes morocco leather—a splendid material, which is dyed in various attractive colours. Hundreds of thousands of Bibles are bound in this material.

It is most interesting to see the binders covering the Bibles in these various materials at Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode's works, and a peep into their great warehouse, where thousands of Bibles are displayed, from the volume used by the millionaire down to the simple-looking Bible bought by the peasant, is really fascinating. The Bibles produced by the King's printers are known all over the world.

It is pleasing to think that the Bible is still the best-loved and most popular of all the books read in Christendom.

It is produced in many forms for every class of the community, and the strange and costly bindings shown on these pages testify to the fact that those who treasure it demand the utmost taste and skill even in its outward covering.

A Bible bound in grizzly bear fur is worth £21



A Cavalier Christmas Greeting

Drawn by G. H. Edwards

The Rector's Mystery

Opening Chapters of a Serial Story of Deep Interest. By Ethel F. Heddle

INTRODUCTION.

The Rev. Mr. Nugent, Rector of Lower Bishop's Thorpe, is a widower, living with his only child, Luline, and his invalid mother, Lady Elizabeth. He meets Magdalen Sinclair, a beautiful young widow, and learning that she is in somewhat distressed circumstances, and without seeking for credentials other than those borne in her face, he, in a fit of generosity, engages her as housekeeper at the rectory.

When the story opens, tea is being held upon the rectory lawn, at which Molly Everton, the daughter of the new squire, is present. This young lady seeks the services of Mr. Nugent in conciliating her father to her lover, George Oswald, to whom he has taken a sudden and strange dislike.

During one of Magdalen's twilight practices on the church organ, Mr. Everton enters the church to hear the music. Mrs. Sinclair, thinking that it is the rector, descends from the organ-loft. Their eyes meet, and both seem startled by a mutual recognition. At that moment Mr. Nugent enters, and finds Magdalen lying unconscious in the squire's arms. Mr. Everton explains by saying that his sudden presence startled Mrs. Sinclair.

A little while afterwards Magdalen is seated in a strip of pine-wood, when she hears a step, and sees Mr. Everton approaching. She runs to meet him with a look of eagerness in her face, and he folds her in his arms and reverently kisses her.

That afternoon Miss Gubbins, the postmistress, who has a reputation for gossip, hints to the rector in a mysterious manner of the strange behaviour of his housekeeper; but the worthy man, having no sympathy with tattling, cuts her short and departs. The news upsets him, however, for he now knows that he loves Magdalen.

CHAPTER VII

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE

THE rector, meanwhile, walking home, was wondering vaguely if anything of Miss Gubbins' story was true. There was no possible reason why Magdalen should not talk to Mr. Everton, except that it was unlike her to talk to a perfect stranger, as the postmistress implied she had been talking.

However, Mr. Nugent had the rare faculty of being able to banish disagreeable and worrying trifles from his mind, and soon he was thinking over a passage in Herbert Spencer which he had read that day, and he thought no more of the postmistress's words till he saw Magdalen at dinner-time. He waited, then, to see if she would mention the meeting in the wood; but Magdalen did not, and fancying Miss Gubbins had been mistaken altogether, he laughingly repeated that lady's story.

And then, to his surprise, the pale face opposite was dyed a crimson, so full of grief and confusion—and was it fear?—that his own flushed in sympathy.

"I only mentioned it because I thought she was mistaken," he said, looking away from those strangely clouded eyes. "She is a dreadful little gossip, I fear. Is Luline in bed?"

He made a great effort to speak easily; and Magdalen said "Yes," very low.

Lady Elizabeth broke in then, and nothing more was said of the meeting in the wood, though Magdalen seemed paler than usual, and even quieter. And in the hall, last of all, when bidding them good-night, she paused, not looking at him, as she said:

"Mr. Nugent, I fear you thought I—I contradicted myself. I—I find I do know Mr. Everton. I was not accustomed to—to think of him by that name!"

"Pray do not think any apology is necessary," he answered kindly. "I—thought—if I thought of the matter at all—only that there was some mistake."

"Thank you," she said gratefully. And he saw the slight, small figure disappear up the old oak staircase.

And yet, when he was alone, her face and her look would haunt him. He had said he would never ask to pierce the mystery which still surrounded her, and which had evidently struck her youth dead. Yet why should she look like that? Who was Everton? What was he to her?

"I do not know," he said to himself at last. "I only know I would trust her to the bitter end. And in God's good time, if it is His will, all may grow clear!"

And, with a strange feeling in his heart, he took up his pen. If ever man had that peace which comes of the staying on the Divine, that man was Rex Nugent.

It was late next evening when Mr. Everton came in for dinner, and Molly, in her pretty white frock, with a wide sash of daffodil-yellow, had been waiting in the drawing-room for some time, playing snatches of dance music on the grand piano—her father's last gift. When he came in she ran to his side and kissed him.

"Why, dad, how late you are! I was nearly coming to look for you!"

"In that frock?" he said fondly. "It is surely a very gay one, Molly."

"Only muslin, you stupid old dad, and lace. I half hoped the rector would ask me over to the rectory to-night. But he did not. And then, perhaps, even if he had, you would not have let me go, dad!"

"To the rectory, Molly? I always let you go to the rectory!"

"Yes, dad; but there is a visitor there to-night."

"A visitor?"—and he suddenly frowned. "Not George Oswald?"

"Not George Oswald, you severe old father. Now, put off that frown before I tell you."

"Come, Molly!"—and for once his voice was almost harsh to her—"what do you mean?"

"George's brother!" Molly replied, tripping to the door. "But come to dinner, or the cook will be in despair; and after dinner I have a new song to sing to you. It is Rossetti's old song, called, 'How shall I my true love know from another one?'—Ophelia's song, you know. And, with all due deference to dear old Shakespeare, what girl ever yet asked how she should know him?"

And then Molly stopped in amazement. Her father had gripped her arm, and his white face looked into hers, the eyes wild and almost fierce. Even his voice was hoarse and impatient.

"Which brother? What brother?"

"Francis Oswald, the barrister."

He gave a kind of moan; his hands fell to his side. Startled and terrified, Molly looked into the haggard face, and heard him mutter very low:

"And she all unprepared! And she all unprepared!"

CHAPTER VIII

A CURIOUS LIKENESS

"ME will wear my pitty fwock to-night," Luline observed at breakfast on the morning of the day on which Francis Oswald was expected. "My pitty—tatan fwock."

"You have really no claim to that 'tatan fwock'!" the rector said, tying Luline's napkin under her chubby chin, "for you have not a drop of Scotch blood in your veins. I think you must really give up that 'tatan fwock,' Luline."

Luline considered a moment.

"Me would dive it to Maga," she said, with wonderful amiability. "Maga dot no pitty fwocks!"

Magdalen smiled at the child gently.

"Indeed I have, Luline. The pretty one Granny gave me on my birthday. Don't you remember?"

"Den put it on," Luline said. "Yes, I 'member."

"You will dine with us to-night?"

The rector, who had taken a white rose from the white china vase before him, looked at her almost pleadingly, for it had been part of their agreement, urged by Magdalen, that she need not appear at any little social function. She shook her head, though evidently sorry to refuse him.

"Please, no, Mr. Nugent!"

He laughed at that.

"And if I were to say, 'Please, yes, Mrs. Sinclair'? I might have asked Molly, though I fear her father might not care about her meeting——"

He broke off then, resuming in a puzzled way:

"I cannot understand his objection to Oswald. The young fellow has private means, and has very good prospects, and he is really a good fellow. And Molly takes it well now, because I think she fancies her father will give in; but she is an affectionate little woman, and it will go hard with her if he is obdurate."

No answer, then he put back the rose.

"Will you not dine? Come, then, will you not yield so far as to play for us after dinner?".

"In the ante-room?" And Magdalen considered. "If you will think of it as my whim, and do not bring your friend in until I have seen if he looks very appalling!" She gave a little nervous laugh. "I am so unused to society now, a strange face is terrible to me."

She raised her eyes then to his, her lips faintly smiling.

"The eyes smiled, too;
But 'twas as if remembering they had wept,
And knowing they should one day meet again."

The rector remembered the lines as he looked at her, and the old aching pity filled his heart. Should he ever know how and why she had so suffered?

"Very well," he agreed. "I shall not look for you till you come in yourself."

And then they left the table, Luline going off to see the horses, her hand clasped in her father's.

All day Magdalen was busy in the kitchen and pantry, for the rectory servants, though willing, were unused to the recherché little repasts which she liked to send up for Mr. Nugent's guests, and it was nearly seven o'clock before she put the last touch on the dainty dinner-table, where single sprays of maidenhair fern, in fragile Venetian glasses, were grouped around the wax candles in their old-fashioned silver holders.

Then she had to attend to Lady Elizabeth, who insisted on her putting on the pretty grey-blue velvet dress, the birthday present already referred to. Dressed in this, with a little white lace round the modestly cut neck, and her dark-brown hair in its one rich coil, the old lady looked at her fondly and admiringly. She was deciding—with the colour of perfect health on those pale cheeks, and with the light of happiness in those wonderful eyes—what a beautiful face it must have been.

"My dear," she said, "you look charming!"

Magdalen kissed one kind old hand; she had been thinking, in her turn, as she looked at the old lady's silvery hair, was there anything in the world so beautiful as beautiful old age?

The stranger arrived just in time for the eight o'clock dinner—a tall man, with a pale, severe face, and with the look of pertinacious, dogged resolve and stern patience so characteristic of certain faces. Long ago he and Mr. Nugent had been to school together, and they had more or less kept up the intimacy ever since, and, meeting again in town, Mr. Oswald had promised to come down and see the rectory.

They chatted of schooldays, of course, till the meal was well advanced; and then Oswald looked over the quiet room, with its atmosphere of peace and culture, and he half sighed. The window was open, and he could smell the roses and carnations from the garden. No such balmy breezes swept over his rooms in Suffolk Street, Strand.

"You are very comfortable here, Nugent. One can do better, of course, in a money sense than the Church, but I fancy life goes by on oiled wheels within her shadow!"

"It has its occasional jars," and the rector smiled. "But I often think the country is indeed nearer heaven than town. And the life of a clergyman, if he loves his work, is one of great peace. I grant you it knows no beatific of mind and talent such as your profession offers, but it has its quiet victory, too, in the struggle against sin and wrong and injustice."

"Have you a housekeeper?" he asked idly. "I see a woman's hand in these." And he pointed to the Venetian vases. "A lady, too. A maid would never think of just that one spray of fern. Their taste runs to clumps, usually, in flower arrangement."

"Yes, she is a lady."

"Pleasant?"

"Very pleasant."

He said no more on the subject, and after coffee had been brought they went up to the drawing-room, cool, scented, the windows half open, the lamps turned low. And Oswald seated himself near the window, his back to the dark-blue velvet portières which separated this room from the little inner one.

"And how is Luline?"

"She is better and stronger, and so is my mother. She was sorry not to see you, Oswald, but Mrs. Sinclair brought me word she felt scarcely up to coming down."

"I am sorry not to see her. Is this Luline?"

He had taken up a photo which stood on a little table near a small one taken by the rector, who had not escaped the popular photographic epidemic. Luline, in her white pinafore, smiled charmingly.

"I need not ask. And this? Dear me! How very—how extraordinary!"

He paused, rose suddenly, and carried the second photo up to the light, a puzzled look of painful memory on his face.

"That is Mrs. Sinclair."

"Mrs. Sinclair?" He repeated the words mechanically, holding the little card under the pink silk lamp-shade. As he looked he frowned, and his colour seemed to alter. He bent so long over it that the rector came up. Neither of them saw the curtains divide suddenly and a white face of terror and recognition look in upon them.

"What is it that surprises you?"

"It is only an odd likeness—an odd coincidence, of course, and there are points of difference; but she is curiously, horribly like my brother's wife."

"'Horribly like'?"

"I never told you the story, Nugent, for at the time we had dropped out of each other's paths, and I do not think I need tell it now. It is not a pleasant one to tell."

"I did not know you had any brother save George."

"This one died, or, rather, was killed, ten years ago. He was my half-brother."

"And the wife?"

"She is dead—drowned, I believe, in a boating accident near Naples. It was as well."

His lips tightened, his eyes shone with a dull and yet bitter light. The rector put out his hand and took the picture. He had an odd feeling that he did not like to see it in Oswald's hand.

"And she was like this?"

"So like that, unless I knew her to be dead, I could swear it was she! Grown older, of course."

"If she was like this face, I cannot imagine your speaking of her in horror," the rector said. "There is nothing here but a gentle woman's face. I think a very sweet and beautiful soul looks from those eyes."

"You might have said so of her too." And Oswald laughed bitterly. "My dear Nugent, the cleverest man who ever lived never yet gauged a woman! Before her cunning and her duplicity he is as a child. I have yet to see the woman I would trust as I trust men."

His bitter voice, low and clear, rang through the room. Somewhere a low, shuddering breath seemed to answer it; but the rector answered very gravely, and his hand tightened over the little photograph.

"I do not like to hear you talk like that, Francis. Women, 'God-beloved in old Jerusalem,' you would brand them all alike! For my part, even in the poorest and most degraded, I always seem to see the faint, perhaps sin-covered womanhood—the womanhood that Christ loved, the womanhood at whose knees we prayed when our mother's eyes first taught us what love meant, the womanhood that followed Christ to the Cross, and wailed there, agonised, yet faithful! If you have known many unhappy, sin-laden, criminal women, you must have known many pure and true—pure with a purity, sweet with a constancy and a patience that might make the best of us ashamed."

"We look at it from a different standpoint, and—excuse me, Nugent, you were always an idealist. You never saw the crime and mud about you. And you would be like the usual jury—a pretty face is answer enough. You can't condemn it!"

"I would condemn Helen of Troy herself if justice demanded it."

"Ah!" And Oswald shrugged his shoulders. "She was a case in point. Ten to one she was a deceitful Delilah. Well, we won't quarrel over it. That will be a fine rose."

He had taken up a great velvety damask bud, and was sniffing it lazily.

The rector turned away, and, his back

to his friend's, he suddenly saw, as if she was frozen where she stood, the shrinking figure of Mrs. Sinclair, one hand clutching the curtain, the other pressed to her side. She stood just between the curtains, and he took an involuntary step nearer her, opening his lips to speak. She seemed to see the movement, and the sight gave her courage. Quick as lightning, she raised her finger to her lips, as if imploring him not to notice her, and in another moment she had glided away, and the curtain fell back behind her.

What had startled her? Why should she look like that? And then he remembered Oswald's fiery words, and her usual shrinking from all strangers. His friend's harsh views of her sex had startled her, and she did not wish to be introduced. That was it. The rector, putting down the picture, repeated the words slowly, as if fighting against the cold questioning within him:

"That is it!"

"Did you speak?"

"To myself, I think."

And he tried to smile.

"Have you seen these prints, Oswald? Lee, of Regent Street, sent them down lately. They are very fine."

And they spoke of the prints till it was time to retire. Mr. Nugent always looked in upon his mother last of all, and, after seeing his friend safe in the pretty chintz-draped room upstairs, he opened the door of Lady Elizabeth's room softly as usual. She was asleep; but Magdalen, her violet dress changed for a white flannel dressing-gown, had evidently just been giving her a sleeping draught, for she was putting away the glass when the rector entered.

He looked at her. Her face was whiter in its waxy pallor than ever. Her eyes were encircled by black rings.

"You are doing too much," he said gently. "Luline said you were cooking all day, and I fear—I fear my friend's conversation startled you. He is a lawyer, and he——"

"Yes, he startled me. He said very dreadful things." And then she looked up suddenly, still with the look that was somehow so pleading and childish, for all her thirty years. "How long will he be here, Mr. Nugent?"

"Only till to-morrow. To-morrow, after lunch, he intends riding over to see Mr. Everton."

"To see Mr. Everton?"

A wild flush of—was it alarm? And then her head drooped.

"On George's account, I think," the rector said. And Magdalen crept away. She did not even say good-night. She did not seem to remember he was there. She seemed dazed and stunned. And the rector, oddly heavy-hearted, followed her with his anxious look till the darkness of the upper landing hid her from sight.

CHAPTER IX

MOLLY'S PERPLEXITY

MOLLY EVERTON was in the village next day after lunch, giving a large order at the baker-confectioner's for her Sunday-school treat.

Everyone in Bishop's Thorpe liked Molly. She was so willing to be friendly, and, though she never "guessed," nor spoke through her nose, as they thought an American was in duty bound to do, her manner had a delightful frankness and freshness which they one and all found quite fascinating. To-day she went from the baker to the post-office to inquire about some missing papers, and there Miss Gubbins came forward, looking at the pretty figure in its blue zephyr frock inquisitively and furtively. She longed to know if Molly was aware of this mysterious intimacy between her father and Mrs. Sinclair. How she pined to throw out a leading question and see!

An opportunity occurred to her when the little governess-cart from the rectory drove up smartly, and Luline and the nurse descended, Mrs. Sinclair, after nodding to Molly, driving on alone. Luline ran to her friend, Spot, the terrier, clasped fast in her arms.

"He's been so naughty, Molly! He eated one of dadda's gloves! Dadda says he'll be 'panked next time, but as he's sus a welly young dog he knowed no better."

At which Spot, who had a wicked eye, seemed to wink at them both. Molly laughed, patting his head.

"A glove would be very indigestible,

Luline. Perhaps he will have a bad fit of indigestion, and be punished in that way."

At which Luline opened her eyes.

"I don't like 'gestion," she remarked. "I had it the day I eated green gooseberries, and Maga gave me a pill."

"Where are you going now?"

"To the wood, and Maga will come back for us."

Nannie had taken her little charge's hand, and Luline trotted off, Spot wriggling down and barking joyously.

"Don't think he's got 'gestion yet," Luline looked back to say consideringly: and then the three disappeared.

Molly looked after them smiling.

"What a change in that child since Mrs. Sinclair came to the rectory!" she observed.

And Miss Gubbins, sorting some stamps, slightly tossed her head. She amused Molly with her pretty little spitefulnesses, and the girl laughed.

"Now, Miss Gubbins, you are dying to say 'No.' Hasn't Mrs. Sinclair won your heart? I think you are an exception."

"I judge by the inside of the platter, Miss Everton,"

And Miss Gubbins spoke ponderously, and with due dignity.

"I am not won by specious words and looks. I don't understand Mrs. Sinclair, and I'm English enough to like to see my way clear before I trust a person. I'm slow, but I'm sure."

"Dear me!"—and Molly's pretty eyes danced. "And don't you see your way clear with Mrs. Sinclair!"

"No, I don't! How did she come to know your pa, Miss Molly?"

"Know my father? She does not."

Miss Gubbins's lips tightened a that, and she nodded her head.

"But she does, Miss Molly, and knows him pretty well, too! I saw them together in the wood."

"They must have met by accident," the girl said carelessly. And then she turned round, though her ear caught Miss Gubbins's spiteful, "People don't part as they did—by accident!"

Molly paid no attention to the words at the time, though she remembered them later, for Francis Oswald had just entered the office, and she advanced with outstretched hand, smiling brightly, George having introduced them in town.

"How fortunate that we should meet! Were you coming up to the Hall, Mr. Oswald?"

"I was on my way when I caught sight of you," he said. And they turned to the door. "Is your father at home? George was almost anxious that I should see, and try to fathom what the objections to his suit were. Have you any idea?"

We have seen that the lawyer had a prejudice against Molly's sex, but few could gaze into her frank and lovable face, putting the question of its beauty aside, and regard her with anything but liking or admiration. And he had really gone so far as to tell himself that, "as girls went, this girl was a nice girl."

He looked at her with almost a friendly glance now, and they walked together up the country road.

"No, Mr. Oswald; I cannot guess! In every other way my father is kinder than words can say."

"It is mysterious, for he seemed favourable at first. Should this objection continue, have you thought at all what you will do?"

A look of real distress clouded Molly's bright face.

"I keep hoping and believing he will give in."

"Yes; but if he does not? I should not, of course, presume to advise you, but I must advise George. If there is no hope, the thing had better end at once, for your sake as well as his. In that case, I should advise George to go abroad. The firm would send him to Singapore if he would go, and change is the best medicine in matters of this kind."

A little of the bright colour faded out of Molly's face. He spoke so calmly and coolly. Lawyers, she supposed, took little heed, if they took them into their calculation at all, of such trifles as love and disappointed and broken hopes. If the marriage was to be broken off, then break it off, and go on their way. The fate of nations did not depend on the happiness of one girl, nor was the price of stocks affected.

Neither of them saw the curtains divide suddenly, and a white face of terror and recognition look in upon them
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"But I shall see what I can do," he concluded.

The Hall lay full in the hot sunshine, and Molly's big dog ran out to meet her now. Even the lawyer thought how pretty the girl looked as she bent over it, stroking Ralph's tawny head, and murmuring some pretty, foolish endearment. It was some time ere he saw Molly so smile and laugh again.

She took him up the broad staircase, and showed him into the drawing-room, going away then to seek her father; and Oswald walked to the window, where he looked out at a distant belt of wood, beyond which were some low, green hills.

"Heavens, how that woman haunts me to-day! I suppose it was the coincidence of the likeness. And, now I think of it, Molly herself is not unlike her in feature. Very different, thank God, in disposition."

And then, as Molly did not return, he took up a copy of a new magazine which lay near, and was soon deep in the latest view of the character of Napoleon.

Molly had gone straight to the study, fancying she heard voices, and she opened the door with her usual impetuous haste, sure of a welcome.

"Dad, here is——"

And then she paused. Mrs. Sinclair and her father stood before the window, and Mrs. Sinclair had apparently been crying. Her father seemed bending above her. Both drew back as Molly entered, and the girl looked at them perplexedly before she advanced and shook hands.

"Who is it, Molly?"

"Mr. Oswald—George's eldest brother. He was at the rectory, you know. You would see him, Mrs. Sinclair?"

"No." And Magdalen seemed to shrink back. "I did not dine."

"And we met in the post-office."

"Was it your proposal, Molly, to bring him here?"

"He was on his way, dad."

She spoke still with that note of surprise struggling in her voice, but Mr. Everton did not look at her as he said slowly:

"I cannot see him."

"Dad!"

"No, Molly, I will not! It is of no use. He comes here needlessly."

"Father!" And the girl advanced. "Surely, this is very strange! He is a gentleman, and you are one. Surely, it is scarcely courteous treatment to refuse to see him?"

"Courteous treatment!" And he laughed bitterly and almost mockingly. "Child! child! If you knew the abyss on which you stand, and into which you would drive me!"

"No, I do not understand. I wish I did!" Molly cried. "But you will break my heart, father!"

He looked at her sadly, almost despairingly, then round at Mrs. Sinclair.

"I should never have come home," he said dully. "This is my punishment. What shall I do now?"

Magdalen answered very low:

"Molly will take a message from you."

"Yes?" And he turned to her. "Say your father is not able to see him."

"I can tell him that; but do you know what that means, father? It means that he will advise George to give me up, and forget me and go to Singapore!"

"I am glad to hear it."

He did not seem to be cruel, but Molly gave a little wail.

"What is this mystery?" she cried. "Why do you treat me like a child? Am I nothing to you? My heart, my happiness are bound up with George's. I cannot tear my heart out!"

"Molly," he said, "we loved each other dearly, and were happy, before you saw him. Can we not be happy again?"

"Ah, father, put yourself in his place, my mother in mine! Would even your father's love have made up to you for hers?"

"It is true!"—and he bent his head brokenly—"it is true!"

Was he relenting?

"Then, you will see him, dad?"

"You know not what you ask. I cannot!"

His tone was conclusive; it was final. The girl looked at Magdalen.

"Can you speak for me?"

There was no answer; Magdalen's head dropped, her eyes were bent, and Molly went slowly away and gave her message. Oswald took it without comment of any kind, and they shook hands and parted

Molly wandered down the avenue then, wondering what had come over the day. The sunshine was no longer bright; the birds' songs jarred; she took no pleasure in the pansies and forget-me-nots which bordered the lodgekeeper's little garden.

"The sun looks wae as it smiles on me."

She remembered that was a song her mother had sung. Molly had thought, before she came to England, that the sun could not look "wae." She was young when her mother died, and that had been her only grief.

Presently, wandering back, she met Mrs. Sinclair, and she suddenly remembered the postmistress's words. What was the new mystery? How did Magdalen know her father? Why was she there then?

And Magdalen paused as they neared each other—paused, and suddenly came up and kissed Molly tenderly. The girl looked at her half wondering, half sorrowfully.

"Mrs. Sinclair," she said, directly and frankly, "do you know my father?"

"Yes, Molly."

"You did not say so?"

"I did not know he was—this—Mr. Everton."

She spoke unwillingly and slowly.

"Why is there any mystery about it?" Molly persisted. "Perhaps he tells you why I may not marry George?"

Magdalen made no answer; the old, shrinking look grew in her eyes, and Molly saw it.

"Can you not tell me?"

"No, Molly; I cannot."

"Shall I never know?"

And then the answer broke from the other—it seemed without her will:

"Please God, no, Molly! Ah, please God, no!" And then she sped on without looking round; and Molly, bewildered, heavy-hearted, entered the house.

The rector was in his study that evening when Magdalen came to him about a poor woman, Oswald having left; and he looked up, to see her waiting after he had answered:

"Can I be of any use to you in any other way?"

"I was thinking about something—a text," she said nervously. "Sometimes the Bible puzzles one. This seems so hard, so unjust. 'The sins of the fathers being visited on the children!' It is true, they are, and it seems so hard!"

"Many things seem hard in life," he said slowly. "The innocent suffering for the guilty is one of the hardest. But we rarely see the end of God's providence, here we cannot see His dealings with the human soul! His ways are mysterious, and the finite cannot grasp or judge the infinite! In any case, for all that puzzles us there is only one answer possible. Sir Edwin Arnold puts it finely: 'These words that fold the wings of the soul, and stay the beating of the heart: "Thy will be done!"' If we cannot see, we must trust."

"Yes!" And Magdalen sighed. "One can, perhaps, bear and trust for one's-self; but for others—those we love—it is harder! We would fain help them, save them, shield them!"

She spoke absently and wearily, but the gentle eyes that looked at her were strangely tender.

"That is true. It is far harder to see those we love suffer than to suffer ourselves. But that, too, is a want of faith. Do we love them better than God? Another poet, Walt Whitman, writes: 'Whatever happens to anybody will turn to beautiful results.' There is faith! I presume there are some who laugh at faith like that; we do not."

"Thank you," Magdalen said; and she went out of the room slowly.

"The suffering of others," the rector was thinking; "it is that which hurts her most. Ah, me! I wonder whose suffering?"

Meanwhile, Magdalen was listening to Luline's chatter, while she spread jam on that young lady's bread for supper.

Molly's face haunted her. Molly's sweet face, with the new look of sorrow in the bright, bewildered eyes.

"If I could send her this! If I could—if I could! Is it right she should suffer? Is there no way out of it?"

CHAPTER X

A WITNESS FROM THE PAST

"MR. OSWALD cannot see you just now, sir. He is engaged."

"Oh, bother!"

George Oswald stood twisting his moustache then, his blue eyes exceeding cross; and the old clerk, who had known him from a boy, smiled indulgently.

"You see, he was in the country yesterday, Mr. George; and all the appointments were put off until to-day."

"I know, Mercer. But I wanted particularly to see him."

"You sit down here, sir,"—and the old man rolled up an easy-chair—"and I'll fetch you the 'Times.' And I'll tell master you are a bit hurried."

And then he moved away. He was a good deal in the confidence of the Oswalds, and he had a pretty shrewd idea of the reason for Mr. George's impatience.

"Master was to see the young lady, or her father, I think I heard them say," he cogitated. "Wonder if it was good news? It's difficult to say, from master's face. Good, I hope, for Mr. George's sake."

In spite of Mercer's good offices, it was some time before Francis Oswald opened the door of the office waiting-room, and the sunset was already flooding the room and showing up every bare patch in the faded Brussels carpet. The 'Times' was not entertaining enough for George, and he had cast it on the floor, and was now lost in thought, his hands clasped at the back of his head. But he leapt up as Francis entered.

"I thought you'd never come! Well, what news?"

"Not much, I'm afraid." Francis had stooped to pick up the paper methodically. "The father refused to see me!"

"Refused to see you? Then, indeed, it is all up!"

He sat down despairingly, his hands hanging loosely between his knees.

"And you did not see her?"

"I met her in the village, and she walked up with me."

"What did she say? Is there any chance of her disobeying her father?"

"I should not think so. She seemed fond of him; and if she were to marry you, ten to one he would disinherit her. It is mysterious, but probably he has someone else in view. The best thing for you to do, George, is to go away and forget her."

"Ha, ha!" And poor George laughed bitterly. "So easy, of course—so simple! Thank you, Francis! How much do you charge, now, for this opinion?"

Francis knew he was disappointed bitterly.

And he merely shrugged his shoulders.

"I say it in all seriousness. A long, hopeless engagement, hanging on indefinitely, plays the very mischief with a man, and it's not fair to the girl. Girls all get over that sort of thing—a few floods of tears and it is past; and it had much better be put into the past with you, too. Heaven knows, there are enough girls in England. You'll get over it, and find someone else equally as charming."

"I happen to want, and to love, this particular one. Well, I suppose there's no use stopping here. You have nothing more to suggest?"

"Yes, I have. I suggest you get Parkins & Lee to send you to Singapore. They are sending young Marston, and I happen to know he'd rather stay at home, though the pay and the chances of rising are infinitely better in Singapore. In the East you'll see new sights, and——"

"I'll go if she says so, not unless," George said doggedly. "Molly shall decide. I'll go down and ask her. If there is any hope, I'll stay. Did you see the rector? I'll take his advice. He's the best and the kindest man in England."

"He is one of the most unpractical! Saunders tells me the bishop wanted him to come to town, and he won't, as long as Lady Elizabeth is alive, because the place down there suits her. Did you ever hear such folly? He might be on the way to lawn sleeves himself, if he'd show a little more worldly wisdom."

"His wisdom is of the other world, I suppose," George muttered. "Life doesn't mean only a practical illustration of the text 'Get on!' for everyone, Francis. There are better things in life than that; and she is his mother."

"We don't usually sacrifice our careers to mothers!"

"No, *we* don't! Well, I'm off."

"If you wait I'll come with you," Oswald said. "I thought of dropping

in to see 'King Arthur' at the Lyceum. Will you come?"

"No. I must go and see if the governor will give me to-morrow off; and I'll make Molly decide, though I'll never give up hope! But you can give me a drive to the telegraph office if you like. I'll send Molly a wire."

The brothers drove as far as the telegraph office together. Francis alighted there also, and waited while George wrote his message. As he stood at the door, a woman who was walking past suddenly looked up and saw him, and her violent start arrested his attention. For a moment he looked puzzled, and then a light seemed to dawn upon him, and he beckoned to her.

Here was a woman who could throw some light on the mystery.

CHAPTER XI

AN UNEXPECTED REVELATION

As the woman approached him, Francis remembered who she was.

"You are Sally Price? You were my brother's nurse? I thought you were in America!"

"So I was, sir. I started the very day the poor master was killed. I was packing up when the dreadful thing happened."

"Then you never heard the end of the story?"

"No, sir. I never heard any particulars. I'm dreadfully behind times, and I can't read, sir. One of the servants promised to write, but she never did. How are you and Mr. George, sir?"

"Mr. George is in here. How long have you been away, Sally?"

"Ten years, sir."

He paused then, looking at her with a kind of half-unwilling interest.

"I should rather like a talk with you over the tragedy. There were features in it that always puzzled me. I will give you my card if you will call at my house. What are you doing now?"

"I'm staying with my sister, sir, in Islington. I'll be happy to come. How is Mrs. Paul?"

"Dead."

"Dead!" And she staggered back, Francis putting up a hand and drawing her into the shadow of the door.

"Dead, sir? Oh, dear me—dear me! Then she wasn't long after the baby."

"I want to know the truth about that, too," he whispered. "It was whispered by her friends that my poor brother struck the child—in one of his intemperate fits—is that true?"

"Quite true, sir. God forgive him! The baby pined away after that. No one knew of it, but she and I—and, I think, her brother. What about him?"

"You must really come and see me. I see there is much to hear and tell you." Francis said, George joining him then. "This is an old servant in our family, George—Sally Price. She was Paul's servant."

George nodded good-naturedly. He did not take very much note of Sally Price, and he little guessed the influence she was to bring on his fate, and the fate of those dear to him.

"Well, I'll go, sir," she said to Francis. "Though I'd just like to ask you one thing. Was there a fuss about the death? Did they bring it in an accident?"

"It was not an accident."

She made no answer. She waited, looking at him.

"Was there a fuss, sir?"

"There was a trial. A public trial and inquiry."

"A trial! And Mrs. Paul—had my poor Mrs. Paul to appear?"

"She had, of course. She had to answer the charge."

The woman crimsoned, and then paled. She clasped her hands under her shawl, and her lips seemed suddenly dry.

"What charge?"

"I cannot enter into it now, my good woman," Oswald said—and he moved impatiently. "Call at that address to-morrow. It is close by here; anyone will show you."

"If you would please to tell me just that, sir—what charge?"

"Of killing my brother."

"Heavens! And what did they say?"

"They brought in the verdict of 'Not proven.'"

"What does that mean, sir? Oh, if you would please just tell me that?"

"If I were to translate it brutally,

I should say, 'We believe you guilty; but there is not enough proof to hang you,'" he said. "Now we must go. Come to-morrow."

He put his arm through George's then, and moved off, and the crowd in the Strand engulfed them. But the woman stood leaning still against the doorway, and the people who passed in thought she was either mad or ill, for her white lips moved faintly, and her eyes were dazed and bewildered.

"They tried her—her! My pretty dear! My poor, suffering, pretty dear! Then she must have allowed them, and never spoken! And she never let me know! And then she died! Where is he?"

"Come, my good woman, you must move on. You are obstructing the way. Are you ill?"

"No, sir—no." And Sally moved hastily.

She caught a green 'bus beside St. Martin's Church, and there, while the heavy vehicle rolled northwards, she could think.

"If he let her bear it, and hid himself—I hate him! And I'd speak, even now!"

Next afternoon she presented herself at Suffolk Street, and she and Oswald had a long conversation, the lawyer dismissing her about six o'clock, and a red spot of excitement showed on either pale cheek.

"If I could bring him to justice yet I would," he said, as Sally paused in the hall. "Paul rests unavenged! Whatever he was, he rests unavenged, and his blood cries out for justice. But I fear we have no clue, no possible clue to his whereabouts. I would track him down if I could!"

Sally, her hands nervously shifting about the bag she held, looked at him half uneasily.

"I liked him, long ago—we all liked him—but I can't forgive that he let her bear it all. How could they think it of her? And she so sweet and gentle!"

"Everything pointed to her. Well, when shall I see you again? If ever you come across any faint trace or clue of him——"

"I'll tell you, sir," she said; "but there's not much chance of that. I'm off to the country to-morrow—to a place called Bishop's Thorpe—Lower Bishop's Thorpe. My cousin is lodgekeeper at a big house, the Hall, and one of the children has the measles. Mary Ann heard I was home, and, as she's ailing herself, she wrote for me to come down and help. Good-bye, sir. Thank you kindly."

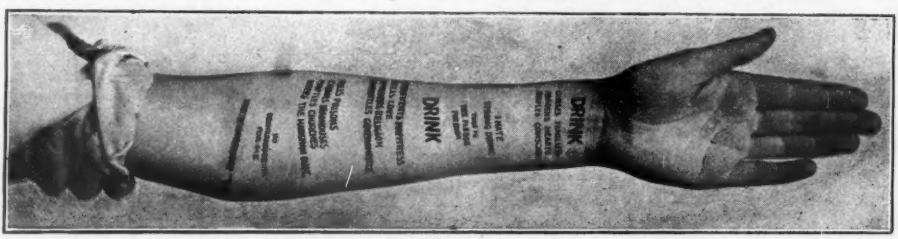
She had not been particularly devoted either to her late master or to his cool, severe brother in the old days; but she was badly off, and the sovereign he gave her now would be very useful.

And thus they parted.

Somehow the lawyer thought of the rectory garden and the rectory flowers as he re-entered his room.

"Odd she should be going to Bishop's Thorpe, where I saw that photograph. It has haunted me ever since. Could I ever bear to reopen the horror of the thing again, even should I meet him? And yet—Paul is unavenged! Dead, at thirty, while that man walks the earth free, and probably happy! I don't believe in the terrors of an evil conscience if one has a good digestion. He probably thought Paul richly deserved this death. And it is the biblical code—'a life for a life.'"

To be continued. Another long instalment in next month's GOOD WORDS



A human temperance tract. Scores of boys at St. Albans have had their arms stamped in this way, and keenly delight in showing the silent sermon to their friends and relations. The letters can be washed off easily

Yuletide in Barracks

December 25th from a Soldier's Point of View

IT is a common enough saying that home is the best place to spend Christmas. This may be true, for there is never a lack of fun there. But to spend the very merriest of Christmasses, where the fun is fast and furious, where Christmas is Christmas in the fullest sense of the term, drop in at a barrack-room.

The proceedings may be of a stereotyped order, the same decorations may have grown shabby through continual use at this annual function; the colonel, when, as behoves his position, he wishes you the best of luck and a blank crime sheet, may use pretty well the same words as he used last year; but because it is Christmas nothing grows stale.

Those who have spent a soldier's Christmas in barracks cherish the memory of it till the "last parade." "Christmas was really Christmas in those days," they will tell you.

Christmas in the Army really begins very much earlier. There is leave to be thought of, and 25 per cent. of the regiment's strength — lucky dogs! — are marked down for leave when you have hardly realised that it is December. But the remaining 75 per cent. mean to have a good time all the same.

So the colour-sergeant selects a decoration committee, and upon this worthy body of men much depends. They have got to decorate their barrack-room so that it shall be proclaimed quite the best in the regiment. That is what each

Those who have spent a soldier's Christmas in barracks cherish the memory of it till the "last parade"

committee strives to do, and asks for enough bunting, evergreens, and so forth to decorate the whole barracks instead of a single room; then, grumbling over the smallness of what they get, they set to work to make the best of it.

Everyone wants to have a finger in the pie. "Ginger" invents a new way of hanging the paper chains, but is promptly ruled out by "Boko," who asserts that "Ginger's" eye for colour might be judged by the colour of his hair. But somehow such friend y amenities result in a barrack-room which shows you that "Tommy" is as brilliant a decorator as he is a fighting man.

Evergreens, artistically arranged, are everywhere interwoven with paper chains, bunting, and flags. Some wit has hung a discarded Army cap up in a prominent position on the wall with the pathetic inscription beneath, "Gone, but not forgotten." At the other end of the room the regiment's battle-honours are worked in letters of gold on a white ground; near at hand are such inscriptions as "Good Luck to our Colonel," etc.

And so Christmas draws on. On Christmas Eve there are rumours of the master-cook keeping guard over dozens of turkeys, geese, and plum puddings, thanks to the grant from the regimental funds, while it is announced that each man will have 1s., or, if he is married, 2s. and something for the "missus and kiddies," from a subscription got up by the officers.

This, however, is not a general rule throughout the Service. In several regiments no money grant is made to the men, though Christmas fare is provided gratis from the canteen funds. As a matter of fact, the colonel is responsible for much of the enjoyment his men get out of Christmas. If he likes to head a subscription for the men there will be plenty of money forthcoming. Again, he can remit all fatigues and unnecessary duties on Christmas Day, or make the men carry out the work as usual, just as he chooses.

We rise sharply as "Reveille" sounds on Christmas Day. After breakfast, there are a few necessary duties to be performed, and at 11.45 comes church parade. We return from this to find the Christmas mail waiting for us, a fat budget of letters from home, and for one or two men a delayed plum pudding. One o'clock arrives, and somewhere the band is playing "The Roast Beef of Old England." The men file into the barrack-rooms and seat themselves round the table ready for the coming of the colonel.

He comes at length. There is a sharp knock at the door, and every man is on his feet at attention as the C.O. strides in, his face wreathed in smiles, and close behind him a phalanx of officers. Someone raises a cheer, which, taken up all round, tells him plainly that he is popular, even though he is a bit of a martinet at times; and his best enemy in the ranks remarks that he isn't such a bad chap after all, when he pays this Christmas visit.

Through his monocle he carefully surveys the room, and stammers some apt remark about it being the best in the barracks; then he rattles off a trite little speech, which he has already recited several times in other rooms, but he gives you to understand that it especially applies to you, and that he means every word of it.

Meanwhile the colour-sergeant has got a glass of wine ready, and in blunt but ready fashion he offers it to the colonel, who pledges your health in it, and tells you that the host of you constitute the best-behaved regiment in the Service, and that he's honoured to command you.

Then follows a lusty cheer, the rattle of glasses against the impedimenta on the table as they are raised, and we toast him, this bullet-headed little man, who is more moved by our good wishes than he would be if he were leading us against the best army in Europe. If good wishes come true, he has never spent such a Christmas as he will spend to-day. It is strange how the Christmas goodwill makes us regard him now as far away the best C.O. in the Service, though but a week ago some of us were wishing he was a thousand miles away.

It will probably take a couple of hours to eat that Christmas dinner, and afterwards friends—"civvies" all of them,

but none the worse for that—are coming in to see how we spend Christmas in the Army, or a few chums are going to drop in from other regiments. In the evening there will be a dance, or, maybe, a concert, or even theatricals, for "Tommy" can act when in festive mood, and the regimental Grimaldi will impart fresh zest to his foolery and find an appreciative audience. Or perhaps some old veteran will be invited in, and whilst regaled with a plentiful supply of refreshment and

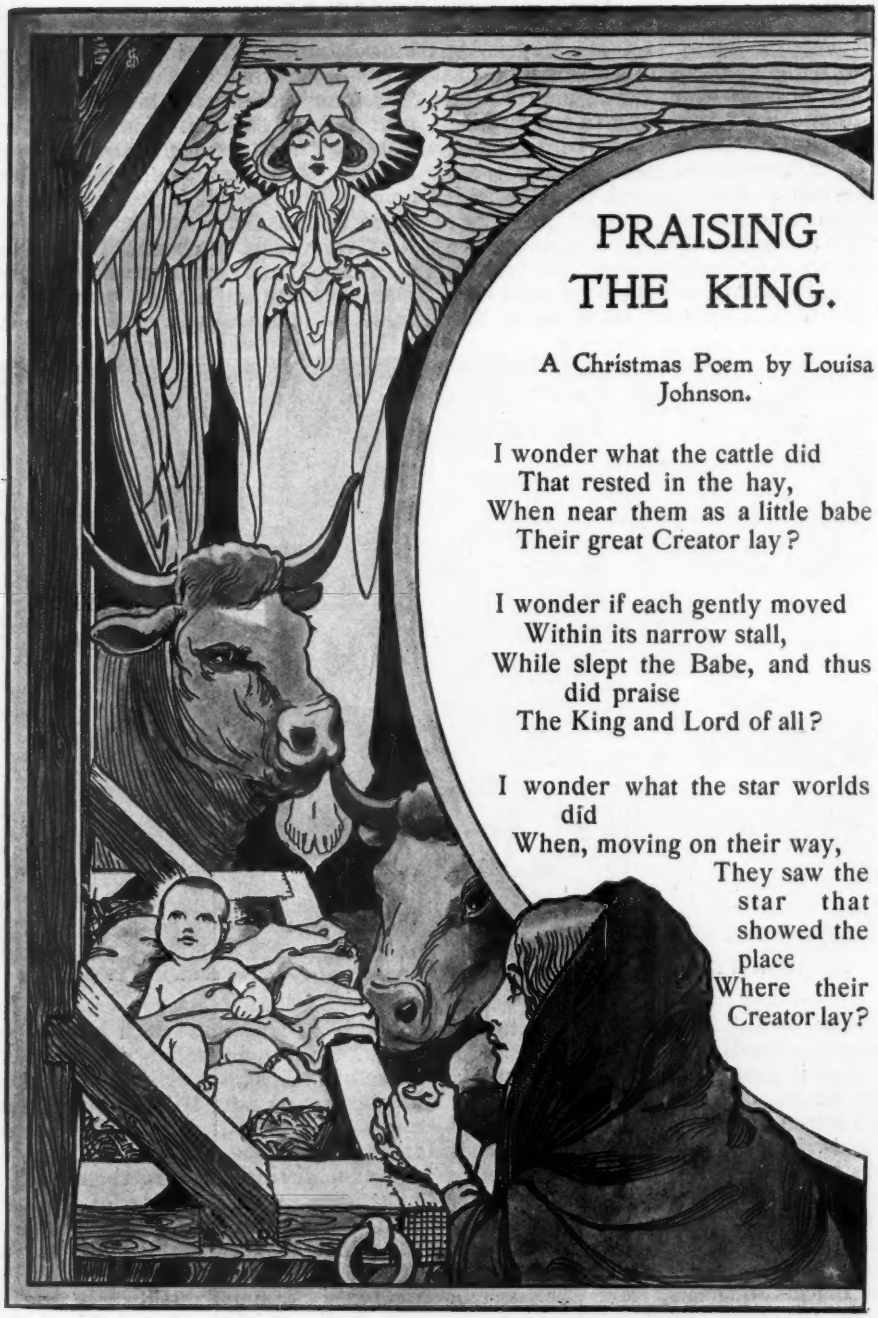
The members of the Decoration Committee strive to decorate their barrack-room so that it shall be proclaimed the best in the regiment

tobacco will "Shoulder his crutch and show how fields were won."

Thus it goes on late into the evening. But at 10 o'clock the guests depart, and fifteen minutes later "Lights out" sounds. Instantly the element of Christmas fades away, as the men come back to the stern realities of a soldier's life. So they creep away to bed, the barrack-rooms drop one by one into darkness, only the blinking lights shine out from the officers' quarters, from whence, too, comes the muffled sound of laughter.

In India the military Christmas is much the same. The grass may be brown, without the rime of winter upon it, but be the weather hot or cold, "Tommy" celebrates his Christmas in true British fashion. Lucky the man who is fortunate enough to get a genuine English Christmas pudding sent from home. He can sell it for six times its value, if he likes, within an hour of receiving it. It is obvious the relatives of every Tommy cannot afford to send such weighty things as puddings to India, so the cooks have to set to and produce a concoction which most of you would look upon as an insult to the name of Christmas pudding, being generally heavy and indigestible, though greatly appreciated when it appears steaming hot from the cookhouse.

The Christmas fare is there, and in most respects the feeling of Yuletide. And it may be that, lying awake as Christmas Day comes on, his memory idly running back over past Christmasses, "Tommy" will hear on the still Indian night a hare-brained subaltern serenading his comrades with an English carol.



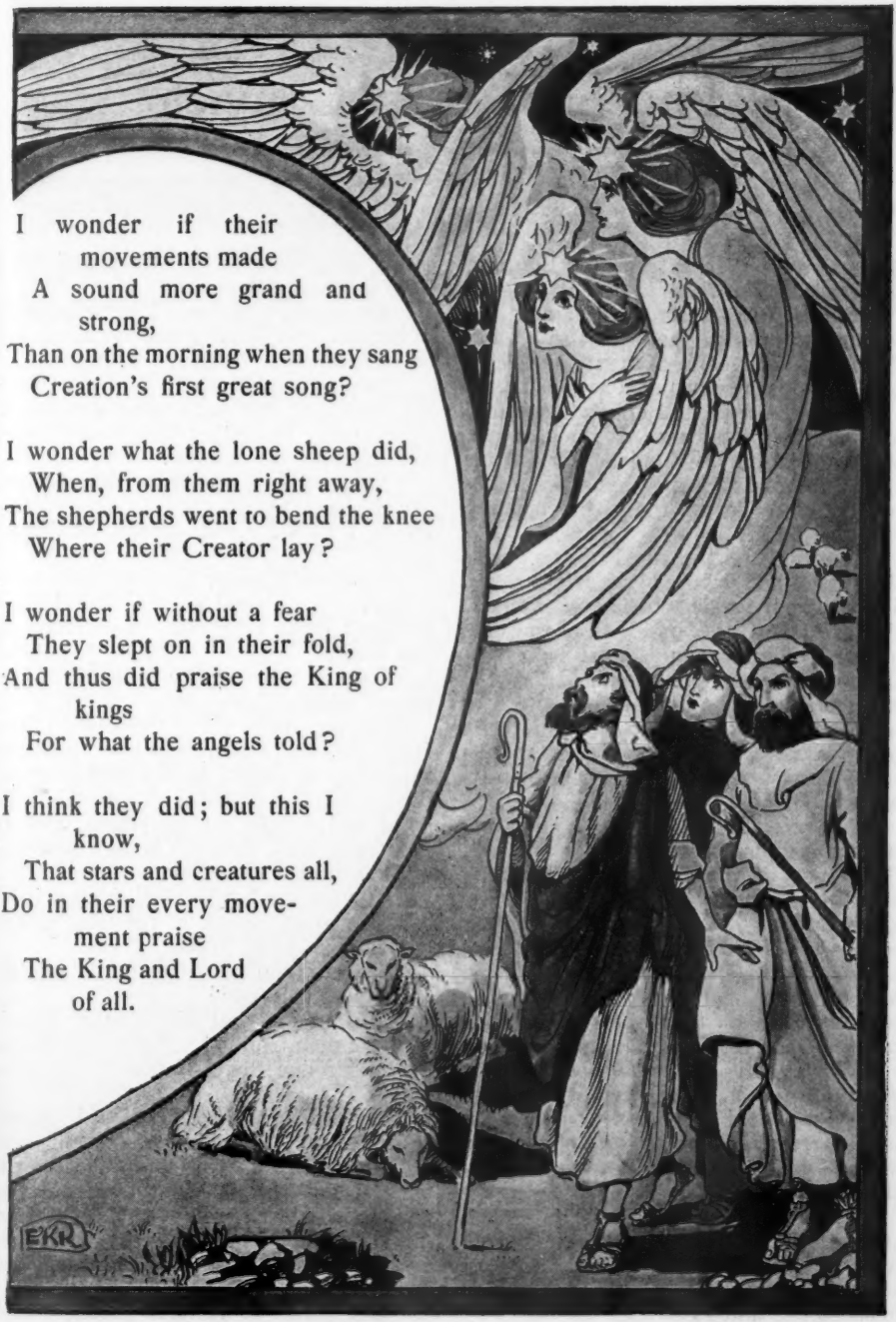
PRAISING THE KING.

A Christmas Poem by Louisa Johnson.

I wonder what the cattle did
That rested in the hay,
When near them as a little babe
Their great Creator lay?

I wonder if each gently moved
Within its narrow stall,
While slept the Babe, and thus did praise
The King and Lord of all?

I wonder what the star worlds did
When, moving on their way,
They saw the star that showed the place
Where their Creator lay?


I wonder if their
movements made
A sound more grand and
strong,
Than on the morning when they sang
Creation's first great song?
I wonder what the lone sheep did,
When, from them right away,
The shepherds went to bend the knee
Where their Creator lay?
I wonder if without a fear
They slept on in their fold,
And thus did praise the King of
kings
For what the angels told?
I think they did; but this I
know,
That stars and creatures all,
Do in their every move-
ment praise
The King and Lord
of all.
EKR

The Soul of a Convict

The Story of a Great Love and a Great Reform

IT was not a pleasant part of the city, the portion that lay west of the river. The streets were narrow, the pavements uneven, the houses small and dingy, for on that side of the river the city first began, nearly five centuries before.

Across the river tall chimneys poured out constant volumes of thick, black smoke. Except on Sundays, one rarely saw the blue of the sky. Snow was never purely white across the river, nor the sunshine clear.

Little by little the city had crept over the stream and up the low, eastern slope. There were the wide streets and avenues, the great business houses, the handsome public buildings. One of the largest of these last, however, remained on the western side. The majesty of the others would have been darkened by it; no business man would build his shop—certainly no householder his home—in its vicinity.

So between it and the city's glory the river rolled its narrow, muddy current; the smoke of the great chimneys hung about it like a pall, or partly hid the gloomy walls. "Sent across the river" was said of the city's convicted criminals.

One day in early autumn two boys, one of them quite lame, crossed the bridge and made their way through the crooked streets towards the gloomy prison.

"There she is, Denny," said the older one, indicating it. "Ain't she a whopper? Fifteen hundred folks there. What are you scared at? She ain't goin' to jump out and grab you 'less you've done somethin' wrong."

The smaller boy—the lame one—had stopped short, and was trembling from head to foot.

"I know it," he answered; "but it looks so big, and so awful."

He gathered up his courage with an effort, limped across the street, and went close to the massive walls.

"My daddy's in here," he whispered to himself, and, looking eagerly along the barrier, called: "Daddy! daddy!"

"He can't hear you," said the older lad, watching him with some sympathy. "You can't remember him much; you were nothing but a baby."

"Yes; but I do remember him, though. Oh, he was good—good to me, daddy was! I wish I could see him. Daddy! daddy!"

"Well, we'd better be goin' back now. It won't do no good hangin' round here. You can come over again some time, if you want."

"I am coming—every Saturday. Oh, wait a minute, Joey—wait."

They were near one of the prison gates. It opened, and a man came out, thrusting a handful of papers in his pocket as he came. Several of them slipped from his hand and fell to the pavement, and as he bent to pick them up he had an eager assistant in the lame boy.

"Thanks, my boy! Well, what is it?" said the man, seeing a question in the boyish face raised to his.

"Mister," whispered Denny; "mister, is it—your prison?"

"Mine and several million other folks," said the man, smiling. "It's the county prison. I live there, if that's what you mean."

"My father's there," uttered Denny breathlessly. "Could you—would you tell him that aunt has moved to town, and I came here this morning—and I'm coming every Saturday—and give him my love, and——"

"Who is your father, and what's his name?"

"His name is Horace Menly," said Denny, dropping his head, for the man's

eyes seemed to look him through and through.

"What are you coming every Saturday for? You can't see him unless there's some older person with you."

"There ain't nobody else," said Denny, dropping his head lower still; "but I'm comin' just the same."

Three years' constant association with criminals had not destroyed John Joseph's faith in humanity. He looked the lame boy keenly over once more.

"I'll tell him," he said.

"Will you, mister—will you? Oh, thank you—thank you!"

As Warder Joseph returned from his errand outside, the boom of the prison bell struck suddenly against the walls and sank moaning down. From the workshops across the court, on their way to supper, shuffled the long file of prisoners, like some great, slow-moving snake.

Number Sixty-nine was "off his feed" that night, which means that he left the prison fare untouched. Opposite his name on the prison record stood the word "dangerous." He was known to be a violent man, and was always more closely watched when the sullen mood was on him, as it had been for several days.

"There's no use talking," the warder in charge of his gang had remarked an hour before to the head warder. "If Sixty-nine keeps up this sort of thing to-morrow he's got to be settled with."

"All right; we'll settle him," the deputy-warder responded.

When the silent meal was finished, the snake-like line shuffled its way up the stairs and along the corridors, disappearing piecemeal into the narrow cells. There was a click of bolts falling into sockets; the voices of the guards echoed along the corridors as each called aloud the number of men and the locality under his care.

"First, south, east, thirty-four."

"Second, north, west, thirty-one."

"Third, south, middle, twenty-seven."

Meaning the first, second, or third corridor of cells, north or south side, east or west end, or central portion.

Then they disappeared, and the night-guard came on duty—Warder Joseph it chanced to be—wearing shoes with thick, soft soles, that he might make his rounds in utter silence. But something went gracefully by him that could step more softly even than he, though it had four feet to his two.

"Oho!" said Warder Joseph to himself. "That puts me in mind of the kid that sent his love to Sixty-nine."

Up one flight of stairs after another went the great tortoiseshell cat—the warder's own special pet—clear out to that end of the fourth corridor known as the "murderers' wing," where he sat gravely down by a certain door. A hand stretched itself through the bars to pet and stroke the creature, that responded with a purr like a growl.

Two years before the inmate of that cell was placed there in solitary confinement for a murderous attack upon a fellow-prisoner. For two years the warder's cat had made him this nightly visit—the wretched convict's only friend.

"Sixty-nine's rather the best off," thought Warder Joseph, watching the cat in its upward journey. "He's got a boy; and a boy beats a cat, even if he is a lame one."

He walked along the corridor, and in a moment he was standing before the cell numbered 69.

"What's up?" asked the convict gruffly, as he saw the guard at the grated entrance.

"You've got a boy, haven't you, Menly?"

"Yes; one," the prisoner answered moodily. "What about him?"

"Anything the matter with him?"

"He was lame." And now there was a momentary, anxious quiver of the sullen face.

"Well, he was outside this morning. Wanted me to tell you that his aunt had moved to town, that he was coming over to the prison every Saturday, and that he sent you his love."

Absolute astonishment expressed itself in the man's every feature.

"Denny—that kid! Why, the child wasn't much more than five years old when——"

He seemed to lose himself in painful reflection, and Warder Joseph went on. He had made the round of the corridors a

second time when, passing the cell again, he saw Sixty-nine peering anxiously through the bars, and asked:

"Well—what is it?"

The answer was a whisper:

"Is he very lame?"

"Who? Oh—the boy! Not so very. He gets about pretty brisk."

The prisoner's face worked strangely.

"He'll never come again!" he said bitterly. "They won't let him!"

"If he does, you'd like to see him, wouldn't you?" said the warder, preparing to move on.

"No, no!" cried Menly. "Not here—not here!"

He sat down on the edge of his hard bed and hid his face in his hands.

The warder in the brush-shop was agreeably surprised next day to find that there was no need of reporting Sixty-nine for punishment. The improvement in his manner and conduct continued until Saturday, when he was noticed to be restless and uneasy; his eyes constantly followed Warder Joseph—now on day-duty—whenever that officer came within their range.

"Umph!" said Warder Joseph, suddenly recollecting the lame boy. "I guess I know what that means!"

And, moved by the dumb entreaty in the prisoner's eyes, he went down to the prison-gate.

The moment the gate swung open there was a shrill, joyous cry; Denny popped into view, all a-tremble with delight.

"I hoped it was you, mister—I just hoped it was you! Tell daddy I've come!"

When the message was carried back to Sixty-nine he said, almost humbly:

"Thank you, sir! I thank you!"

The warder heard him groaning in his sleep that night; and he woke himself calling on the names of wife and child.

The season rapidly advanced. Down from the frozen northern seas swept winter, with its storms of snow and sleet. The turbid river shivered under its icy sheet, or, swollen by rain and thaw, carried it crashing against the bridge piers and almost to its floor. But, storm or calm, icebound or rushing river, little Dennis Menly toiled across it each recurring Saturday, and waited in the shadow of the prison walls for a chance to send his weekly message to his father.

Sometimes it was Warder Joseph, sometimes it was some of the other warders or workmen. Once or twice it was the chief warder himself that heard the cry, "Please, sir, tell daddy I've come!" sounding huskily from a woollen comforter. Quite frequently there was a little gift with the message—an apple, a tiny packet of sweets; once, a brief, ill-spelled letter, that the warder coughed over, and that Sixty-nine hid away in the bosom of his ugly-marked jacket.

"Well, sir, it is actually making the old man good!" the warder said to the chaplain.

And the chaplain responded that Sixty-nine was certainly a changed man in more respects than one.

"But it's a long, cold walk for you, my lad," the warder said to Denny, on one of their meetings. "I wonder your mother lets you come."

"Oh, this ain't bad!" cheerfully replied the husky voice; sinking to gravity as it added: "My mother's been dead a long time."

"Don't you want to see the little fellow, Menly?" the official asked his prisoner. And the convict shook his head.

"Not here—not while I am like this!" looking down at his prison garb with shame and aversion.

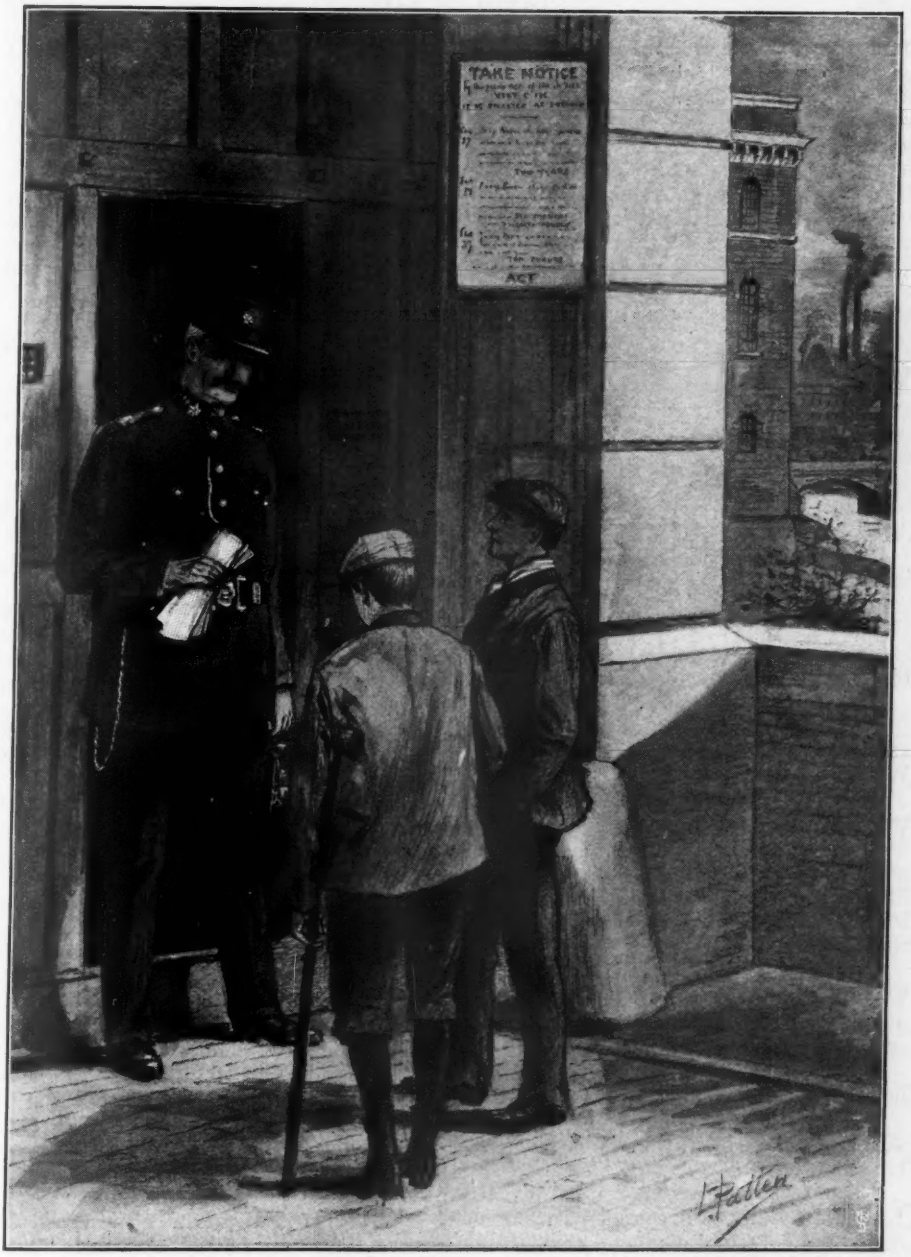
He was a changed man. No one now more docile, no more faithful workman within the walls than he. His child's affection filled his solitude, softened him to repentance, nerved him to endurance.

Then came a final, unexpected test, a supreme moment, that set its seal on months of patient effort, and the man—once a criminal—became a hero.

Convict Seventy-three, prize-fighter, burglar, and general "rough," doing his third term in the prison, had been reported several times to the chief warder by Warder Joseph for disobedience.

"You'd better look out for Seventy-three," the older keepers warned Joseph. But as the man appeared tractable and good-natured for weeks, the vigilance of the guard gradually relaxed.

He was alone in charge of half a dozen prisoners, Seventy-three among the



"My father's there," uttered Denny breathlessly. "Could you—would you tell him I came here this morning—and I'm coming every Saturday—and give him my love, and——"

number, one morning as they were engaged in cleaning their cells, and carelessly turned his back. Instantly the ex-burglar was upon him, struck him down with a terrible blow, and stooped to possess himself of the prostrate man's revolver! But Sixty-nine had seen the assault, and boldly faced and seized the ferocious convict.

Alarmed by pistol shots, the other guards hurried in, to find the two men struggling fiercely over the insensible body of the keeper. The other prisoners had retreated to their cells, but Sixty-nine, though severely wounded, clung to his antagonist till the latter was disarmed and fettered. The keeper and his saviour were both taken to the hospital. Joseph was about his duties in a couple of days, but Sixty-nine hovered between life and death for as many weeks.

He roused from the long thrall of insensibility and delirium, to see the warder at his side, with a paper bearing the seal of the county, to know himself no more a prison number, but a man; and his first feeble cry was:

"Denny! Tell Denny!"

"The orders are, he's to be fetched in the moment he shows his face," said Warder Joseph.

He did not think it well to mention that one Saturday had gone by without Denny appearing at the prison; and when the second came and passed with a like result, it was hard telling which was the more disappointed—Warder Joseph or the invalid.

"But it's a terrible rough day," the keeper assured Denny's father. "Nigh about take the little fellow off his pins to cross the bridge! Next week'll bring him."

"Next week" did not "bring him," however, though the day was fair.

"He's got tired of coming—no wonder," said the sick man, turning wearily upon his pillow.

"Don't you believe that," urged Warder Joseph, speaking more confidently than he really felt. "He'll be here next week, certain."

The fourth Saturday came—a lovely, mild, spring day. Warder Joseph began making trips to the gate at an absurdly early hour. Behold, as he swung it open the third or fourth time, there stood a boy, leaning against the prison wall.

"Hallo!" cried the warder delightedly. "Come right along in, sonny! Where've you been all these weeks? You're father's crazy to see you!"

Then he saw that it was not Denny, but the older lad who had accompanied him that first morning; and Joseph said afterwards that he felt as if someone had "doused" him into the river.

"Where's your mate?" he demanded.

"He's dead," said the boy mournfully.

"Dead!" echoed Warder Joseph.

"Yes; and I wish you'd tell his father that we couldn't hardly keep him in bed sometimes—whenever he'd think it was Saturday, and want to get across the river. 'I must go! Daddy ain't got nobody but me!' he kept a-saying. And about the very last thing—'Tell daddy I've come!' You'll tell him, won't you, mister?"

"Give me ten days in the blackhole first!" said Joseph. "The Lord help the man! Somebody'll have to tell him, I s'pose!"

The boy's eyes filled.

"Denny was a good kid!" he said, and went away rubbing his coat-sleeve across his face.

It was the chaplain who bore the tidings, and when the interview was over the good man looked as if he had had a week's illness.

When Horace Menly, free man and citizen once more by the governor's grace, left the hospital, he asked Joseph to go outside of the prison with him.

"Will you show me where——"

He choked over the name. But Joseph understood, and silently pointed out the spot where he had so often seen the lame boy waiting patiently for the opening of the gate.

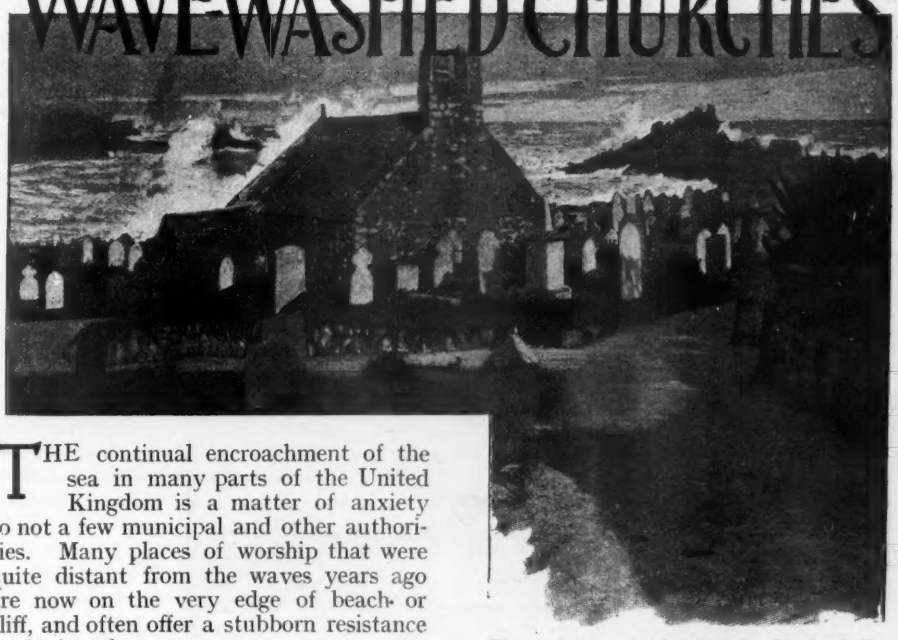
Standing in the same place Menly took off his cap, and lifted his pale face towards the blue sky, for it was the Sabbath day.

"My little Denny!" he muttered brokenly. "My faithful little lad!"

He leaned his head against the grey wall, and across the river floated the sound of the church bells—like his child's voice calling him home.

THE END.

WAVE-WASHED CHURCHES



The picturesque churchyard of St. Mary's, Scilly, where tropical plants grow in great variety. Many a shipwrecked mariner has found a last home here

THE continual encroachment of the sea in many parts of the United Kingdom is a matter of anxiety to not a few municipal and other authorities. Many places of worship that were quite distant from the waves years ago are now on the very edge of beach or cliff, and often offer a stubborn resistance to the invader.

Perhaps the church that in the most literal sense is washed by the waves of the sea is the Priory Church, Chapel Island, lying in Morecambe Bay. This interesting relic of a bigger, if not a greater country is in its way unique, seeing that it is supposed to have been connected with the mainland, and now stands quite a mile from the shore.

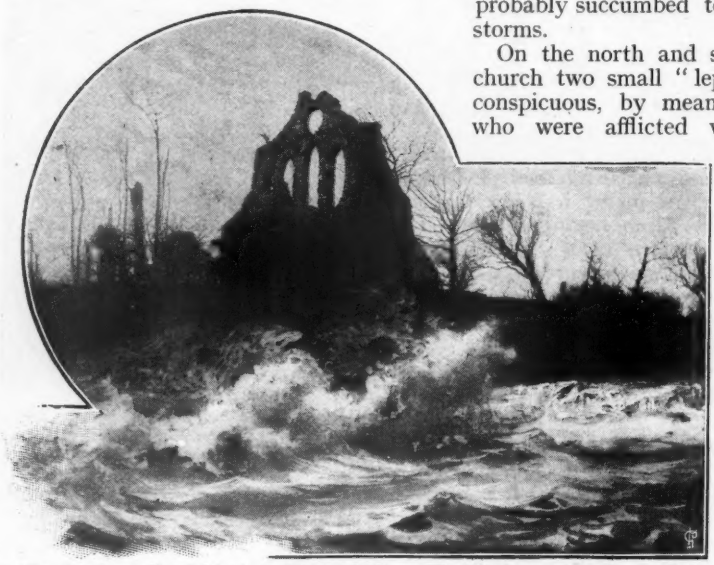
The island itself is but a rock covered with a few scrubby trees, and surrounded at low tide by hundreds of acres of sands forming cockle-beds, the staple industry of the neighbouring fisherfolk. The church, or what is left of it, takes the name of the Priory on account of a legend that is still believed in by some people, to the effect that a certain prior from the neighbouring Furness Abbey got into disgrace for some misdeed, and to do penance shut himself up in this lonely place for a considerable time, living only on the fish he managed to catch. There may be a certain amount of truth in this story, for living and sleeping rooms are among the ruins.

Four miles south of Ulverston, on the shores of the same bay, is St. Cuthbert's Church. It is said that quite one-half of the original parish of Aldingham, in which this place of worship stands, has been swept away by the sea, which is still encroaching, since the Conquest. The church, rectory, and the Moat Farm are the only remaining portions of the village, and it is a significant fact that each of these buildings is now adjoining the beach and washed by the waters of the bay. A stout stone wall protects God's Acre from the violence of wind and wave. Here rest the remains of Canon Macaulay, brother of the historian, and a former rector.

Amongst the graves stands an ancient sundial on a time-worn pillar of red sandstone. On the dial-plate, where a shadowy figure points solemnly to the flight of time, is inscribed: "Use the present, redeem the past; for thus surely, tho' imperceptibly, draws on life's night."

A similar fate has overtaken Dunwich, Suffolk. It was formerly an extensive city, and sent two members to Parliament so late as 1832. It is now but a shadow of its former greatness; for Dunwich once possessed fifty-two churches, while two alone remain, one of which is in ruins.

All Saints' stands on the edge of a cliff, and close to it are the extensive ruins of the Grey Friars monastery. This church was once a great distance from the sea, but year after year the sea has made inroads, and has washed and crumbled away the coast, till now the church is only a few yards away from the edge of the cliff, and is liable at any fresh attack to be completely demolished.



The church on Chapel Island, in Morecambe Bay. The island once formed part of the mainland, which is now quite a mile away

In 1702 All Saints' was dismantled of its lead and bells. Since then its windows and doors have been washed out, and some of its walls have been swallowed up by Father Neptune.

West Thorney is an island eight miles in circumference, off the coast of Sussex, and is in the diocese of Chichester. Its parish church is situated close by the seashore, the churchyard being separated from the sea only by a wire fence, so that the edifice itself is but a few feet from the water.

The length of the church seems almost out of proportion to the comparative shortness of the tower and spire, but it is thought that possibly the former once carried a much higher spire, which may have acted as a beacon to mariners, and been seen a long way off. Owing to its very exposed position it probably succumbed to the fury of the storms.

On the north and south sides of the church two small "leper windows" are conspicuous, by means of which those who were afflicted with leprosy and other infectious diseases were permitted to come and witness the "elevation of the Host" in former times. The small lancet windows in the tower seem to show that the edifice was once used for military as well as religious purposes. The tower certainly became the receptacle of contraband goods, smuggled over the sea and brought from foreign climes.

The lighting of the interior is effected by means of lamps suspended from the roof by chains, and which are a copy of those suspended over the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

The south-east of Pembrokeshire, at the entrance to the Bristol Channel, is one of the wildest and most dangerous coasts of Wales. The rocks, rising like a wall out of the sea to a height of several hundred feet, terminate in a bold headland called "St. Gowan's Head," against which the waves break with terrific force. Here, in a chasm of the rocks, is situated the miniature chapel or hermitage of St. Gowan or Gavaine, the nephew of King Arthur.

The little building, though only twenty feet long and twelve feet wide, extends right across a fissure. It is cut mostly out of the solid rock and completed by rough masonry, and has three small windows.

The interior is very rude and perfectly bare of ornament. At the eastern end is a huge flat stone, which served as an altar, and near it is a niche in the wall for holy water. In the floor is a well, about a foot square, the water of which was once said to be a certain cure for diseases of the eye.

On one side of the altar, and approached by six steps, is a strange cavity in the rock bearing resemblance to the figure of a man, and showing the ribs in a diagonal position. A legend has it that the rock first opened to receive a saint who was pursued by pagan persecutors, and afterwards, when danger had passed, opened again to release him, retaining a faint impression of his body.

The tiny chapel of St. Nicholas, at Ilfracombe. For many years it has done service as a lighthouse

High up on the west wall is imprinted the date 1116, in very ancient characters. There are others, but these are almost illegible.

The chapel is approached on the land side by a flight of steps, which tradition says can never be counted by two persons alike. These steps lead you through the chapel and out of the door at the west end down to the miraculous well, which is hollowed out of the rock and is surrounded by rough stone seats.

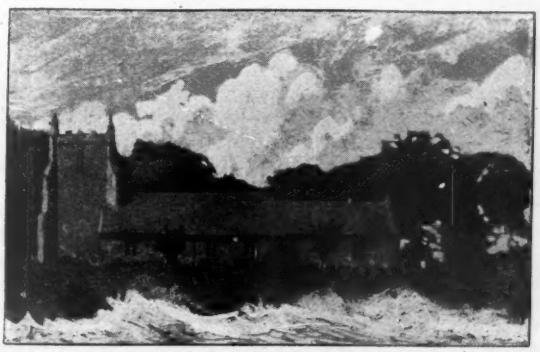
Persons from all parts of Wales came formerly to bathe their diseased limbs in this well of supposed curative virtues.

Another object of interest is a large round stone which, when struck by a pebble, gives out a clear, bell-like sound.

The pious saint who formed this chapel could not have chosen a more suitable spot for concealment, for it can scarcely be distinguished from the rocks and cliffs among which it stands when looked for from a passing vessel. And on the land side no one would imagine that beneath the cliffs, which here overhang the sea, a human habitation could possibly be concealed.

At Rhos, near Colwyn Bay, is a little church which appears to have been built early in the seventeenth century by monks from a monastery in the neighbourhood.

It was probably used by them as a



St. Cuthbert's Church, Aldingham, where the brother of Macaulay is buried

meeting-place, where they would assemble to pray for a good catch of fish in the weir close to their little chapel.

Gunwalloe Church, Cornwall, is one of the oldest and most interesting buildings in the county. The church, which nestles beside a cliff, is at times almost surrounded by water. It is believed to have been erected in the thirteenth century as a grateful offering of its pious founder, who was saved from shipwreck on the spot where the place of worship now stands. The tower was apparently once much higher than now, and is detached from the main building, where service takes place every Sunday. A harvest festival always attracts a crowd to this unique spot, and so many tourists come over from the Lizard that an outdoor service is held on the cliff by the side of the church. So close is the building to the shore that the waves have frequently broken away the walls of the churchyard, and the celebrated Holy Well of Gunwalloe is now filled up with sand.

The little chapel of St. Gowan, on one of the wildest and most dangerous coasts of Wales. It is built in a fissure of the rocks

A few years ago a Norwegian vessel was dashed to pieces within a few yards of the church, and at one time wrecks were terribly frequent on this part of the coast.

A Spanish galleon, with a cargo of 17,000,000 dollars and many bars of gold, was also wrecked near the church over a century ago, and this wealth lies buried under the sands and the rocks where the richly freighted vessel was battered to pieces by the fierce Atlantic waves. Several companies have been formed from time to time with the object of recovering this lost treasure, but as it lies buried on a most exposed part of the coast, and the water even at ebb-tide is six feet deep at the point where the Spanish ship broke up, all these attempts have been unsuccessful. There is no doubt of the existence of this great wealth, for dollars, black with age and the action of the water, are frequently washed up.

Every effort has been made to unearth the treasure; the cliffs behind the church have been cut into, a pathway made through the solid rock, and divers engaged for weeks at a time, but the dollars still remain in the sea.

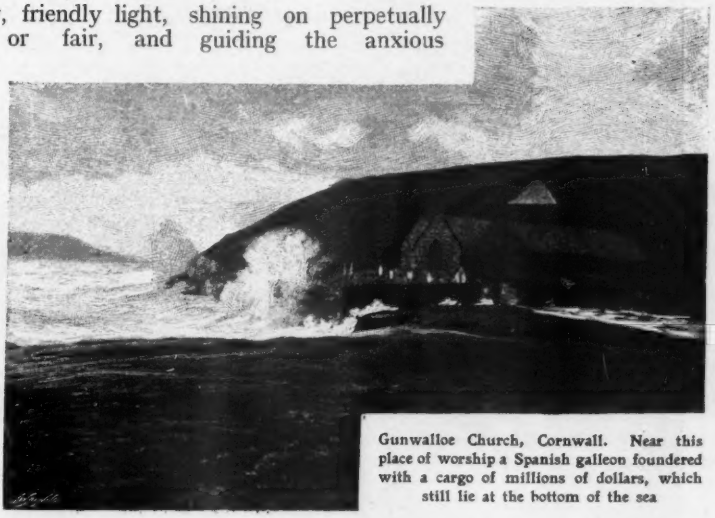
The little Fisherman's Church on Hastings beach is comparatively modern, having been built by Lady Waldegrave in 1854 for the fishing class, to induce them to attend Divine service. It has often been surrounded by the sea at high tide, and in winter the waves sometimes dash against the windows while the congregation is within.

Charles Kingsley, of "Westward Ho!" fame, once preached in this Bethel, and gave his audience a characteristic homily on the duty of devoting muscle and brain to God's service.

At the top of a little cliff adjoining the pier at Ilfracombe, overlooking the Bristol Channel, stands the curious little chapel of St. Nicholas, patron saint of the sea.

Though a duly consecrated sanctuary, it has for ages past, perhaps ever since its erection, served the purpose of a lighthouse as well. The cliff is known as Lantern Hill, and rises above the harbour in picturesque grandeur; but in the winter the waves dash against it in fury. Away across the waters for centuries it has

thrown its steady, friendly light, shining on perpetually through storm or fair, and guiding the anxious mariner on his way.



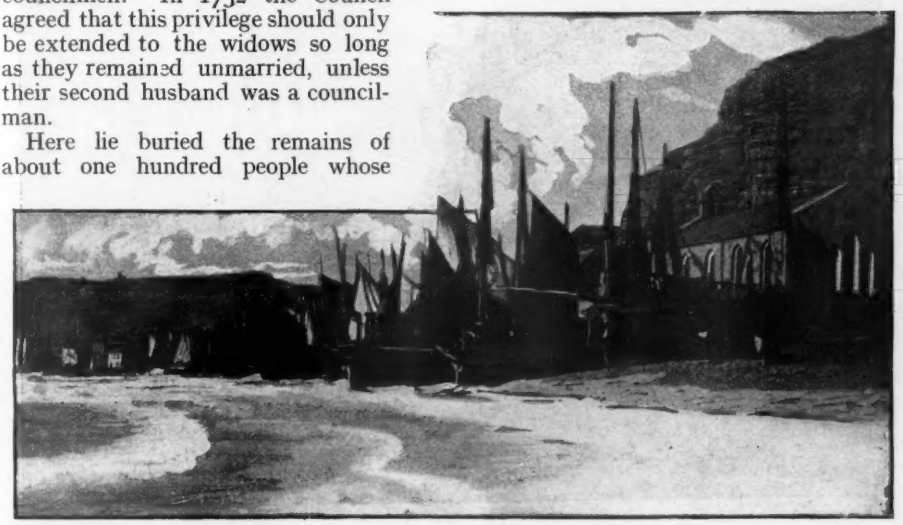
Gunwalloe Church, Cornwall. Near this place of worship a Spanish galleon foundered with a cargo of millions of dollars, which still lie at the bottom of the sea

The churchyard of St. Mary's, Scilly, is unique. In it are to be found tropical plants of great beauty, including aloes and dracænas. The old church, of which only a portion now remains, was originally the only one on the island, and took the form of a cross. Since its restoration, in 1891, it has been used as a mortuary chapel, service being held in the "new" church of St. Mary, which was built in the reign of William IV.

The Communion-table is interesting owing to the fact that there is a long seat on either side of it—one for the councilmen of the island, and the other for their wives and the widows of deceased councilmen. In 1732 the Council agreed that this privilege should only be extended to the widows so long as they remained unmarried, unless their second husband was a councilman.

Here lie buried the remains of about one hundred people whose bodies were washed up from the wreck of the ss. Schiller, which foundered on the fatal rocks near the Bishop's Lighthouse. During a gale the waves frequently wash over into the quiet spot, where—

"Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."



The little Fisherman's Church on Hastings beach. In winter the waves sometimes dash against the windows while the congregation is within

The Herald Angels

The Story of the "Messiah"

Some Incidents in the Life of George Frederick Handel

ADVERSITY is the crucible in which great men are tested. Chatterton, the boy poet, was subjected to the refiner's fire at too tender an age. He did not realise that failure is oftentimes merely distorted success, and so they found him dead with a bottle of poison by his side.

George Frederick Handel, the greatest tone-poet of all the ages, was tried by the same exacting process, but he emerged from the flames many degrees greater in heart and genius. For poverty, while it starves the body, feeds the intellect, and Handel had more than his fair share of this negative form of nourishment.

"The father of us all," as Haydn called him, composed the "Messiah" when his fortunes were at their worst. For years Handel had fought for his own noble musical ideal to no effect. Dr. Parker once said that "there is no secular music; there is music secularised," and against this latter phase of the art Handel set his face. He recognised the Divine in music, as did Carlyle when he wrote: "Who can express the effect music has upon us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for a moment gaze into that."

Handel began his career in London as an opera composer, but although he produced work after work, the aristocracy snubbed him, and his brother artists were unsympathetic, and did their best to bring about his ruin. True, the King and Queen Caroline appreciated his compositions, but they were as unpopular with their subjects as Handel was with those who ought to have been his colleagues. Fashion ruled Handel out, and Fashion triumphed—for a time.

In 1737 he found himself bankrupt and face to face with ruin. It is not surprising that he was stricken down with an attack of paralysis, for the great composer was a prodigious worker, and unappreciated labour plays havoc with health. It is unfortunate that genius should always live with the string of its bow so taut that it is liable to snap without warning and at any moment.

Handel managed to raise sufficient funds to take him to Aix-la-Chapelle, where he resided for a time in order to take the baths before returning to an unappreciative country for another fight and another defeat. His two following compositions, an opera, and a funeral anthem for the death of Queen Caroline, were both failures.

It is on record that when Handel was seven years old he trudged behind his father's carriage for a considerable distance in the vain hope that he might be able to walk to Weissenfels, for which his father—a doctor of repute—was bound. George Frederick had set his soul on going to the place, where there was a fine organ in the duke's private chapel, and his paternal relative was equally determined that he should remain at home. The persistency of George junior got him his own way on this occasion, and he completed his journey inside the conveyance. This tenacity of purpose served him in good stead in the present crisis, and, giving it as his opinion that "sacred music was best suited to a man descending in the vale of years," he decided to write compositions of a purely sacred character.

Thus he proceeded to interpret some of the grandest scriptural passages in the language he knew and loved so well—the universal language of music.

Handel composed the "Messiah" in twenty-four days—a wonderful effort considering the sublimity of the oratorio; and this child of his brain, brought forth in tribulation, was to be his greatest triumph, and win for him an imperishable

crown of glory. According to his manuscript, it was begun on August 22nd, 1741, and finished on the 14th of the following month.

The words were selected for the composer by his friend, Mr. Charles Jennens, who somehow failed to recognise the genius of Handel's rendering of the great Christmas narrative in quavers and crotchets.

The want of appreciation shown to his former works made him diffident about arranging for its performance in London. About this time, however, Handel received an invitation from the Duke of Devonshire, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, to visit Dublin; and taking his score of the new composition with him, he set out for the Irish capital in anticipation of a better reception than had been accorded him in the metropolis. Handel passed through Chester, and Burney has left us a glimpse of him during his stay in the cathedral city. He says:

"When Handel went through Chester on his way to Ireland this year, 1741, I was at the public school in that city, and very well remember seeing him smoke a pipe over a dish of coffee at the Exchange coffee-house; for being extremely anxious to see so extraordinary a man, I watched him narrowly as long as he remained in Chester, which, on account of the wind being unfavourable for his embarking at Parkgate, was several days.

"During this time he applied to Mr. Baker, the organist, my first music-master, to know whether there were any choirmen in the cathedral who could sing *at sight*, as he wished to prove some books that had been hastily transcribed, by trying the choruses which he intended to perform in Ireland. Mr. Baker mentioned some of the most likely singers then in Chester, and, among the rest, a printer of the name of Janson, who had a good bass voice, and was one of the best musicians in the choir.

"A time was fixed for the private rehearsal at the Golden Falcon, where Handel was quartered; but, alas! on trial of the chorus in the 'Messiah' 'And with His stripes we are healed,' poor Janson, after repeated attempts, failed so egregiously that Handel let loose his great bear upon him, and . . . . cried out in broken English: 'You scoundrel! Did not you tell me that you could sing at sight?' 'Yes, sir,' said the printer, 'and so I can; but not at first sight.'"

In Dublin things took a turn for the better. Writing to Jennens, Handel states: "The nobility did me the honour to make amongst themselves a subscription for six nights, which did fill a room of 600 persons, so that I needed not sell one single ticket at the door, and without vanity the performance was received with a general approbation." He adds: ". . . the musick sounds delightfully in this charming room, which puts me in good spirits (and my health being so good) that I exert myself on my organ with more than usual success."

Handel was gruff—he was a German, and it is a characteristic of the race—but he had the heart of a woman. He would do anybody a good turn, and when he had money he gave it away with a liberal hand. What better example of his generosity, or more fitting introduction to the world, could the "Messiah" have had than that which was announced in the Dublin newspapers of the 23rd of March, 1742:

"For the relief of the prisoners in the several gaols, and for the support of Mercer's Hospital, in Stephen's Street, and of the charitable infirmary on the Inn's Quay, on Monday, the 12th of April, will be performed at the Musick Hall in Fishamble Street, *Mr. Handel's new grand oratorio*, called the 'Messiah,' in which the gentlemen of the choirs of both cathedrals will assist, with some concertos on the organ by Mr. Handel."

The success of the new work was instantaneous, and some £400 found its way into the exchequers of the above-mentioned institutions. When the Hallelujah Chorus was first sung at Covent Garden, the whole audience followed the precedent set by King George III., and stood up during its rendering. When asked what inspired his masterpiece, Handel replied reverently, "I did

think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God Himself." And many a listener, be it said, has had the same experience.

The King was so delighted with the "Messiah" that he sent for the composer.

"Well, Master Handel," said his Majesty, "it must be owned you have made us a noble present in your 'Messiah.' It is a brave piece of work!"

"It is!" answered Handel, well pleased.

"It is, indeed!" said the King. "And now tell me what I can do to express my thanks to you for it."

"Give a place to the young man who sang the tenor so well," said the composer, "and I will ever be grateful to your Majesty."

"Joseph shall have a place from this day in our chapel as first tenor," was the Royal reply. "But have you nothing to ask for yourself? I would gladly show my gratitude to you in your own person for the fair entertainment you have provided us all in your 'Messiah.'"

George Friderie Handel

Handel was at the best of times quick-tempered. He flushed, and answered in a disappointed tone:

"Sire, I have endeavoured, not to entertain you, but to make you better!"

Consternation reigned for a moment amongst the astonished Court, but the King was no stranger to this man, who valued his work more than all else.

"Handel," said King George, "you are, and ever will be, a rough old fellow, but a good fellow withal. Go! Do what you will; we remain ever the best friends in the world."

And thus Handel triumphed.

The composer was in no way spoiled by these signs of Royal and public favour, for he was the most level-headed of men. But a dire calamity was approaching, and a few years afterwards he became totally blind.

Burney tells us that: "He continued to play concertos and voluntaries between the parts of his oratorios to the last, with the same vigour of thought and touch for which he was ever justly renowned. To see him, however, led to the organ, after this calamity, at upwards of seventy years of age, and there conducted towards the audience to make his accustomed obeisance, was a sight so truly affecting and deplorable, to persons of sensibility, as greatly diminished their pleasure in hearing his performance."

Last month we were reminded by the tragic death of Sir Henry Irving how exacting are the duties of a servant of the public. Handel's life flickered out in a similar way to that of the great actor's, although the circumstances were not quite so tragic. On Friday, the 6th of April, 1759 he conducted a performance of the "Messiah," and immediately afterwards complained of a deadly faintness. A fortnight after his seizure he was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, where, although the funeral was supposed to be private, we are told "a vast concourse of people of all ranks" assembled to pay their last respects to the man who did more than any other to awaken a love for the good and beautiful in "the sacred art of music."

FELIX BAKER.

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The Editor's decision of the prize must be considered as absolutely final, and writers can only take part on this condition. All stories must deal with the present day.

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Sal's First Prayer

A Complete Story. By J. Harwood Panting

LOCK'S FIELDS is one of the least reputable places of Greater London. That is another way of saying it is one of the most disreputable. It is the abode of vice, misery, and squalor. The locality may have possessed the open stretches of pasturage with which its name is associated at some time in its history, but there is little evidence of it now. Closely packed, rickety tenements, only kept from tumbling by the frail support which each affords to the other; shops where fowls, rabbits, and pigeons are offered for sale to the passer-by; courts and alleys which lead to human pens and hutches scarcely preferable as dwelling-places to those possessed by the poultry.

Into this neighbourhood Agnes Treherne came week by week like an angel of light. Her own home was in Russell Square, but her heart led wherever misery was to be found, suffering to be alleviated. There was misery enough in Lock's Fields, Heaven knows; and the moan of suffering was as deep. One of Agnes's chief works was in connection with an evening class belonging to the Fields Mission.

It was marvellous how this frail, delicate girl managed to hold in check the unruly spirits. All the boys in the neighbourhood regarded her with reverence. There was scarcely a home—if that term could be applied to these rookeries—in which she was not a welcome visitor.

Sarah Beddoes—Sal was the name by which she was usually dignified—was an exception to the general rule. She was the one fiery, untamed spirit who refused allegiance to the gentle rule of Agnes Treherne. She was not more than fourteen, with black, sullen eyes, which, when stirred to passion, shot out flashes of vicious light. She was a match for boy or girl, and, having no exclusive tastes, fought with both.

One Christmas Eve there was more than the usual tumult at the Fields Mission. A rumour had circulated that Sal, after holding out so long, had at last come to the determination to visit the school. A group of rough, uncouth girls, ranging from eight to sixteen, were eagerly questioning Jennie Masters, the only one to whom Sal had announced her intention of visiting the mission-hall.

"Wot's she a-comin' for?" asked one.

"Dunno," replied Jennie sententiously, "'cept that she is a-comin'."

"She ken only read words of one syllable," said another; "and Miss Treherne will never get 'er on to two-'uns, I know!"

"P'r'aps she's comin' to kick up a row," said a third.

"Jest likely," assented Jenny. "Yer can't ever tell wot Sal will be up ter."

Further discussion as to Sal's intentions was stopped by the entrance of Sal herself. She walked across the hall defiantly, as though longing for someone to challenge her right of entry. No one ventured to challenge it, so she took up her position with an air of disappointment on a form at the end of the hall.

The buzz of voices continued, but in a lower key. Now and again a glance would be thrown to the corner where Sal sat. She returned it with an aggressive stare.

Presently Agnes entered, and there was a welcoming shout of "Good-evening, miss!"

"Good-evening, girls!"

In a moment or two all the fresh young voices were joining in a hymn—not, perhaps, according to the most approved methods of harmony, but with a heartiness which fully atoned for any shortcomings in this respect—in the ears, at least, of Agnes.

Suddenly, in the midst of the singing, came a droning noise, very like the sound produced by a hurdy-gurdy. It came from the corner in which Sal sat. Agnes took no notice. The sound increased in volume. It then became evident to the girls for what purpose Sal had come there. She had come with the express intention of ridiculing the proceedings.

When the hymn was finished, Agnes went up to Sal.

"I am very glad you have come, dear. I didn't notice you when I came in. I hope you will come every week."

"No, I sha'n't!" said Sal bluntly.

"Well, then, if you can't come every week, come as often as you can."

"Sha'n't do that, neither!"

"You are here to-night, at any rate, and——"

"But you dunno wot I've come for," interrupted the girl harshly.

"I think I do. You've come to show us that you mean to be some use in the world."

Sal laughed heartily.

"Jimminey! wot a good 'un that is! Use in the world! Mebbe you knows better than me. Seems like it. I didn't come 'ere for stuff like that. Wot I come 'ere for wos a lark."

Agnes looked at the girl in astonishment. She had had some hardened characters to deal with, but never one quite so hardened as this. The girl had one merit, at any rate—the merit of frankness.

Audacity is contagious; and when Sal replied thus audaciously, there were many of the girls who tittered and laughed outright at the dilemma of the kindly teacher. Agnes saw that there would be a rebellion in the school unless she took a firmer stand.

"Come, Sal, let us understand each other. You have come here, you say, for a 'lark'?"

"Em!" said the girl, nodding her head affirmatively, amid more laughter from her companions.

"And you know, as well as I do, that this is not the place for anything of the kind?"

"Em!" again assented Sal, with more nodding of the head, and further laughter from all, save the grave teacher.

"Let me at once say that I am mistress here, and not you." (Sal laughed scornfully at this authoritative statement, while the gentle face of Agnes flushed a deep crimson.) "I am the mistress," she repeated, with emphasis, "and not you; and I intend to be obeyed!"

The sole response of the girl was to imitate the crowing of a cock, an imitation which was so successful that it convulsed some of her audience; while others, now beginning to be conscious of the pain it caused Agnes, kept silent.

"Girls," said Agnes firmly, "there will be no school this evening. Kneel!"

All went upon their knees, except one stubborn girl, while Agnes sent to Heaven a short fervent prayer, so fervent that that dogged figure on the form bent half-forward and listened. Then Agnes dismissed the school.

Sal was the last to leave. As she left she came forward with her former attitude of defiance.

"Think you've dun me, don't cher? But yer 'aven't! I means to come next week."

"Very well, dear. I shall be pleased to see you, on condition that you obey. Will you take this card with you?"

Sal snatched the card from the kindly hand held out to her. She could read enough to make out what it said:

"Thou God seest me."

Then she tore the card into fragments, scattered them on the floor, and left the room.

. . . . .

True to her promise—perhaps we should rather say threat—Sal came to the mission the next week, but Agnes did not come. Owing to her work amongst the poor in all kinds of inclement weather, she had been brought to her bed with a bad attack of bronchitis.

Elliot Marsham, the son of a City merchant, had taken a great interest in the work of Agnes for some time past, and it must also be confessed that this was not unassociated with interest in Agnes herself. At her express wish, Elliot had taken her place at the mission on the week following Sal's introduction there. He had heard all about the girl's conduct, so was, therefore, prepared for emergencies.

To his astonishment, however, she took her seat quietly, and preserved a respectful silence, while he briefly explained the reason of his presence there.

"Now, girls," he said, in conclusion, "I know you all hope that Miss Treherne will soon be with you again. Isn't that so?"

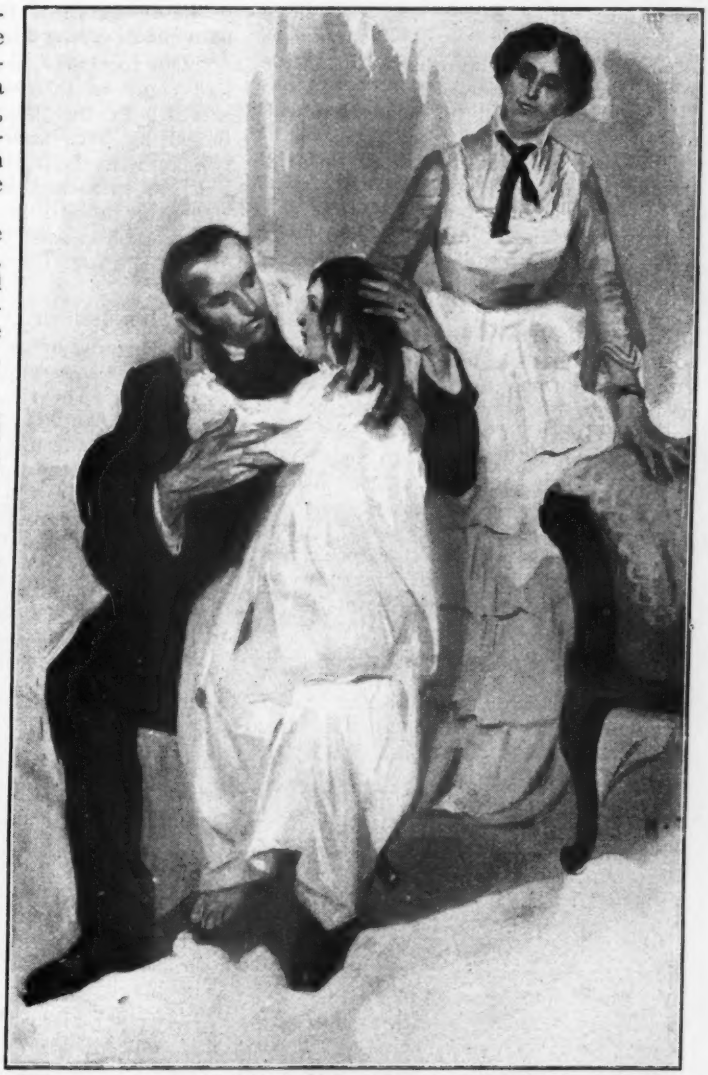
"Yes, sir—yes, sir!" they all shouted, with one exception—Sal Beddoes.

"Very well. May I tell her from you that you will all pray for her to get well again, and hope she will soon be with you?"

"Yes, sir—yes, sir!" came again the eager response from all except one—Sal Beddoes.

"I should like to see all those who send that message," said Elliot, with a last effort to subdue the obstinate girl. "Will all those sending the message stand up?"

Instantly they rose to their feet. But again there was the one exception—the sullen, motionless figure at the end of the room.



"When you have quite finished with Eva," said his wife, "I have found something in the paper which will interest you!"

"Thank you, girls! I'm sure your message will be the best medicine Miss Treherne could have. And all of you send it—all except one!"

He emphasised the last words, but still that figure remained sullen and motionless. She remained so all the evening, though many a questioning look was turned towards her.

When they at length filed out, Sal lingered behind the rest. Then she came up to him, her head bent down.

"Don't want to be a 'ception," she said, jerking out the words with an effort.

"That's right, Sal," said Elliot heartily; "I thought you wouldn't like to be an

exception. Then I will take your love to Miss Treherne ?"

"Em !"—with that queer affirmative nod of the head of hers.

"And I'm to tell her also that you will pray for her ?"

This time Sal was silent. At last she stammered out :

"Don't know how ter."

Then Elliot knelt down, and the girl knelt beside him, and she repeated after him the first prayer her lips had ever uttered.

And that's how it was Elliot was able to take to Agnes a message of love without an exception. As he had prophesied, it proved the very best medicine she could possibly have had, for she soon recovered, and was able to renew the work in which she had taken so keen a delight.

But alas ! Sal never put in an appearance at the mission after this. She had left the neighbourhood, without the slightest hint as to where she was going.

Inquiries were made for her in all directions, but they were unavailing. Elliot began to think that Sal's first prayer would be her last, and that she had recommenced her old career amongst fresh and more vicious associates.

. . . . .

"Elliot !"

Agnes had just come into the room, the daily paper in her hand. Elliot did not hear her at first, so occupied was he in playing with their little daughter on his knee.

"Elliot !" she said again; and laid down the paper.

"Yes, dear !"

"When you have quite finished with Eva," said his wife, laughing, "I have found something in the paper which will interest you."

The Rev. Elliot Marsham—for he was now a minister—had been of such help to Agnes in her work among the poor, and there had been so many things in which they were in sympathy, that they had at last decided to become partners for life, and had joined their fortunes the better to help poverty and distress. This was seven years ago. Very nobly during those years they had worked together, and in many parts of the metropolis their name had become a household word.

"One rosebud," as Elliot described her, had come to them—little Eva. She it was whom the fond father had been devouring with kisses when Agnes had come in with the paper.

Elliot smoothed Eva's curls, put his fingers on the little girl's lips as an intimation that she was to be silent, and, taking the paper from his wife's hand, read as follows :

"HEROISM OF A SERVANT-GIRL.

"A splendid act of heroism was accomplished by a servant-girl at Southwark last night. The shop in which she was employed caught fire, and the flames had reached the upper part of the building, in which the inmates were sleeping, before an alarm was raised. The master and mistress were saved, and then it was discovered that the flames had cut off all access to the attic in the house in which the servant-girl, Jane Bowen, and three small children were sleeping. When all hope of a rescue had been given up, Jane Bowen appeared at the window with the youngest child—only two years old—in her arms.

"The fire-escape had not arrived, but a ladder had been placed against the wall. A fireman mounted up it. It scarcely reached the window, but the heroic girl had placed the child inside a sheet and lowered it to the fireman, who in turn handed it to a comrade below. Twice Jane Bowen ventured into the burning building, and each time returned with a child. Last of all she was taken down the ladder, but, sad to state, she was so shockingly burnt that little hope is entertained of her recovery."

"What a brave girl !" Eva exclaimed. "Where can she be ? Cannot we do something to aid her ? Nothing that human skill can do should be left undone to save her."

"Just my opinion, dear. We will do what we can. God, in His infinite mercy, will do the rest. The thing is to find out in which hospital she is."

A servant entered at that moment with a note. It was from the head-nurse of St. Thomas's Hospital.

"Dear sir," it ran. "We have a patient,

Jane Bowen, in —— Ward, who is very anxious to see you and Mrs. Marsham. She is not expected to recover, so would you kindly come at once ? "

" Jane Bowen ! " exclaimed Agnes. " Why that is the very girl you have been reading about. It seems as though God had divined our wish."

" Indeed it does ; but how ever could she have got hold of our name ? "

" That puzzles me, dear ; but we shall soon find out."

In half an hour's time they had reached the hospital. They were at once admitted to the ward, and conducted to the patient.

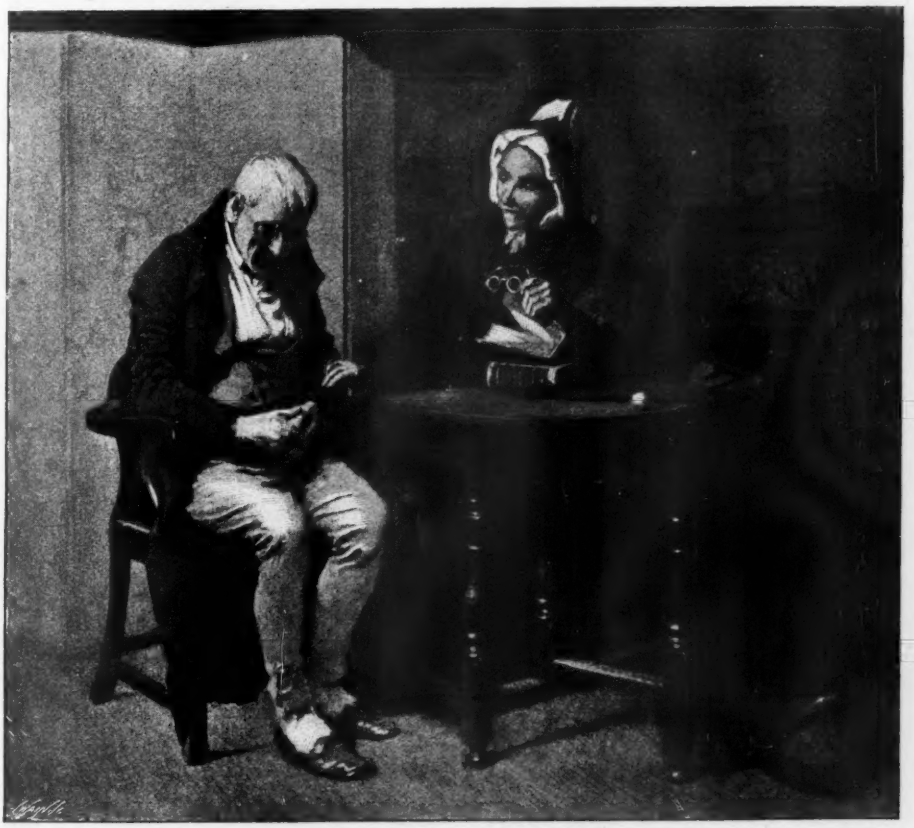
Then they discovered, in spite of the bandages which swathed her head, that Jane Bowen was none other than their old friend Sal Beddoes.

" I dare say you wondered what had become of me," she said ; " but I was ashamed of the old name and the old life, and so I changed both. I wanted to see you and thank you before I go. You altered my life. I always remembered the text you gave me, though I did tear it up—' Thou God seest me.' I remembered it when the flames were round me. The thought of it gave me courage. And now I am going to see Him."

Her voice had become very low as she turned to Elliot and whispered :

" Will you repeat the prayer we said together at the mission ? "

Elliot did so, and at its close she fervently whispered, " Amen ! " And with it the soul of Sal Beddoes took its flight.



" At evening-time it shall be light "

DID YOU KNOW THIS ABOUT CHRISTMAS?

Out-of-the-way Facts Anent the Festive Season

The World's Biggest Goose Club

The most wonderful goose club in the world is that organised by the Ragged School Union. It has seven thousand members, and, because of the great power that lies in combination, seven thousand London people get their Christmas dinner at a marvellously cheap rate.

Seven thousand people pay sixpence a week for thirteen weeks. That makes six-and-sixpence; and for that amount each of the seven thousand receives a fat goose, a Christmas pudding weighing two pounds, and half a pound of tea. And the skilled management of the Ragged School Union Goose Club contrives so that the club pays its way.

The goods are distributed on the two days preceding Christmas, and on the day itself seven thousand people, scattered all over London, sit down to the dinner, without which it would not seem a proper Christmas Day.

Where They Keep the Yule Log

In Naples they let off fireworks on Christmas Day. In many country villages the householder procures a small oak-tree, which is decorated with coloured silk ribbon and gold thread, then placed in the fire till burnt.

The Neapolitan Yule logs correspond to our own, but when half burnt are taken from the fire and carefully preserved—superstition crediting the unburnt half with power to ward off evil.

Foretelling Weather by Onions

In accordance with an old French superstition, the weather for the ensuing year can be foretold on Christmas Day.

The method employed is strictly unscientific. The French peasant takes twelve onions, representing the twelve months, and places salt on the top of them. Those on which the salt melts by Epiphany will be wet months; those on which it remains, dry months.

No facts are known, however, as to the accuracy of this weather prophecy.

A Procession of Living Pictures

The little Belgian town of Furnes celebrates Christmas in a strange way. By a costume procession the inhabitants depict, in a vivid fashion, incidents in the Saviour's life.

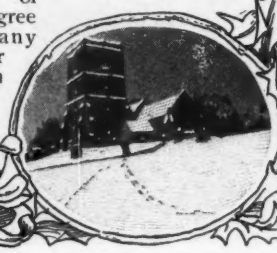
Many sections make the procession, each section led by a girl bearing a cross, who announces the scene that is to follow. After scenes from the Old Testament come others illustrating the life of Christ—the shepherds watching by night, the flight into Egypt, Christ and the doctors in the Temple, and Christ carrying the Cross.

Something About Christmas Boxes

In the early history of the Church, all Christmas boxes were for the benefit of the poor. Into a box in the church, called the Christmas box, people placed their offerings, which were divided at Christmas among those who were distressed and in need.

Many will think that the old custom was the best. And those who think the demanding of Christmas boxes presumptuous and a nuisance will be interested to learn that in 1660 the Corporation of London passed the following resolution against the custom:

"Forasmuch as it is not becoming or agreeable to propriety that those who are in service should, after perverse custom, be begging aught of people, like paupers, and soliciting oblations from brewers, bakers, cooks, and other victuallers, and more than once threatened wrongfully to do them an injury if they should refuse to give them something, it was ordered and established that no valet or other servant should in future beg or require of any person of any rank or degree whatsoever any moneys under colour of an oblation, or in any way, on pain of losing his office."



Preachers as Printers—

Congregations as Printers—A New Idea in Church Work

IN the fifteenth century, William Caxton, the father of English printing, set up his first press in an apartment close by Westminster Abbey, and the Dean and Chapter of that time were his landlords.

The Rev. Charles A. Hall setting type

The Rev. F. W. Cobb, the genial and energetic rector of St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate Street, London, has, therefore, a good precedent for using one of the rooms adjoining his church as a printing office.

From this room Mr. Cobb, assisted by members of his congregation, edits, prints, and publishes his church magazine and many of the pamphlets necessary to his work. This novel printing establishment might be taken for a representation in miniature of what the office of a provincial newspaper might have been fifty years ago.

On Saturday afternoon Dr. Cobb meets his helpers in this room, and, discarding their jackets, don the printer's apron. They each take up their position at the case or machine, and work in real earnest. Then begins a spell of downright hard work for Dr. Cobb. But what is hard work in a hobby? He is here giving instruction to the compositor as to the "setting up" of the type, there correcting the stitching of the binder, and at the same time, as it seems, he is assisting the machine-man. In the intervals between dashing about among the men, he is writing optimistic leaders, or, maybe, picking to threads some abortive scheme. He is in truth a man of many parts, and to see him busy in the printing office one would think he had been brought up to it from his youth, and that he had never entered the pulpit in his life.

Whatever tempted him to take on such curious work? is a question one naturally asks. Let Dr. Cobb answer in his own way. He says:

"Why did I start printing my own magazine? In the first place, memories of the day when I edited one newspaper and wrote the leading articles of another haunted my soul, and I felt I wanted to get back to the atmosphere of printer's ink. Many an hour have I spent in the composing-room of a large London printing house correcting proofs, revising

Dr. Cobb, preacher, printer, and Editor

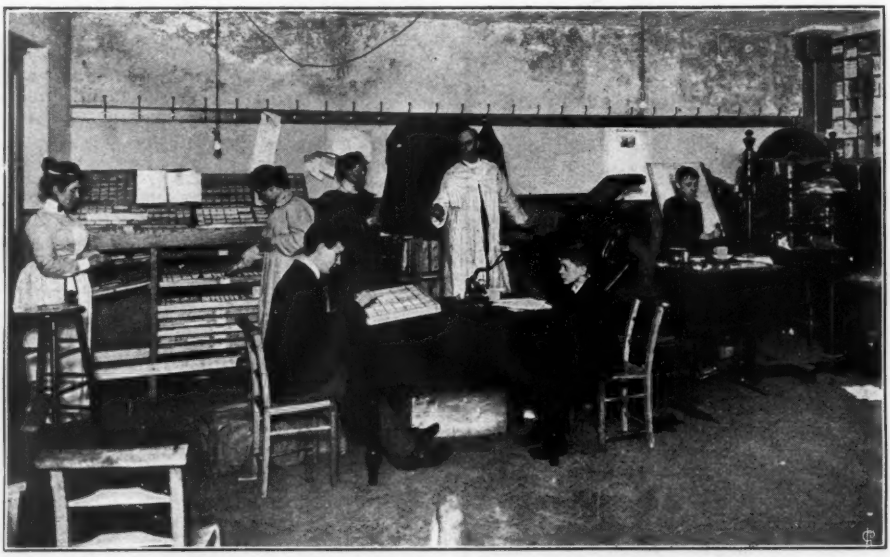
pages, ordering the make-up, and seeing the paper 'to bed.'

"In the second place, every writer knows something of the feeling which made Bishop Stubbs declare that his favourite recreation was the reading of proof-sheets. How much might the gaiety of writers be increased if they could not merely correct proofs of their copy, but correct their own setting as well! Or consider how nice it would have been if Mr. R. D. Blackmore could have set his own title-pages, and so have been saved strong language against the compositor who had an objection to full-points there or after apostrophes! 'Every writer his own compositor' would leave no point to the gibe of the man who said that printers had persecuted him without a cause.

"But these are poor, transcendental reasons. The real, driving, compelling cause was of a purely mundane character, capable of being expressed in terms of filthy lucre. I took to printing because I had to print, and could not afford to pay a printer.

"The position of a City incumbent is not quite so comfortable as the layman supposes. He has no longer the large income of former days, he cannot command the band of workers which a suburban parish supplies, and hence he must not only do much of the detailed work himself, but also finance it. Printing, like most other earthly instruments, costs money, and if the long arm is to be used the conclusion seems inevitable that the poor parson must be his own printer."

When first entering the office of the "St. Ethelburga's Magazine," one is struck by the presence of women in the office. This is the only printing establishment in London where women are actually engaged at the machine, and Dr. Cobb appears to be thoroughly satisfied with their work. In a word of advice to any brother parson who might contemplate setting up a printing plant, he says: "Don't be afraid to put your trust in women. They make excellent compositors, and do not—*mirabile dictu!*—shrink from the black, inky work; and very dirty, as everybody knows, do they become who have much to do with printer's type and printer's ink."



The Rev. F. W. Cobb, D.D., and his staff at work setting up type and printing his parish magazine in a room adjoining St. Ethelburga's Church, London

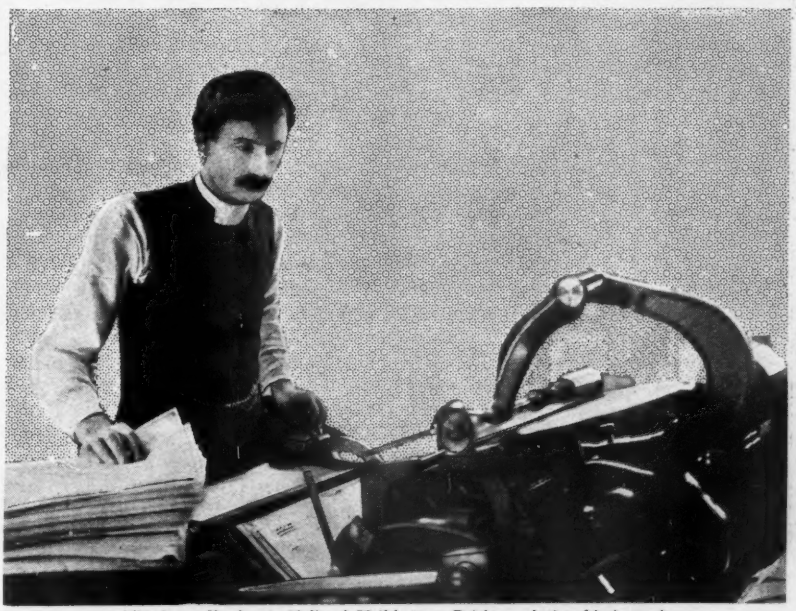
It would be thought that Dr. Cobb would be alone in his dual capacity of preacher and printer, but facts show that it is not so. The Rev. Charles A. Hall, of Meikleriggs, Paisley, is also proficient in the use of the "case," the "stick," and so on, and his work is of a more pretentious character even than that of Dr. Cobb. He not only prints for his church, but he commits to type many of his own lucubrations. He is a great authority on food reform, and owns, publishes, edits, and prints "The Scottish Health Reformer." This journal is a very fine production indeed.

The question of parsons becoming their own printers is one which might very profitably occupy the mind of religious workers. One of the great items which the treasurer of the church has to face at quarter-day is the printer's bill, and how gladly would he welcome any attempt which would tend to delete this source of trouble! The minister has often a crowd of willing workers who would gladly assist him in the work of printing —indeed, they would welcome it as an interesting pastime. Then why not make use of them? Again, the missionary in a foreign land, with his little press and special fount, would find that it would be useful to him in a hundred and one ways. He would find that his field of influence would be miraculously enlarged by the judicious spreading of literature from his own press. Instead of laboriously duplicating hundreds of letters of the same kind by hand, he would simply have to set it up once, and then a hundred copies would be but the work of a few minutes.

But where could one get the technical knowledge for such work? Well, for ordinary purposes, a text-book would suffice. Of course, Dr. Cobb and Mr. Hall have a very intimate acquaintance with the printer's art; but this is not a sine quâ non for the production of small pamphlets and the like.

Yes, there is a great deal in this suggestion, and it may not be long before a small printing plant is included in the furniture inventory of every church.

G. H. SAUNDERS.



The Rev. Charles A. Hall, of Meikleriggs, Paisley, printing his journal

Photograph by *Philco Publishing Co.*

Meditation

Character *v.* Wealth

By Orison Swett Marden

"WHAT is the best thing to possess?" asked an ancient philosopher of his pupils. One answered: "Nothing is better than a good eye"—a figurative expression for a liberal and contented disposition. Another said: "A good companion is the best thing in the world;" a third chose a good neighbour; and a fourth a wise friend. But Eleazar said: "A good heart is better than them all."

"True," said the master; "thou hast comprehended in two words all that the rest have said, for he that hath a good heart will be contented, a good companion, a good neighbour, and will easily see what is fit to be done by him."

Queen Caroline Matilda of Denmark wrote on the window of her prison, with her diamond ring: "Oh, keep me innocent; make others great!"

"What property has he left behind him?" people ask when a man dies; but the angel who receives him asks: "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"

"Please, sir, buy some matches!" said a little boy, with a poor thin blue face, his feet bare and red, and his clothes only a bundle of rags, although it was very cold in Edinburgh that day. "No, I don't want any," said the gentleman. "But they're only a penny a box!" the little fellow pleaded. "Yes; but, you see, I don't want a box." "Then I'll gie ye two boxes for a penny," the boy said at last.

"And so, to get rid of him," says the gentleman who tells the story, "I bought a box. But then I found I had no change, so I said: 'I'll buy a box tomorrow.'

"'Oh, do buy them the nicht,' the boy pleaded again; 'I'll rin and get ye the change, for I'm very hungry!' So I gave him the shilling, and he started away. I waited for the boy, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling; but still there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think badly of him.

"Late in the evening a servant came, and said a little boy wanted to see me. When the child was brought in I found it was a smaller brother of the boy who got the shilling, but, if possible, still more ragged and thin and poor. He stood a moment diving into his rags, as if he were seeking something, and then said: 'Are you the gentleman that bought matches frae Sandie?' 'Yes.' 'Weel, then, here's fourpence oot o' yer shillin'. Sandie canna coom. He's no weel. A cart ran over him and knocked him doon, and he lost his bonnet and his matches, and your elevenpence; and both his legs are broken, and he's no weel at a', and the doctor says he'll dee. And that's a' he can gie ye the noo'—putting fourpence down on the table. And then the child broke down into great sobs. So I fed the little man, and then I went with him to see Sandie.

"I found that the two little things lived with a wretched drunken stepmother; their own father and mother were both dead. I found poor Sandie lying on a bundle of shavings. He knew me as soon as I came in, and said: 'I got the change, sir, and was coming back; and then the horse knocked me down, and both my legs are broken. And Reuby, little Reuby! I am sure I am deein'! And who will take care o' ye, Reuby, when I am gane? What will ye do, Reuby?'

"Then I took the poor little sufferer's

hand, and told him I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength to look at me as if he would thank me; then the expression went out of his blue eyes."

Heaven meant principle to that little match-boy, bruised and dying. He knew little where he was to go, but he knew better than most of those who would have spurned him from their carriages the value of honesty, truth, nobility, sincerity, genuineness—the qualities that go to make heaven.

"I will give a hundred French louis to anyone who will venture to deliver these unfortunate people," said Count Spolverini, when the swollen Adige swept away the bridge of Verona with the exception of the centre arch. On this section stood a house, whose inmates cried for help from the windows as they saw the foundation slowly giving way. A young peasant seized a boat and pushed into the flood. He gained the pier, took the whole family into the little boat, and carried them safely to land. "Here is your money, my brave young fellow," said the count. "No," said the youth; "I do not sell my life. Give the money to this poor family, who have need of it!"

During an epidemic of yellow fever in Savannah, the whole force in a leading chemist's fled except one young clerk, who refused to leave the post of duty, in spite of the protestations of his friends, and remained until the proprietor ordered him to close the doors. He went at once to another shop, where he worked day and night, without even removing his clothes for sleep, and allowing himself but scanty time for meals.

The owner of this shop was stricken with fever, and the boy nursed him until the man died. The cook was next prostrated, and he watched with her, saving her life. A bosom friend was taken ill at this time; and the clerk, without neglecting his duties, nursed him to convalescence, when he, too, was prostrated by the relentless plague.

Then the young man who had been nursed to recovery showed his gratitude, watching with the clerk day and night, although the task was too great for his strength. "I will stick to him to the last," and "I shall not sleep to-night," were his last messages sent to friends who had not dared to come near. Both died that night.

In a similar epidemic at Memphis the members of the Relief Committee were at their wits' end to obtain watchers, when a man with coarse features, close-cropped hair, and shuffling gait went directly to one of the attending physicians, and said: "I want to nurse."

The doctor looked at him critically, concluded he was not fitted for the work in any way, and replied: "You are not needed."

"I wish to nurse," persisted the stranger. "Try me for a week. If you don't like me then, dismiss me; if you do, pay me my wages."

"Very well," said the doctor, "I'll take you, although, to be candid, I hesitate to do so." Then he added mentally: "I'll keep my eye on him."

But the man soon proved that he needed nobody's eye upon him. In a few weeks he had become one of the most valuable nurses on that heroic force. He was tireless and self-denying. Wherever the pestilence raged most fiercely he worked hardest. The suffering and the sinking adored him. To the neglected and the forgotten his rough face was as the face of an angel.

He acted so strangely on pay-days, however, that he was followed through back streets to an obscure place, where he was seen to put his whole week's earnings into a relief-box for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers. Not long afterwards he sickened and died of the plague; and when his body was prepared for its unnamed grave—for he had never told who he was—a livid mark was found which showed that John, the nurse, had been branded as a convicted felon.

That is but a low standard of greatness which measures a man by his employment, or what he can buy, rather than by what he is. A hod-carrier may be infinitely superior to the millionaire under whose bricks he staggers. The real world in which the labourer lives, as shown by his lofty conversation and

noble living, may be as far above that of his employer as heaven is high above hell. The greatest monetary success on earth may be the dreariest failure in the world to come.

An Arab who fortunately escaped death after losing his way in the desert, without provisions, tells of his feelings when he found a bag full of pearls just as he was about to abandon all hope. "I shall never forget," said he, "the relish and delight that I felt on supposing it to be fried wheat, nor the bitterness and despair I suffered on discovering that the bag contained pearls."

King Midas, in the ancient myth, asked that everything he touched might be turned into gold, for then, he thought, he would be perfectly happy. His request was granted, but when his clothes, his food, his drink, the flowers he plucked, and even his little daughter, whom he kissed, were all changed into yellow metal, he begged that the golden touch might be taken from him. He had learned that many other things are intrinsically far more valuable than all the gold that was ever dug from the earth.

Socrates did not teach for money, but to propagate wisdom. He declared that the highest reward he could enjoy was to see mankind benefited by his labours.

Agassiz would not lecture at a hundred pounds a night because he had no time to make money. Spurgeon would not speak for fifty nights in America at two hundred pounds a night because he said he could do better—he could stay in London and try to save two hundred souls.

All honour to the comparative few in every walk of life who, amid the strong materialistic tendencies of our age, still speak and act honestly, inspired by the hope of rewards other than gold or popular favour. These are our truly great men and women. They labour in their ordinary vocations with no less zeal because they give time and thought to higher things.

Luther's will stated that he left "no money, no treasures of any kind or description," yet the king did not sit upon his throne so securely as did Luther upon the throne of honour.

"These are my jewels," said Cornelia to the Campanian lady who asked to see her gems; and she pointed with pride to her boys returning from school. The reply was worthy the daughter of Scipio Africanus and wife of Tiberius Gracchus. The most valuable production of any country is its crop of men.

A man may make millions and be a failure still. Money-making is not the highest success. The life of a well-known millionaire was not truly successful. He had but one ambition. He coined his very soul into sovereigns. Money was his sun, and was mirrored in his heart. He strangled all other emotions, and hushed and stifled all nobler aspirations. He grasped his riches tightly till stricken by the scythe of death, when, in the twinkling of an eye, he was transformed from one of the richest men who ever lived in this world to one of the poorest souls that ever went out of it.

"The truest test of civilisation," says Emerson, "is not the census nor the size of cities, nor the crops—no, but the kind of man the country turns out."

Character is success, and there is no other.

The passion for wealth often stifles every noble aspiration. Old Mayer Rothschild was called "one of the most devout worshippers that ever laid a withered soul upon the altar of Mammon."

Is it any wonder that our young men start out with a false idea of the great object of life when they see everybody else bowing and scraping and running after the men with crowns of gold upon their heads, but with corruption in their hearts?

"Not a child did I injure," says the epitaph of an Egyptian ruler who lived in a pagan age more than forty centuries ago. "Not a widow did I oppress. Not a herdsman did I ill-treat. There were no beggars in my day, no one starved in my time. And when the years of famine came, I ploughed all the lands of the province to its northern and southern boundaries, feeding its inhabitants and providing their food. There was no starving person in it, and I made the widow to be as though she possessed a

husband." What ruler can say as much in our enlightened age?

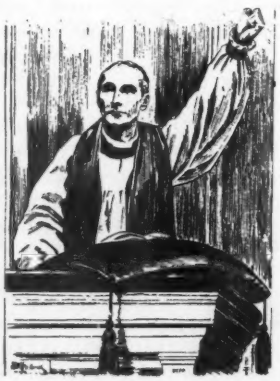
"My kingdom for a horse!" said Richard III. of England, amid the press of Bosworth Field. "My kingdom for a moment!" said Queen Elizabeth on her death-bed. And millions of others, when they have felt earth, its riches and power slipping from their grasp, have shown plainly that deep down in their hearts they value such things at naught when really compared with the blessed light of life, the stars and flowers, the companionship of friends, and, far above all else, the opportunity of growth and development here and of preparation for future life.

Doing good to others is the greatest pleasure of life. History demonstrates what the Bible teaches—that love is the greatest thing in the world. A beautiful illustration comes to us from the life of Mr. Charles N. Crittendon, who has strikingly lived up to the Golden Rule. When he became as rich as he thought he ought to be, he took into partnership five of the heads of departments in his great wholesale house in New York. The voluntary transfer by a man of large means of a large interest in his business to his employees without the payment of a penny is unique in this money-grasping age.

Thank God there are some things beyond the reproach of "influence" and better than the madness for wealth! Gold cannot vie with virtue, and social position does not create manhood. Trusts and monopolies only control the lower things of life.

There are men who choose honesty as a soul companion. They live in it, with it, by it. They embody it in their actions and lives. Their words speak it. Their faces beam it. Their actions proclaim it. They love it. It is to them like a god. Not gold or crowns or fame could bribe them to leave it. It makes them beautiful men—noble, great, brave, righteous men.

"No man has come to true greatness," said Phillips Brooks, "who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him He gives him for mankind."



The Bishop of London, preaching at Westminster Abbey, referred to "When It Was Dark" as "That remarkable work of fiction." It is unquestionably the greatest serial story of the year, and those who have not already done so may begin reading it in the December (Xmas) Number of "The Sunday Magazine." Now on sale, 6d., everywhere.

The Superb Christmas Number

of "THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE" is now on sale. Everything about it is special except the price, which remains at 6d. Among a feast of literary and pictorial fare may be mentioned:

"AN EVANGELIST IN CLAY": The Bible as interpreted by George Tinworth. *Illustrated.*

"UNIQUE CHRISTMAS SERVICES": Festivals Held in Salt Mines and on Mountain Tops. *Illustrated.*

"ANGELS IN OILSKINS": The Gallant Work of Britain's Storm Kings. *Illustrated.*

"THE GOSPEL ON THE STAGE": A Chat with the Rev. G. Ernest Thorn. *Illustrated.*

"PUBLIC-SCHOOL CHAPELS": Where Some of Our Greatest Statesmen Worshipped in Their 'Teens. *Illustrated.*

FOUR COMPLETE STORIES, and a long instalment of "When It Was Dark," which may be begun in this number.

Sacred Art of Long Ago

Some Interesting Pictures from an Old Bible

SOME of the work of old illustrators of the Bible provides us with pictures which appear very quaint to modern eyes, especially when one bears in mind the wonderful work accomplished by James Tissot, the famous painter of Bible subjects, who devoted a great part of his life to that purpose. Yet even in these old illustrations of the Bible sincerity is evident — sincere feeling inspired their conception.

The illustrations accompanying this article are taken direct from old copies of a Bible now in the British Museum. The first deals with the entering into the Ark. "And the Lord said unto Noah, come thou and all thy house into the Ark. Of every clean beast thou shalt take to thee by sevens . . . . and of beasts that are not clean by two, the male and the female."

1.—The animals entering the Ark. Note the modern dog

It was possibly the artist's intention to suggest the presence of the Lord by the billowy clouds at the top of the picture. The white-faced sheep in the left-hand corner seem to listen attentively to Noah's supplication. In the background a little group of people watch the animals coming in orderly pairs from different directions, trooping joyfully into the Ark. The elephants, the most conspicuous animals, move sedately; just in front the horses are prancing to the gangway on their hind legs. The dog with Noah has a strangely modern appearance.

The burial of Abraham (No. 2) does not call for much comment. It depicts the body of Abraham being carried to the field which he purchased of the "sons of Heth," to be buried there by the side of Sarah, his wife. The artist has carefully labelled the oddly-shaped coffin with Abraham's name. The monkish costumes in which he has arrayed the funeral procession appear curiously inappropriate at such an early stage of the world's history.

Three of the pictures are incidents from Exodus. In the finding of Moses in the bulrushes (No. 5) the daughter of

2.—The burial of Abraham. The artist has carefully labelled the oddly-shaped coffin with the Patriarch's name

3.—Samson carrying away the gates "to the top of the hill that is before Hebron"

Pharaoh is easily recognised, as the artist, faithful in details, has portrayed her with a crown. Three of her maids are in attendance, one of whom bends down to draw nearer the tiny "ark of bulrushes, daubed with slime and with pitch." The hillside, on which, beneath the triangle-shaped sun, is a shepherd with his sheep, is very steep indeed, and the "majestic Nile" is pictured as a river that winds at every yard. The zigzag lines employed to show the currents give rather the appearance of a hard main road.

Here, again, it is a pity that the dresses of the maids in attendance present a modern appearance; but in the picture of Moses and the burning bush (No. 4) the artist has got well away from any sense of modernity in his picture. He has succeeded splendidly. It was evidently his idea to make a progressive picture of the third chapter of Exodus.

4.—In this picture three separate incidents in the life of Moses are depicted

Moses is represented in three separate incidents of the story told in that chapter. To the left of the picture he is tending "the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, the priest of Midian." In the foreground he is taking off his shoes, in obedience to the command of the Lord, "for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." To the right of the picture he bows down before the Lord, Who has shown Himself in "a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush." And here the story is taken a step further, for the rod of Moses, that has become a serpent, is already crawling on the ground before him.

The whole picture is simple and impressive; and the artist's conception of the Lord, wreathed with fire, but stretching out kindly hands, is unaffected and reverential.

The third scene from Exodus (No. 6) is the plague of frogs visiting Pharaoh as he sits at meat. They swarm up the tablecloth, and look up at him from the table itself. It looks as if the artist had borrowed the dresses of his characters from the stage costumes of the time, and the headgear of the man on Pharaoh's right is reminiscent of the type of dress usually associated with a privileged jester. It is difficult to find any explanation for the antics of the men and animals in the courtyard outside, unless they are intended to show fear of the plague.

Picture No. 7 shows Absalom being caught up by his hair in the "thick boughs of a great oak" when escaping from David's pursuing army, after severe defeat, and the great slaughter of twenty thousand men. "For the battle was scattered over the face of all the country; and the wood devoured more people that day than all the sword devoured." The artist is faulty in this picture, for he has drawn the branch at such a height that, unless Absalom had been standing on the back of his mule, his hair could not possibly have been caught up in it.

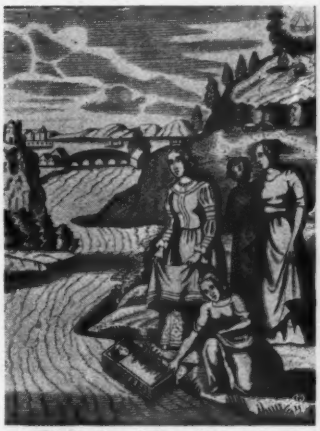
Perhaps this is another example of a progressive picture—an attempt to show more than one incident in the same drawing. For in the story as told in the Bible there is a distinct space of time between the catching up of Absalom and his death at the hands of Joab. But in the picture, in the very moment of Absalom's misadventure, before even the mule has had time to gallop away, Joab has in position the first of the three darts with which he takes Absalom's life. Joab's horse has no stirrups, nor its rider spurs.

In his representation of Samson carrying away the city gates (No. 3), the artist has been as successful as in the picture of Moses and the burning bush. He has realised his idea finely. All night

the Gazites have lain in wait for Samson, and the city gates are barred and fast. But at midnight Samson rose up "and took the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts, bar and all" . . . . and, with that wonderful load upon his shoulders, goes forth in triumph.

In the picture he is seen staggering under his giant burden, carrying the gates up "to the top of the hill that is before Hebron." No gates can hold him —the man of the world's strength—and behind him is the city of his hoodwinked enemies. Exultant in this strength that has set a nation against him, Delilah shall destroy him at the last.

A weird and fearsome thing (No. 10) is the fish which swallowed up Jonah, and in which the prophet remained three days and nights. The fish is depicted in the very act of casting Jonah on to the land. The fish is a terrifying creature, with queer fins and great eyes. Its body and monstrous tail appear to be high in the air, well above the water, and close in to shore; it has stirred up great waves behind the hapless Jonah.



5.—The finding of Moses in the bulrushes. The dresses of the women are decidedly modern in appearance

6.—The plague of frogs visiting Pharaoh. One of the guests is apparently the king's jester

Perhaps the quaintest pictures are those of scenes from the New Testament (Nos. 8 and 9). The former represents the miracle "in the country of the Gergesenes"—Christ casting out the devils from the man who came "out of the tombs, exceeding fierce, so that no man might pass by that way." The sufferer is writhing on the ground; a chain round his leg has just been broken; and the devils are shown coming out of his mouth in the shape of little imps with horned heads. In the background the swine are running down into the sea. This is departing a little from the Bible narrative, for the swine do not appear to be "running violently down a steep place," but along ground particularly smooth.

The last picture shows the miracle of the fishes. Simon Peter and his partners, having "toiled all the night and taken nothing," are amazed at the great haul of fishes after they have let down

7.—Absalom caught up by his hair—an impossibility as the artist has drawn it

8.—Christ casting out devils, which are represented as horned imps

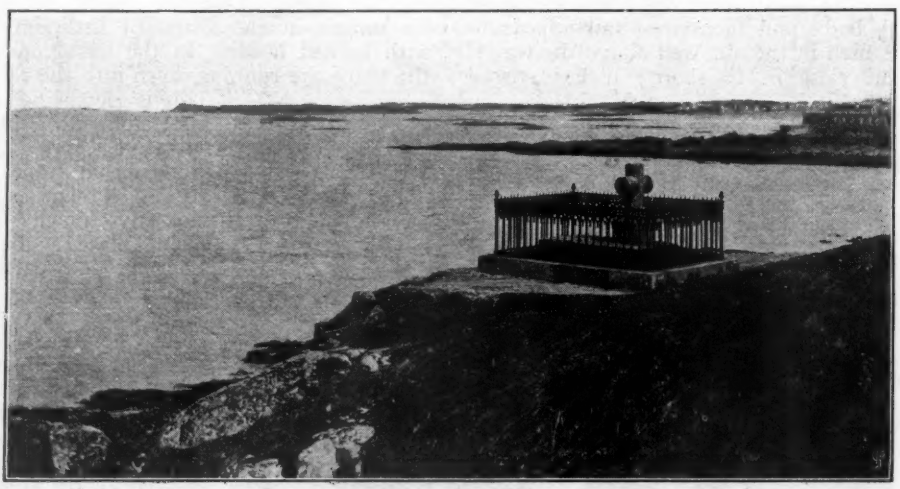
9.—The fish casting Jonah on to the land. The former seems to be half whale and half dolphin

10.—The miracle of the fishes. The artist has drawn two boats so small and frail that it is a mystery how the disciples can stand up with safety in them. The fish are of unknown species. Modern villas and a church are to be seen in the distance

the net at the word of Jesus, who has been talking to the people from Simon's boat. The artist has drawn two boats so small and frail that it is a mystery how James and John can stand up with safety in them; perhaps for this reason he has placed them very near to the shore. The two birds on the lake side are also sharing in the great catch. All shapes of fish are in Peter's boat, most of them being of unknown species. In the other James and John are pulling up the laden net with a great effort Modern villas and a church are in the distance.

But in this picture, as in all the others which suggest, or else actually represent, the presence of Christ or the Deity, the note of simple reverence is plainly marked. The quaintness of these pictures to us in modern times really helps but to strengthen the impression of sincerity which it was undoubtedly the artist's intention to convey.

HERBERT SHAW



The lonely tomb of Chateaubriand, the famous Frenchman, who expressed a wish that he might be buried on the spot where he entered the world. His mother was shipwrecked on this bleak rock, and during the night the boy was born

A Complete Story for the Children

Translated by Caroline Corner-Ohlmutz from the Swedish

THERE was once a king who had a little daughter, whom he dearly loved, and when she grew up she was considered the loveliest girl in the land.

Now, a great and terrible war broke out, and the king had to go himself to help drive the enemy back.

Accordingly, he had a high tower built in the heart of the forest, and, placing his lovely daughter therein, confided her to the care of her maid. After this he rode away to battle.

There were many young princes and nobles who had yearnings for a sight of the pretty princess. But this was impossible. So angered were they that they determined, if they possibly could, to defeat the king's purpose. And so they went to consult a witch, who readily promised to assist them, and bade them depart.

Putting some apples into a basket, the witch wended her way to the tower.

The princess and her maid, seated embroidering by the window, looked out, and, seeing the old woman with her basket of apples, thought how much they would like some. So they called and told her so.

"You are welcome to them, pretty princess, if you will lower a basket for them."

Without a thought of treachery they did so, little imagining the fruit was bewitched. But as soon as they each took the first bite there sprang out a fairy boy. So beautiful were they that the princess at once gave hers the name of Swansdown, and her maid gave hers the name Little Beauty. Both fairy children grew, and were more lovely and charming than all other children; moreover, they were as like as two berries.

Seven years passed away, and the king returned from the war. But, fearing that her father would not be bothered with the fairy boys, the princess had them put into a basket and lowered down from the tower at night-time, telling them they must go out into the world to seek their fortune.

The fairy brothers now wandered out into the world. After walking many miles they met a man, who carried a sword at either side, whilst behind him followed six huge dogs. Said he:

"Good-day, my lads! Where do you come from, and whither are you going?"

The boys told him, saying they meant to go out into the world to try their luck.

"Now," said the man, "see, here is a sword and a couple of dogs for each of you, but you must promise not to part with them, but take them with you wherever you go."

The boys promised, and went on their way. After many hours they came to a cross-road, and Swansdown said:

"It seems to me we had better each try our luck separately. You go one way, I the other."

To this Little Beauty said:

"How shall I know in the future how things have gone with you?"

Said Swansdown:

"As long as the water in the stream runs clear, all is well with me; but when you see the water muddy or discoloured, then know that I am in danger or am dead. Then avenge my death."

With this they parted.

Now, after some days Little Beauty found himself at the gates of a great castle, where he begged and procured service. Every morning, however, he went down to the stream to seek news of Swansdown.

Meanwhile, Swansdown had come to a large town. This town seemed to be under a huge cloud of mourning; all the inhabitants walked about sombrely clad in black. When Swansdown asked the reason, the people answered:

"Surely you must indeed be a stranger, not to be aware that our king and queen have been in danger, and now have to give up one of their beautiful daughters as ransom in order to save their own lives. To-morrow the Sea Hobgoblin will come for the young princess."

"Here is my opportunity," thought Swansdown.

When the morrow came he girded his sword, and, calling his dogs, went down to the seashore. No sooner there than he beheld the eldest princess coming from her father's palace. By her side was a princely courtier, who declared he and he alone could save her life. So sad she looked, the princess, and she was weeping bitterly. Stepping forward, Swansdown bowed most politely. But the princess, at sight of the bold youth, was very much afraid, for she thought he must be the Hobgoblin in disguise. The brave courtier thought so, too, and immediately hid himself behind a tree. But Swansdown, smiling, said:

"Don't be afraid, pretty maid; I won't do you any harm."

"Are you not the dreadful Hobgoblin come to take me away?" she asked tremblingly.

"Nay," was the reply; "I have come to save you."

Then they sat down and talked together long and confidingly. Now, Swansdown begged one favour of the princess. It was this—that she should arrange his golden ringlets. The princess assented, and while his head lay in her lap she contrived to hide a golden ring amongst his curls.

All at once the dread Hobgoblin appeared, rising from the sea in a cloud of foam and mist. Seeing Swansdown and the princess chatting together so friendly, the sea god was very angry, and cried:

"How dare you talk to my princess!"

To which the brave youth replied:

"Because I consider her more mine than yours."

"There are two opinions as to that," answered the Hobgoblin. "But first we will let our dogs fight for us," he continued.

"Very good," said Swansdown, calling his dogs and setting them on to the Hobgoblin's. And a terrible fight there was! But Swansdown's dogs vanquished the enemy and won the battle; they were invincible. All at once Swansdown made a desperate lunge with his sword, and at one stroke cut off the sea monster's head. As the head rolled away into the sea, and a fierce shriek rent the air, Swansdown, with his silver knife, cut out the hideous monster's eyes. Then, with a courtly obeisance to the princess, he took his leave.

When all was over, the princely courtier came out from his hiding-place behind the tree, and asked the princess, in honeyed words, to say it was he who rescued her from the terrible Hobgoblin. In fear of her life, the princess dared not refuse. Thereupon they returned to the palace, where, on the story of the courtier's chivalry being told, he was entertained with every mark of honour and esteem.

Next day the second princess, with her attendant, had to go down to the sea. Swansdown was there, as before, to greet her, and everything occurred again as on the previous occasion. The courtier, in fear and trembling, hid up in the branches of a tree this time, and whilst the princess, at request, arranged Swansdown's ringlets, she contrived to place a golden ring amongst them.

Whilst thus seated, the same great roar came from the ocean, and in the midst of a cloud of foam arose the terrible Hobgoblin, but with three heads on. Just as before, Swansdown had the victory over the old monster, possessing himself of his six hideous eyes, and, with a low obeisance to the fair princess, then took his leave.

"How dare you talk to my princess!" cried the Hobgoblin

When the way was clear, the courtier came down from the tree, and made the princess promise to say it was he who slew the Hobgoblin and delivered her from his power and possession. On their return to the palace, fresh honours were bestowed upon the courtier for his valour.

The third day Swansdown girded his sword, called his dogs, and again wended his way down to the seashore. In a very short time, on looking up, he saw the youngest daughter of the king coming down to meet her fate, attended, as her sisters had been, by a courageous courtier. Like her sisters, too, she was weeping bitterly. Everything happened as before, only that this time the Hobgoblin had six heads.

Nevertheless, Swansdown, at one stroke, struck off all six with that wonderful sword, and with his silver knife cut out all twelve hideous eyes; then, making a low bow to the princess, went his way. Again she and her escort returned to the palace, and again great homage was paid to the chivalrous courtier for protecting and delivering the princess.

The king was beside himself with happiness at the safety of all his daughters. Great rejoicings were held. A magnificent banquet was arranged with music and dancing, and the hand of the youngest daughter was promised to the courtier as a reward for his chivalry and bravery.

In the midst of the festivities, however, the door opened, and Swansdown appeared, accompanied by his dogs. With a firm step he crossed the banqueting-hall, and bent the knee before the king. The three princesses recognised him immediately, and their hearts beat with gladness.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the king, in astonishment.

His youngest and fairest daughter spoke up, and told the story truthfully from beginning to end. It was he, this brave youth, who had been their deliverer—he, and none other. To prove this, she told of the golden rings they had plaited in his flowing golden curls. There, sure enough, were they! Nevertheless, the king was perplexed. But Swansdown spoke:

"Sire, that you may have no doubt of your daughter's words, I have here the eyes of the terrible Hobgoblin, cut out by my own hand with my silver knife!"

This was proof positive. The king was convinced. The false and cowardly courtier was hooted and hissed and expelled, and the valiant Swansdown was installed with great applause in his place; and, best of all, he was given the hand of the youngest and loveliest princess.

When the marriage festivities were over, Swansdown and his bride removed to their own court. Now, it happened one night, whilst they slept, there came a tapping at the turret window, and a voice calling:

"Swansdown, come! I would speak to you!"

Without awaking his bride, Swansdown arose, and, girding his sword and calling his dogs, went out. When the door closed behind him, he found himself face to face with a huge Hobgoblin of grim and horrible appearance, who, in a voice of thunder, said:

"So it was you who killed my brethren! I have come to avenge their death, therefore I propose that we go down to the seashore and fight—you and I!"

This Swansdown did. The Hobgoblin had with him three huge dogs as hideous as himself. First their dogs were to fight; but although the fight was a savage and terrible one, Swansdown's dogs got the better of the Hobgoblin's, and the latter had to give in. Thereupon, King Swansdown, as he was now, approached, and smote the Hobgoblin with his sword.

This was the commencement of a fierce duel. Ultimately, however, the Hobgoblin, finding himself getting the worst of it, fled, and tried to hide himself in the branches of a tree. But Swansdown and his dogs pursued, so that in a weak and submissive voice the Hobgoblin cried:

"Good and gracious king, I will never seek to avenge my brethren, but will offer amends, only pray command your dogs to be still!"

The king did as requested, but it availed not. The dogs barked more ferociously than ever. Then the cunning

Hobgoblin plucked three hairs from his head, and, handing them to Swansdown, said :

" Place a hair on each dog, and they will be silenced."

Swansdown did so, and the dogs were silent immediately ; indeed, they lay immovable, as though transfixed. The king now perceived how he had been duped. The Hobgoblin came down from the tree and began to combat again.

Not many thrusts were exchanged when poor Swansdown received one more deadly than the others, and, with a cry, fell in a pool of his own blood on the ground.

That same morning Little Beauty went as usual to the stream, and found the water very muddy. Little Beauty was full of grief, for he knew from this that something was wrong with Swansdown. But, remembering his promise to avenge, he buckled his sword, and, calling his dogs, wandered forth in search.

In time he came to a great city, where everybody seemed to rejoice, the streets being full of people, the houses gaily decorated with flags and purple and bunting.

When asked the reason, the people said :

" You must indeed be a stranger from a distant land, not to know that there came a brave knight named Swansdown, who saved the lives of our three princesses, and is now become the son-in-law of our king ! "

Then Little Beauty inquired for particulars, and, having heard all, went on his way quietly to the palace.

But the people, and especially the retainers at the palace, stared at him on account of his great resemblance to Swansdown. Even the queen took him for her bridegroom as he approached, and asked :

" Why have you been so long ? I have been so sad without you ! "

Now, it behoved Little Beauty to be very tactful, so he replied, but in a few words, and proceeded to unbuckle his sword and place it on the couch between the young queen and himself.

This perplexed the queen, and caused her to be uneasy in mind. Whilst all in the palace slept, there came a tapping at the turret window, and a voice calling :

" Little Beauty, come ! I would speak to you ! " In answer, Little Beauty arose, and, girding his sword and calling his dogs, went out, to find himself face to face with a hideous Hobgoblin, the same who had betrayed Swansdown. " I will take you to your brother if you only will follow me," the monster continued.

Little Beauty consented, and at a short distance found Swansdown lying on the ground all covered with blood. Now was he, Little Beauty, determined to avenge such wickedness. First he set his dogs on those of the Hobgoblin, and a ferocious fight ensued, though in the end the Hobgoblin's dogs were beaten.

Little Beauty then approached the monster himself with bold and resolute steps. But the Hobgoblin mounted a high tree and hid himself amid the branches. The dogs pursued him, clawing off the bark of the tree and barking savagely. This so frightened the Hobgoblin that he began to whine piteously :

" Pray, good and gracious Little Beauty, quiet those ferocious dogs ! I will make amends for the treatment of your brother." Then, plucking three hairs from his grisly head : " Place one hair on each dog, so that, at any rate, we can hear one another speak," he added.

But Little Beauty suspected some sort of treachery, so, instead, he placed the three hairs on the dogs of the Hobgoblin. Immediately they fell to the earth and lay there lifeless. Now, the Hobgoblin quivered with fright, and whined again more piteously than before :

" Little Beauty, good and gracious Little Beauty, I will make double amends for your brother if only you will leave me in peace."

To which Little Beauty made answer :

" What can you give so dear to me as my brother's life ? "

The Hobgoblin replied :

" See, here are two bottles. One contains a liquid, which if sprinkled on a dead body, restores it to life ; the other, a liquid which, if rubbed on, would fasten the body to the earth. No more valuable possession can one own than these "

Said Little Beauty:

"I will consent to your proposal, but first you must set free my brother's dogs lying here."

"Certainly," said the Hobgoblin, coming down from the tree. And, rubbing some of the liquid on the dogs, they were at once released. Then, taking the bottles and calling all six dogs, Little Beauty turned to go away. At some short distance he stopped, however, and, taking some of the contents of one of the bottles, rubbed it on a rock which he knew the Hobgoblin had to pass. When the monster drew nigh, Little Beauty set his dogs on him, and in order to avoid them the Hobgoblin thought he would hide behind the rock. No sooner did he touch it than he was transfixed; and there he remained until he withered up into a mummy.

And now Little Beauty, returning to his brother, sprinkled some of the other liquid on him, and immediately he arose full of life and strength again. Imagine the joy of the two brothers!

Little Beauty told how he had become aware of Swandown's ill-luck, how that on coming to the city he had been taken for his brother, making a joke of the young queen's mistaking him for her bridegroom. But when Swansdown heard this he became very jealous and angry, and, drawing his sword, plunged it into Little Beauty's breast; then, hastening away, returned to the palace alone. Swansdown was afterwards very sad at what he had done in his jealous anger, and when his beautiful young queen asked him the reason he remained silent.

"I wonder what has happened to you, and why, when last with me, you placed your sword between us?" she asked him gently.

All in a moment it seemed to him his jealousy had been groundless, and he thought, "If only I could recall my brother to life!" With this in his mind he got up and hastened away to where Little Beauty lay. There in the same spot he found him, and, sprinkling some of the contents of one of the bottles on his body, his brother was at once restored to life.

The brothers shed tears of joy and embraced, and together returned to the palace. Once there they related the whole story to the young queen and the court, who rejoiced exceedingly.

Scarcely two days had gone by when Little Beauty asked for the hand of the second princess in marriage. This met with universal approval, and the nuptials were shortly celebrated with royal pomp and splendour, Swansdown giving up half his kingdom to his brother, Little Beauty.

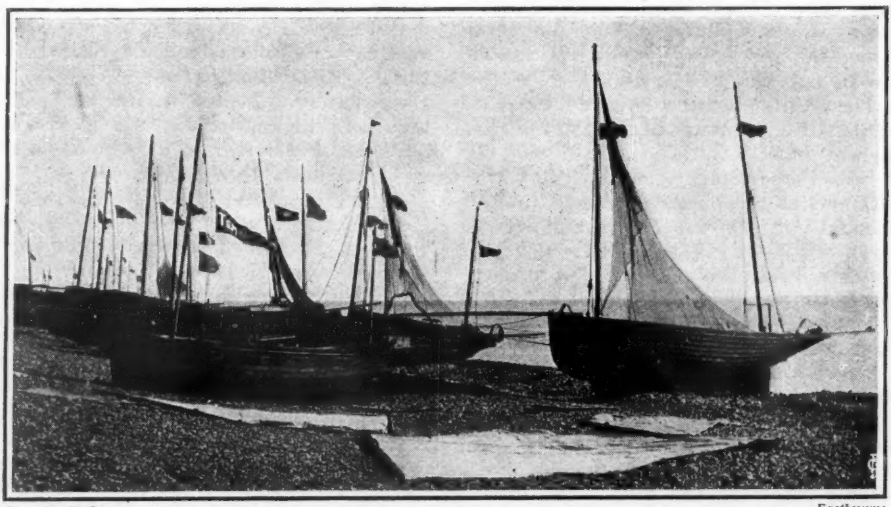


Photo by J. Coster, Eastbourne

How fishermen show their respect for a dead comrade. Smacks on the beach with their flags at half-mast

Queer, Quaint, and Curious

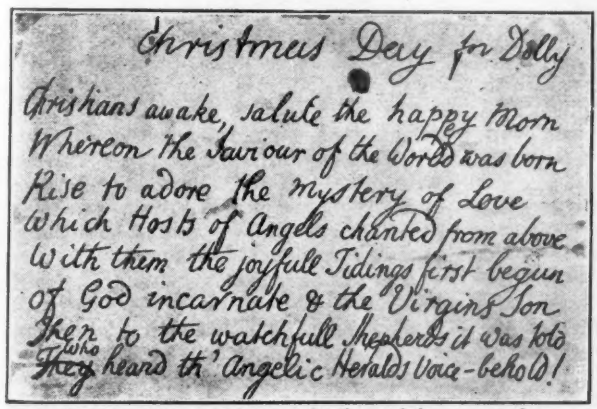
Pictures and Paragraphs from Far and Near

HOW "CHRISTIANS, AWAKE" WAS WRITTEN

One of the hymns most frequently sung on Christmas Day is "Christians, awake, salute the happy morn."

The writer of the hymn was a Manchester man, who wrote the hymn as a Christmas gift for his daughter Dolly. Little did he think what a lasting gift he was handing to the world when he presented these few lines to his favourite daughter. The MS. is still in existence, and on it are written the words, "Christmas Day, for Dolly."

The tune to which the hymn is generally sung was composed by John Wainwright, a native of Stockport. Of him little is known. He is stated to have lived in the Parsonage, Manchester, in 1757, and to have been elected organist and singing man at the Collegiate Church of that city in 1767. Originally the tune was called "Stockport," but later on it received the names of "Yorkshire," and "Doncaster."


Christmas Day for Dolly

Christians awake, salute the happy Morn
Whereon the Saviour of the World was born
Rise to adore the mystery of Love
Which Hosts of Angels chanted from above
With them the joyfull Tidings first begun
Of God incarnate & the Virgins Son
Then to the watchfull Shepherds it was told
Who heard th' Angelic Heralds Voice - behold!

Facsimile of the original manuscript of one of the most popular Christmas hymns

THE PRIDE OF DOVER

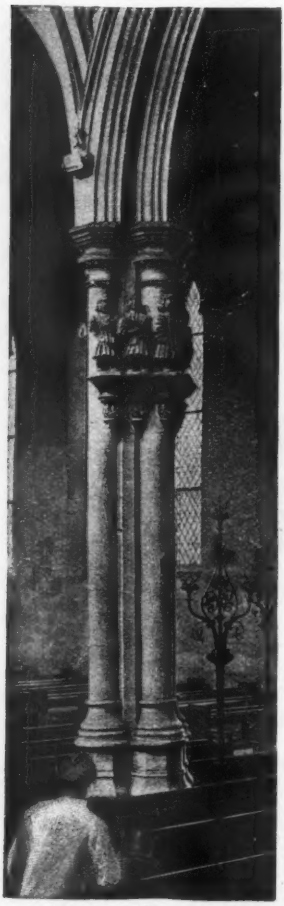
The church of St. Mary, Dover, perched on the summit of the cliff on which stands the great fort which commands the English Channel, is the only existing example of a Romano-British cruciform church.

The church of St. Mary, Dover, with the ancient Roman lighthouse

The earliest history of St. Mary's remains in absolute obscurity, but before 640 A.D. it was used as the chapel of a Benedictine monastery. It fell into ruins about 1700, and after being used by the Government as a "cooperage and storehouse," it was afterwards converted into a barrack-room; and in 1808 it was ordered to be used as a coal store.

Not until 1860 was it restored, and two years afterwards it again became a place of worship.

The pharos adjoining it is an ancient Roman lighthouse, and was once connected by a passage with the church.



The Minstrels' Pillar at Beverley

THE MINSTRELS' PILLAR

Facing the Corporation pew in the interesting church of St. Mary, Beverley, is an arch, and on the capital of the pillar supporting it are five remarkable little figures, well known as "The Minstrels"—hence "The Minstrels' Pillar."

The central figure is supposed to be an alderman. He has a light jacket of tawny colour; round his body is a blue belt. He also wears a loose coat, open in front to the knees, and a yellow chain round his neck. He is playing a harp.

On his right is a neighbour who plays the violin, and next to him again is a drummer. On the left of the alderman is a player of the lute or guitar, with five strings; and to his left is a player on the pipe, with long curly hair.

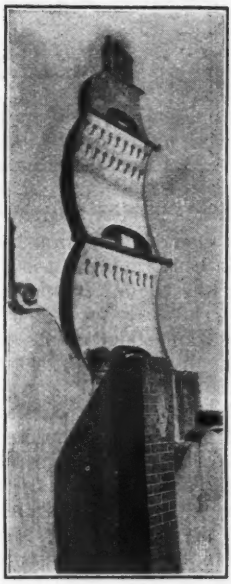
It seems that the history of this pillar runs thus:

The church tumbled down in 1513, killing several people. This fact is recorded on several of the pews, and prayers are requested for their souls. A similar wish is expressed on behalf of those who assisted to rebuild the church. It was at this time that the Minstrels' Pillar was built.

A STEEPLE OF STONE SAILS

One of the curiosities of the old city of Guadaloupe, Mexico, is a great column of stone sails rising from the upper walls of the cathedral.

There are three sails, one above the other, each with reef points, and showing a stone mast. On the top is a niche containing the figure of a patron saint. This curious piece of stonework has an interesting history. One of the old hidalgos was at sea with his whole family, when a terrible storm arose which threatened to destroy the ship.



The steeple of stone sails on Guadaloupe Cathedral

The don bowed in prayer, and vowed that if the ship were saved he would make an offering to the church. The ship was saved, and this curious tower built. It can be seen a long distance at sea, and closely resembles the sails of a ship.

MADE BEFORE MOSES LIVED

A throne which belonged to Queen Hatshepsu, who lived probably a few years before Moses, at about 1600 B.C., is now in the British Museum.

Her chair is a very curious one. It is made of the hardest wood probably then procurable. Round the legs there is a quantity of gold braiding, and from these there spring out two cobras exquisitely modelled in silver. But the funniest part is that the legs end in cleverly designed hoofs.

The back is inlaid with silver, and there are more cobras crawling up the arms, which are of gilt. The effect is very striking, but it doesn't look comfortable to sit in.

WORSHIPPING THE DEAD

One of the most prominent points in the Chinese character is the reverence shown towards parents.

On certain days of the year the custom of worshipping ancestors is observed in China. On these occasions members of Chinese families deem it their sacred duty to repair to the burial-ground of their forefathers for worship. They proceed to the cemetery carrying sandalwood, candles, food and drink, and all kinds of dainties; and after blessing and consecration by a Buddhist priest, deposit these good things on the last resting-place of their ancestors.

But John Chinaman is utilitarian. A slice of this or that, a small cup of tea or saki, is certainly offered to the dead; but the greater part of all the good things that have been brought to the graveside with such ceremony is consumed by the living, either on the spot or at home.

In this there is no incongruity to their minds. Deep within them there certainly exists a very real respect for the dead. When ancient graves are disturbed there is usually a serious riot.

RESEMBLING JERUSALEM

Torrington, about six and a half miles from the town of Bideford, in North Devon, so far as the environments of the town are concerned, bears a most striking resemblance to Jerusalem.

Its position is similar to that of the Holy City, being on the summit of a hill, with steep descents on either side, with the River Torridge flowing in the valley below, and supposed to represent the Brook Kedron.

An elevation rising from the plateau upon which the town is built is the counterpart of Mount Calvary, and the Mounts Zion and Moriah and the Valley of Jehoshaphat are indicated by similar geographical configurations.

If the town itself is alone taken into consideration, the streets of Bridgenorth, in many respects, bear a remarkable likeness to the thoroughfares of Jerusalem, especially one, which is practically the counterpart of the Via Dolorosa.

These two places are unique so far as the British Isles are concerned, and are probably without a rival in any other part of the world.

On certain days of the year members of Chinese families deem it their sacred duty to repair to the burial-ground of their forefathers for worship and feasting

SNAKES AS GUARDIAN ANGELS

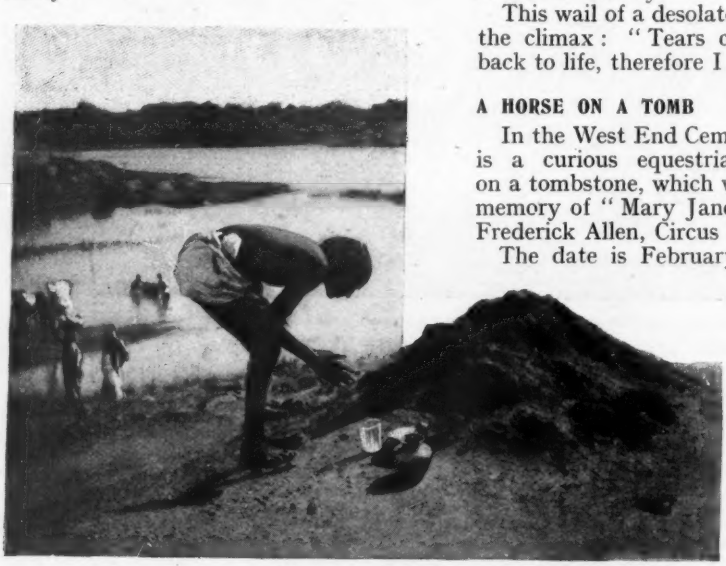
The Hindoos, as a rule, evince the greatest terror at the sight of a venomous snake. In spite of this fact, however, they continue to worship them, not as hostile gods to be appeased, but as deities that are their best friends.

Our photograph shows a native who is placing food at the mouth of a hole known to contain a snake. From prudent motives he does not offer these gifts when the snake is out of its hole, in case the " friendly god " should turn and strike him.

When the home of a native has been free from harm for a fixed period, when his worldly affairs have prospered, and when his wife and children are happy, then the Hindoo believes he owes his good fortune to the watchfulness and care of the snake.

Such oversight is worthy of reward, and accordingly the native places the milk and food near the mouth of the hole, so that when the snake crawls out it may see the beneficence of those whom it has sheltered from all enemies.

It is a curious sight to watch half a dozen devotees going through this ceremony.



A Hindoo placing food at a snake's hole in return for the prosperity which he believes the reptile has brought about

GRASS BETRAYED THEM

The earliest converts to Christianity in Africa were very regular and earnest in their private devotions. They had no chapels to go to, but they had their separate spots in the thicket where they used to pour out their hearts to God.

The several paths to the little Bethels became distinctly marked; and when any one of these African Christians began to decline in the ways of God it was soon manifest to his fellows, and they would finally remind him of his duty by saying, " Broder, de grass grow on your path yonder."

STRANGE EPITAPHS

A German traveller has discovered some quaint epitaphs in a Tyrolean cemetery.

On a tombstone in a valley of Tux is this inscription: " In pious remembrance of the honest widow, Anna Kriedl, forty years long."

A miller is thus remembered: " In Christian memory of H——, who departed this life without human assistance."

On the tomb of a man who fell from a roof, and was killed, are these words: " Here fell Jacob Hosennkopf from the roof into eternity."

This wail of a desolate husband reaches the climax: " Tears cannot bring thee back to life, therefore I weep."

A HORSE ON A TOMB

In the West End Cemetery, Darlington, is a curious equestrian statue placed on a tombstone, which was erected to the memory of " Mary Jane, beloved wife of Frederick Allen, Circus Proprietor."

The date is February 19, 1874. The horse is represented in the act of dropping some lilies on the tombstone. It was a great favourite with the circus proprietor and his wife, and for this reason has a conspicuous place in the memorial.

Youth and Time

Copyright of *"The Sunday Companion"*

"Are You Father Christmas?"

By A. Forestier

ISIS UP TO DATE

The Revival of a Strange Heathen Cult in Pleasure-loving Paris

PARIS — modern Paris, with its reputation for garish irreligion—seems a strange place to look for religious revivals, and yet, owing perhaps to the childlike love of change and the never-ceasing desire for something new, which the Parisians have always been remarkable for, no European city contains so many different creeds and cults as does the pleasure-loving city on the Seine.

In Paris we may find Swedenborgians, Buddhists, Theosophists, Light Worshippers, Vintrasists (or Satan Worshippers), Gnostics, and many others; but the latest and quaintest revival of the older and more mystic forms of worship is undoubtedly that of the heathen goddess Isis, the strangeness of which has created intense interest in literary and artistic circles, and in the fashionable salons of the "City of Light."

The worship of Isis, or Cult of the Beautiful – in utter disregard of the first Commandment—is one of the oldest of the world's heathen religions. It would perhaps never have been revived at all had it not been for the efforts of Monsieur Jules Bois, the well-known journalist and writer, himself a profound student of the various forms of occultism, and of a Scottish gentleman and his

The High Priestess of the "Cult of the Beautiful"

wife, Count and Countess Macgregor. M. Bois and Count Macgregor are close friends, and it was mainly owing to the influence of the former that the count, a modest and retiring man, and an earnest student of occultism, was prevailed upon to hold in the little Bodiniere Theatre a series of services, conducted in every possible respect exactly as were the ceremonies in honour of the Goddess Isis in the old Egyptian days.

The service, or Mass of Isis, is exceedingly beautfiul. The details of the ritual have formed the life-study of the high priest officiating, and inadequate though the resources of a modern theatre must necessarily be, the mass was conducted with all the pomp and circumstance necessary to its celebration.

The High Priest Rameses, and the High Priestess Anari, who officiated at the Bodiniere services, are the Count and Countess Macgregor, whom I have already mentioned. They were assisted by a holy dancer, who performed the symbolic dances with which the ceremony is thickly sprinkled. The service comprises little or nothing in the nature of a sermon. It is not a series of lessons to the congregation so much as a series of acts of adoration by the congregation.

During its performance the high priest and high priestess chant hymns in a solemn monotone, in which Isis, "the mother of the gods, of men, and of all things living" is praised and glorified. Meanwhile, the dancer, and at certain moments the priest and priestess also, dance symbolic dances descriptive of the joys and evils of the human life, and of all things upon the earth and over it. One of the most peculiar of these is the combing of the hair—a mystic allusion to the fruitfulness of the Nile. The stars, sleep, sadness, mirth, the flowers and fruits of the earth, health and sickness, are among the many things symbolised in the dances, and in a general way everything in the whole service, from the dress of the priest upwards, is highly symbolical.

There seemed something paradoxical, to English ears, at all events, in the existence of a Count Macgregor, and the worship of a heathen goddess by a Scottish count seemed more paradoxical still, so I called upon the count to learn what he would tell me about himself and his religion.

The mass was conducted with all the pomp and circumstance necessary to its celebration

Count Macgregor in his robes as High Priest of Isis

Count Macgregor —the title was conferred upon his great-grandfather by him whom we in England call the Pretender — is a scholarly-looking, nervous man of forty or so. He is a Highlander through and through, with a Highlander's pride of race and fondness for the kilt, which he habitually wears, and the first thing which strikes one upon entering his drawing-room is the flag of St. Andrew, "uncontaminated," as the count laughingly said to me, "by any English emblem." He was educated at a public school and at Oxford, and comes of a family remarkable for its stern adherence to Low Church doctrines.

"As a child," Count Macgregor told me, "I was compelled, on pain of going without my breakfast, to commit to memory large portions of the Bible every morning, and I can never be sufficiently grateful for the acquaintance with the Scriptures which this severity of my parents had forced upon me. As a small boy I was always of a dreamy disposition and a voracious reader, and I used to brood, more perhaps than was good for me, over what I read. My favourite reading from a very early age consisted of books of mythology, and I acquired an intense affection very early in life for Plutarch's 'Lives,' which I read and re-read until I had much of it by heart. It was in these young days that I formed the belief that all mythology, much of the Bible, and parts of Plutarch, notably his 'Ossian,' were a series of parables, in which the true religion and conduct of life were set forth as through a glass, darkly. It was a boyish notion, but it had a foundation of truth.

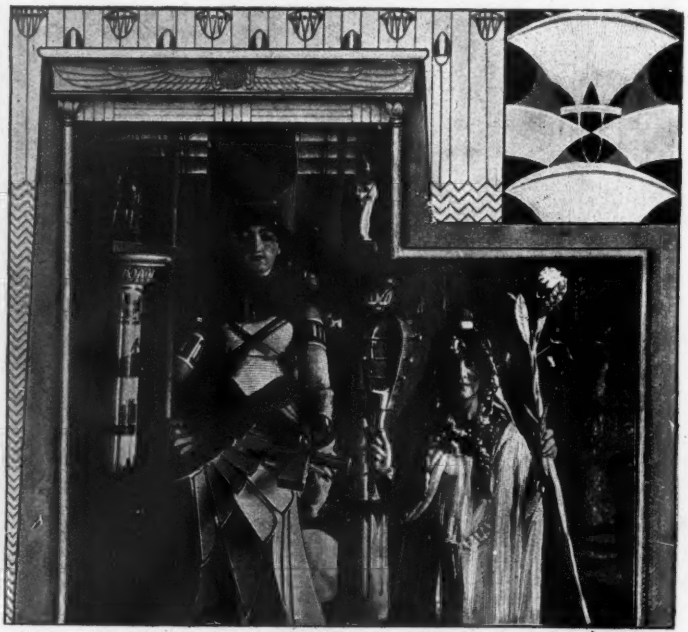
"While Plutarch, mythological works, and the Bible, did much to form my early mode of thought, the book from the reading of which the beginning of my religious life may be said to date, was Lytton's 'Zanoni.' I first read 'Zanoni' in the early days of my

college life. It made such an impression upon me that for several weeks I was almost out of my mind. After reading it, I devoted myself more than ever to the study of Egyptology, of occultism, and of all ancient languages which might help me in the life I had chosen; and soon afterwards—although it is not usual to talk about such matters—I became a member of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood."

The study of occultism and that of Egyptology led Count Macgregor, by a natural bias, to what he considers the purest and truest form of religious devotion—the worship of Isis. This, as he explained to me, means, in reality, the worship of a Pantheon, of which Isis is the mother; for Isis is, to put it as simply as possible, but another name for Nature, and the worship of Isis is, as it would be symbolically expressed, the worship of Nature's temple, whose four pillars are the four elements.

Count Macgregor and his wife—or, as I must now call them, Rameses and Anari—took me, before my visit to them ended, to the shrine of the goddess, which, in order to be able to prosecute the rites of their religion without hindrance or interference, they have installed in a small room at the back of their house at Auteuil.

As I stepped across the threshold from the modern drawing-room, the walls of which are decorated with several pictures painted by Countess Macgregor herself, artist of no mean talent, and entered the room which has been transformed into a shrine to Isis, I felt that Rameses and Anari had, in the space of an instant, led me back from modern Paris across the ages into ancient Thebes.



Isis was represented by a large and lifelike figure, richly clothed in robes of silk, and wearing upon her head a species of helmet

Facing me, upon a species of throne, sat "the Goddess of Nature—the Mother of the World—she from whom and by whom all things are—Isis the immortal, the never failing, the never changing!"

Isis was represented by a large and lifelike figure, richly clothed in robes of silk and gauzy materials, and wearing upon her head a species of helmet, with one long tress depending from the left side. In her right hand she held the rose-wand, or wand of fruitfulness, while near to her left hand lay the symbol of creation—the earth—and over it the vault of heaven, with the four elements between.

This last symbol is a small pestle, surmounted by an elliptical band of brass, across which are four brass rods with rings upon them, to represent earth, air, water, and fire. In a similar way every detail of the goddess's dress and of the dresses of the high priest and high priestess has its symbolic meaning—the tawny ground of the leopard skin worn by Rameses, for

instance, being held to denote the sun, while the spots upon it are the stars, which appear black by reason of the sun's greater brilliancy.

On a smaller shrine, at the feet of Isis, are four small lamps, symbolical of life and the elements which make life possible. These, the high priest informed me, are never allowed to become extinguished. On the panelling round the room are pictures of Osiris and the many other gods included in Isis worship; for, as I have explained, the religion is essentially pantheistic.

"Rameses" and "Anari"

Mdlle. Eugenie, who assists in the performance of the strange rites

A little behind the goddess's throne, to the left of her, is a magnificent reproduction in painted and modelled cardboard of the head of the Great Sphinx; and on the floor before the shrine a second rug of panther skin, similar to that worn by Rameses himself.

Anari, the high priestess, wears robes of flowing white silk and many flowers, for flowers are the symbols of the earth's beauty and of life itself. She is a lady with large grey eyes, a rather large and very expressive mouth, tiny white hands, and a soft voice. Her position as high priestess is in every way equal to that of her husband as high priest; and this equality between the sexes is, I am told, one of the vital tenets of the creed.

I asked Rameses how he came to be elected high priest. His answer was a trifle ambiguous, but, as far as I could understand, the position is attainable

to anyone who has studied the matter thoroughly and has become sufficiently initiated into the mysteries.

This led us into a long conversation as to the duties of a priest of Isis, which would appear to combine those of a ruler—the kings of Egypt were all initiates—a doctor, a philanthropist, a poet, an historian, a dancer, and many other attributes, besides a wide acquaintance with the Kabbala and all forms of occult lore and some knowledge of the formulæ of magic.

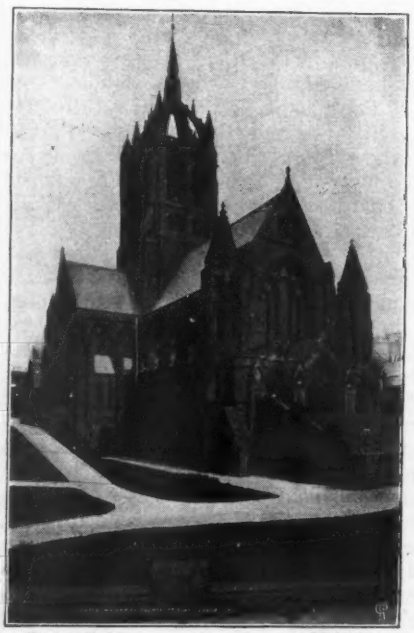
"For instance," said Rameses, "supposing a man came to me sick of a fever. I should first of all ascertain whether he were breathing properly. This he would in all probability not be doing, for a man in ill-health usually breathes too much through one or other nostril.

"As an example let us say that his breathing were stertorous through the right nostril. I should bid him prostrate himself upon his left side before the goddess, and I should make him repeat after me passages which would ease his pain—passages beautiful and poetic, which could not fail to have a calming influence upon a fevered brain. He would be cured, and would say afterwards, 'I went to the goddess, and she cured me of a fever'—which would be perfectly true, for," said Rameses, sinking the priest and becoming the somewhat argumentative Count Macgregor once again, "magic is not as many believe—the obtaining of results by unnatural causes—for all causes must be and are perfectly natural—but a greater knowledge of these causes and the means by which the wished-for results may be obtained from them."

"And to describe the cult of Isis in a few words?" I asked, as I rose to take my leave of the devotee of the old-time Egyptian goddess.

"That is quite impossible. But you may call it the worship of Nature and of the beauties of Nature, and the worship of the infinite gods, to whom all things are due."

FREDERIC LEES



Photograph by [*Valentine*

Scotland's Finest Nonconformist Church

THE Thomas Coates Memorial Church, Paisley, erected by the Coates family to the memory of their father, is considered the finest Noncomformist place of worship in Europe. Its beautiful design, spacious dimensions, magnificent crown tower, and Gothic style, give it the appearance of a cathedral.

The stonework is of a picturesque crown stone, and the most striking feature of the exterior is the fine tower, which rises to a height of over 200 feet, and can be seen for miles around.

A broad flight of steps leads up to the main entrance, where there is a beautiful vestibule, with a tesselated pavement of exquisite design, and a richly decorated ceiling.

All the woodwork inside the church is of oak, the Communion table, choir stalls, organ case, and transept screens being magnificent specimens of carving.

The baptistery is of marble, and immediately behind the Communion table, always exposed to view. The organ has over seventy stops.

The pulpit is made of marble and alabaster, decorated with gold in mediæval style, and containing finely carved panels in alabaster, representing Christ, the Woman of Samaria, Christ and the Children, and the Good Samaritan. There are also four single figures—Christ, John, Paul, and Isaiah.

The cost of the church cannot have fallen far short of £100,000.

A Complete Story

The Glamour of Park Lane

By Scott Graham

"Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt."

FROM the railway-carriage window pretty Vera Neville watched the old red roofs of St. Simon's, the famous Northern cathedral city, come into view with an impatient sigh. Yet St. Simon's contained all she held dear in the world; and a month ago, when she quitted it to stay with a married schoolfellow in London, it had been with a lump in her throat, and a sigh of regret for all the loving hearts she was leaving.

But in that month—that one short month—her whole point of view had changed. The eldest child of a struggling provincial doctor, who had a houseful of long-legged, vigorous boys and girls, as may be imagined, there was very little luxury in her home.

Just as poverty-stricken had been the early life of her old friend Effie Salter, whose husband, when she married a few years before, was only a humble clerk in a merchant's office. But since then he had embarked upon speculations and financial undertakings of various kinds, with the result that by some kind of Aladdin's magic, inexplicable to Vera, he had shot up into greatness, as it were, in a night. The Salters now lived in a gorgeous mansion in Park Lane, the very thought of which made Vera sigh once more. After inlaid floors and marble staircases, gilt ceilings, and Empire furniture, she must go back to the shabby old house in the unfashionable back street of St. Simon's next to the tannery.

It had been her first glimpse of the great world of Ascot and Ranelagh, Henley, and Prince's. Although the Salters were too recent comers to move in the innermost world of fashion, they could offer what seemed to the country girl a most brilliant round of gaieties. Arrayed by her generous friend in dresses which Effie declared she had "quite worn out," Vera had mixed, like Cinderella, amongst a host of fine people.

A love of splendour was dormant in her nature; the only cloud on her enjoyment being the knowledge that soon she must go home and leave all this luxury behind.

A tall, slim girl, with a beautiful complexion and great masses of golden-brown hair, in Effie's cast-off finery she had been sufficiently attractive to gain many compliments from men. Some of her admirers, indeed, seemed to be quite serious. In fact, one, an elderly M.P., with a large country place in Derbyshire, had been decidedly impressed. But it had come to nothing. A month is not a long time in which to decide so momentous a question as choosing a wife. And, besides, Vera was already engaged to a young bank clerk at St. Simon's. It was, indeed, of him she was thinking now.

She loved Arthur West very dearly. Or, at least, as she dolefully reflected, she fancied she did before she had had a glimpse of the great world. She had cheerfully accepted the prospect of being a poor man's wife after being a poor man's daughter all her days; and the tiny house on the outskirts, which Arthur was already having done up for her, seemed the acme of desirable dwellings.

But that was before she had seen Park Lane.

She thought with envy of her fortunate friend Effie. It was like a fairy-tale that the daughter of a poor curate should in a few years have risen to the position of a leading hostess in London. Vera thought of Mrs. Salter's diamonds and laces, her carriages and opera-box, her French cook and her sumptuous entertainments, with a bitter sense of the inequalities of life. She did not wish to take one of these things from her kind friend—Heaven forbid!—but she

felt dismally conscious that seeing the splendour in which some women lived had spoilt her for the humdrum existence of a bank clerk's wife. There were so many delightful things to do, so many enchanting things to see, if only one had not to consider every shilling.

But now the train was slackening speed, and next minute she was the centre of an excited group of her own people on the platform. Father, as usual, had been summoned to an urgent case. But here were dear, careworn mother, three lanky girls, and two schoolboy brothers—all excessively shabby to her now critical eyes, and sadly wanting in style. In London, when she and Effie had come across such groups, gaping into the shop-windows, or loitering about the Park, they had smiled and said, "Country cousins!"

"So jolly to have you back again!" cried warm-hearted Edith. 'And, oh my, what a gorgeous hat!"

In reality, it was a cast-off toque of Effie's, which she had bestowed on Vera, with the remark that it was positively too shabby to offer to her maid.

"But what a tired, white face beneath it!" gently added her mother. Late hours and continual pleasure-seeking had in truth stolen some of the freshness from the girl's cheeks.

"If you're not too tired, dear, we'll walk home, and the outside porter shall bring your luggage," continued Mrs. Neville. Alas! here was no luxurious electric brougham in waiting to convey one whither one would.

The family chattered excitedly as they convoyed Vera through the familiar streets; but she was very silent.

Arrived at home, the rooms, not large, but fairly numerous, seemed to have grown smaller and shabbier than ever since she went away. Could it ever have been, she thought discontentedly, that she admired those hideous lithographs in the drawing-room? And the old-fashioned walnut cottage piano suggested a fourth-rate lodging-house! The children squabbled over the jam at the homely high tea, upset the milk-jug, and had to be reproved for elbows on the table, just as of yore. But formerly she had not even noticed such trifles, though now they seemed to take all the pleasure out of life.

Pleased to have her eldest daughter home again, in whom to confide her troubles, Mrs. Neville after tea informed Vera that poor father was very worried about several bad cases, and Mary had given notice to leave because they couldn't afford to increase her wages—and how to meet the next quarter's rent they hardly knew. Hitherto she had always found Vera a sympathising auditor of such perplexities; but to-night they seemed to the girl the last straw that breaks the camel's back. For not the first time, it struck her that it would be the height of folly to marry a poor man herself, and begin all over again.

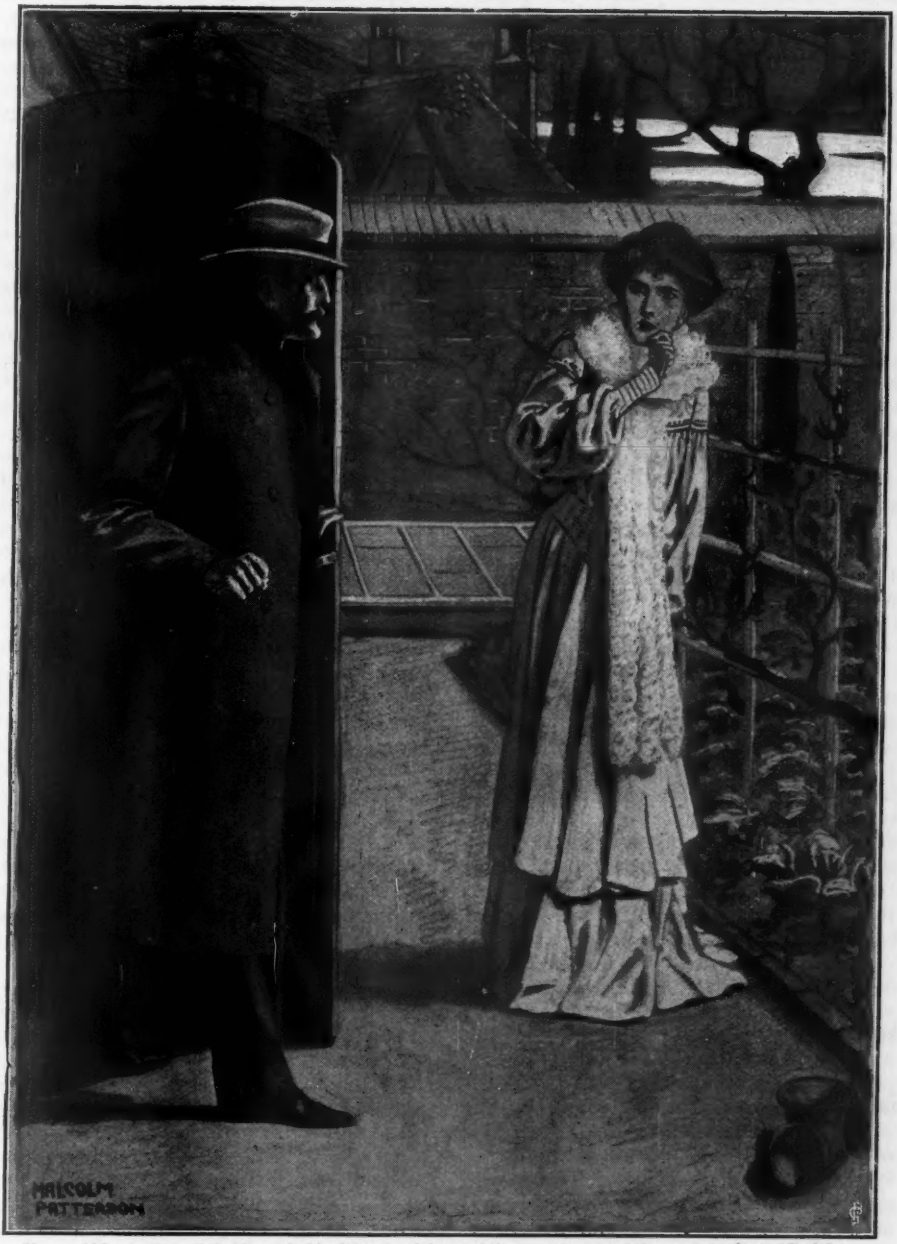
Then Arthur appeared, and, as usual, the lovers retired into the shabby little breakfast-room, once transfigured by Love's alchemy into a fairy bower to Vera's eyes, but now looking sadly sordid and dreary. She tried to greet him affectionately when he began with profuse apologies for not meeting her at the station, as all the clerks had been kept late at the bank that day. He was delighted to see his beautiful Vera again; but even as he caressed her shining hair, with words of passionate admiration, she was secretly wishing he had been taller and better-looking. He seemed so insignificant, so dwarfish, beside the tall, distinguished, sunburnt men of Hurlingham and the Park!

There was a tiny spot of ink on one of his cuffs, too, and his tie might have been fresher.

But he was too full of his own happy plans to notice her reserve.

"I went to see the house again yesterday," he announced proudly. He always spoke of that tiny bandbox as "the house," as if it were the only residence in St. Simon's. "It's nearly finished now, and the drawing-room paper looks lovely. The builder's going to put a brass knocker on the front door, as you wished, and he knows a capital man who will lay out the back garden for fifteen shillings. I told him I thought we could run to that—eh, Vera?"

"Such a garden as it is, too!" she



She would have screamed, but he pushed back his slouch hat, and there was her erstwhile prosperous host of Park Lane, Herbert Salter, the great financier

answered scornfully. "Why, it's hardly larger than this room!"

The spacious lawns and fine old trees of Ranelagh and Hurlingham filled her mind's eye.

"All the easier to keep tidy," returned her lover contentedly. "We shall find it the Garden of Eden, darling, never fear! Oh, Vera, you must never, never go away from me again! I've missed you more than words can tell!"

"Well, you know the Salters would have been very pleased to have you to stay in Park Lane for week-ends."

"But, sweetest, how could I afford the fare, when every halfpenny I can save must go towards the new house? And then, I haven't got clothes for such fine people. My dress suit's very shabby, and I wore my top-hat all last year."

"And it will always be the same!" she burst out passionately.

He looked at her in amazement.

"Oh, no, dear! In time, if I've luck, I hope to be manager of some good branch. And, after all, darling, there are worse things than poverty!"

"Then I don't know what they are!"

"Ah! that's because you're just fresh from Park Lane, and haven't settled down to our humdrum ways yet," he responded, with his usual patient optimism. "But I know my precious girl too well to believe she could ever be mercenary! When you've seen what a sweet little house yours is going to be, Vera, you'll feel no envy of your smart friends in London!"

He departed, happy in that belief. But for hours that night she tossed uneasily, unable to sleep.

"I can! I can!" she reiterated despairingly to the darkness.

With the earliest daylight, she seized a sheet of paper and her fountain-pen, and wrote to tell Arthur she could no longer promise to marry him. She was quite unfitted for a poor man's wife. Having addressed the letter, she wrote another to Effie, announcing the rupture of her engagement; and then, returning to bed, slept at last. Nor, when she awoke in the morning, did she feel any regret for what she had done.

. . . . . .

The Neville family greatly regretted Vera's decision, but she was of age, and could do as she pleased. She did not tell them in plain language that she had discarded Arthur because he was poor. She contrived, instead, to let them infer that she had seen somebody she liked better.

In truth, she had some hope that Effie, hearing she was once more free, would take the hint, and arrange some plan by which Vera and the M.P. might meet again, either at the Salters' shooting-lodge in the Highlands, or some watering-place. But her friend gave no hint of any such intention. Their own plans were very unsettled just now, she wrote, for her husband would not decide what to do at the end of the season—so tiresome of him!

The whole of a stifling August and September Vera had perforce to spend at home. The careworn doctor could not afford to send all his hungry brood of children to the seaside. One or two were invited to visit schoolfellows, but the majority had to frizzle within reach of the spicy odours of the tanyard. Nerves and tempers suffered accordingly; and sometimes Vera felt nearly driven mad.

But she did not regret breaking with Arthur. It would have been insanity to marry him. He never came near the house now, but one of her schoolboy brothers reported having met him in the High Street looking "rather down on his luck." Vera angrily snubbed Joe for this remark; but it did not occur to her to pity her rejected suitor. She thought of the compliments of her smart London admirers, and decided that Arthur had never half appreciated her.

. . . . . .

St. Simon's was one of the largest junctions in the kingdom; and it was an amusement for the Neville boys, when time hung heavily, to watch the turmoil attending the arrival and departure of the long trains bound to every part of England. The lads seldom returned home without some adventure to relate.

"We saw such a queer thing when the three o'clock express came in this afternoon from London," Ted began, one evening, over the homely family tea. "A shabby-looking chap, with his hat

slouched over his eyes, was sitting at the very far end of the train, third-class smoking, next the guard's van. It was such a huge train that the end of it wasn't inside the station at all, but just where the embankment slopes down at the end of the platform. We'd noticed two johnnies, as soon as the train stopped, pushing about, and looking very carefully into all the carriages. They must have been after the shabby chap, for he no sooner caught sight of them than he was out of that carriage like a shot, tearing across the platform and down the embankment like mad. By the time they could get after him he was half-way across the allotment-gardens down there, and I expect he'd got clean away, as he had such a long start. One of the porters said he thought they were detectives from London. I wonder what the beggar had been up to, to want to do a bunk in such a hurry ? '

" Murdering somebody, perhaps," suggested Edith, who had a vivid imagination.

" ' To do a bunk ' is an expression I absolutely prohibit in my house," interposed the doctor sternly. " Really, you boys get more slangy every day ! "

Vera shrugged her graceful shoulders. How benighted they all were at slow-going St. Simon's ! She had heard more slang amongst Effie's smart friends in London than she had ever encountered in her life before ! But how was poor dear daddy to know what was fashionable ?

She was strolling in the neglected garden that same evening in the early autumn dusk, filled, as usual, with discontented thoughts, when the door into the lane at the bottom opened and shut quietly, and a shabbily-dressed man stepped across her path. She would have screamed, but he pushed back his slouch hat, and there was her erstwhile prosperous host of Park Lane, Herbert Salter, the great financier !

" Don't be alarmed, Miss Neville," he cautiously murmured, as he held out his hand. He looked pale and haggard in the fading light. " I wouldn't intrude like this, but things have sadly changed with me of late. My companies have been unfortunate, and an old friend of mine has gone bankrupt, and—and, in short, I'm afraid of being arrested. It's absurd, of course, for I've a perfect answer to any charge against me ; but still, I think it advisable to leave England for a time. Effie's gone back to her people. She couldn't face it any longer."

He finished with an embarrassed laugh.

" How frightfully sudden ! " cried inexperienced Vera. " Oh, I am indeed sorry for you both ! "

" Oh, everything in the City's terribly depressed just now. In fact, even when you were with us, I was doubtful how much longer I could stand the racket. But you wouldn't understand the business details if I explained them to you. The plain question is, will you help me now—for Effie's sake ? "

" Help you—how ? " she gasped. Oh, this was turning the tables with a vengeance ! Herbert Salter, the millionaire owner of splendours without limit, reduced to asking assistance from her !

" I came to St. Simon's this afternoon on my way to Liverpool and South America. At the station I caught sight of two men uncommonly like detectives, and as I'd had a hint that I might be followed, I jumped out and ran away down the embankment. I hurried along all the back alleys I could find, until I came to the tanyard here, and hid behind a stack of bark until it got dusk. I don't know a single soul in St. Simon's but you ; and when it was safe to come out and reconnoitre, I was overjoyed to see your father's plate on the gate here. You and Effie have always been good friends, and——"

He stopped abruptly. Perhaps he was thinking of the time, but a few weeks ago, when he had been the lavish host and she the grateful guest.

" What do you want me to do ? "

" I must beg for some food—I'm simply starving, for I daren't go to any restaurant in the town. I came away in this old suit as a disguise ; and another hat, and a muffler of some sort, would be useful to vary it a little. Then—I hate to mention it—I've hardly any money left, until I can open my luggage at Liverpool. I had to pawn my watch to

get away," he added, observing her speechless surprise.

"But all the valuable things you had—and Effie's diamonds—and your plate!" she gasped.

"I've been raising money on everything I could to try and satisfy my creditors. By this time Effie's diamonds are mostly paste, and my furniture has been seized by the Jews. Oh, I assure you, it's a complete smash! I'd no capital of my own to start with, you see, and we've certainly gone the pace lately, Effie and I; and—well, Miss Neville, if you won't help me, I shall be in a frightful hole!"

He begged her not to reveal his presence to anybody else in the house. By stealth, and with great difficulty, she managed to smuggle some cold meat and cheese out to him, besides an old straw hat her father had discarded, a gaudy muffler she had knitted in readiness for a bazaar, and a pair of smoked glasses she was accustomed to use when cycling. She likewise emptied her lean purse into his hand. He intended now to make his way across to Liverpool by the sea-coast, so as to put his pursuers off the scent.

In a day or two the news of his flight and the utter collapse of all his bubble companies filled the daily papers. A greater scandal has not occurred for many years. His gorgeous London house was entirely paid for by the foolish people who had trusted him. A forger, a swindler, and a thief, he unfortunately contrived to evade justice, but to this day his name is a byword amongst honest men. It was supposed his wife eventually joined him somewhere beyond the British dominions. At any rate, Effie never wrote to Vera again.

. . . . .

It was a rude awakening, but an effectual one.

Far better the humblest of homes and the quietest of lives, it seemed to Vera now, than a short period of meteoric splendour followed by everlasting obloquy! What must be Effie's feelings? How painfully she must wish that, insead of a financial genius, she had had an honest man for a husband!

An honest man! Vera's face grew hot as she thought of her own shameful behaviour to honest, hard-working, self-denying Arthur. He had always been far too good for her. She no longer thought regretfully of the M.P., who would doubtless despise her for being Effie's friend. For, of course, nobody in society now would have a good word for the Salters.

She wrestled with her pride all the next day. But at last she stole out in the dusk of the evening, and slipped a letter into the pillar-box. Very likely it would be quite useless. Most probably Arthur would refuse to listen to her plea, and treat her with the contempt she deserved. And then she would have had all the indignity of humbling herself before him for nothing!

But one glance at his kind face when he was shown into the shabby little sitting-room where she awaited him the following night was quite enough. She never stopped to criticise his tie, or to notice whether his coat was getting white at the seams, as she would once have done. She simply threw her arms round his neck, with a sob.

"I've some good news for you, my darling," he said tenderly, when she had confessed and received absolution, and it had been quite settled that the very name of Park Lane should never be mentioned between them again, for ever and ever. "My Aunt Emma, down in Wales, died suddenly a little while ago. Poor thing! it was a happy release, for she'd been ill a long time, and suffered greatly. She's left me a hundred a year, dear old soul! So now, if you like, we can take a better house."

But she wouldn't hear of it when she found that the little house they had first decided upon was still unlet. She would be quite satisfied with that, she declared. She meant to practise the strictest economy, and as for the legacy, they would put it by for a rainy day.

"You're the best and the wisest and the most unselfish of little women!" cried indulgent Arthur, as he kissed her anew.

. . . . .

And to-day, happy Vera envies no millionaire living, whether solvent or otherwise.

SCOTT GRAHAM

Why I am what I am.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Welldon

The Rt. Rev. J. E. C. Welldon has led a busy life, and for thirteen years was Headmaster of Harrow. In 1898 he became Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India, but was obliged to resign owing to ill-health in 1902. He is now a Canon of Westminster Abbey, and one of the staunchest opponents of the Higher Criticism.

IT may seem strange that a clergyman should be asked to say why he has chosen the clerical rather than any other profession The reason is self-evident. If a man feels the "inward movement" of "the Holy Ghost," which the Ordination Service presupposes, he must become a clergyman; he cannot become anything else. His is the highest and holiest of vocations. To him no other is possible.

Yet, apart from the feeling that he will enter upon a strictly sacred calling through ordination, and that he is Divinely moved to choose it as his own for life, he may think that in his case special circumstances lead him, by a sort of process of exhaustion, to decide upon it. And this was more or less my case.

It would be impossible to consider all professions and to appraise the claims of each; but to take a few among them as the most obvious. I had no taste for business, nor any prospect of success in it. The profession of arms has never fascinated me. I admire it in others, but I shrink personally from any participation in the science of slaughtering my fellow-men. Neither with India nor with the Colonies did I possess the hereditary associations which have often drawn men of my acquaintance to work in them; and to lose the society of my friends at home would be a great pain to me.

The Bar would be to me a great attraction, but one that is almost exclusively intellectual; it would not, I think, satisfy my highest instincts. A political career, despite its great opportunity of public service, is to my mind greatly marred by the prejudice and differences of party spirit, and by its almost inevitable tendency, as Mr. Gladstone once said, to a dulling of the fine edge of the moral sense.

Photograph by *J. Russell & Sons*

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Welldon, late Headmaster of Harrow School, and formerly Metropolitan of India

If I were not in Holy Orders, I would like to be a doctor; but the clerical profession, especially when the clergyman is also a schoolmaster, seems to afford a unique interest, as being concerned with the whole tripartite being of man—body, mind, and spirit alike—and of subserving the noblest of all purposes—the diffusion of knowledge and the increase of goodness. I am thankful, therefore, that that profession has been mine.

J. E. C. WELLDON.

The Rev. Wilson Carlile

The Rev. Wilson Carlile has been called "the most go-ahead man in the Church of England," a title which he well deserves. He is energy personified; and as head of the Church Army is fully acquainted with all sorts and conditions of men. He is Rector of St. Mary-at-Hill, London.

I am a clergyman because, when my eyes were suddenly opened, after many years of business life, I saw that my way of greatest usefulness lay in that direction.

I might have kept on with mission work in my spare time—as I did for some years under Moody and Sankey, and by myself; but since life is short, and there is much good wants doing, I felt that I must give all my time to helping others, in the name of God. Therefore, at the age of thirty-four I was ordained, feeling that in the Church of England I had a great organisation ready to hand, covering every inch of the country, and enlisting all classes in the service of Christ.

The Rev. Wilson Carlile, Head of the Church Army

Another reason why I became a clergyman was because I had become filled with the idea that the Church was losing her very life-blood in ignoring the enthusiasm of the layman, and I hoped that with some sort of an official standing I might be able to remedy this.

It was my dream that the layman might be encouraged and used in the service of God and His poor. Thank God, He is making the dream come true, for when He drew me from my City office and made me a clergyman, He gave me an opportunity of forming the Church Army.

To-day—I boast only in God—hundreds of young men and women all over the country have left all to preach Christ; two hundred thousand criminals, tramps, unemployed, and outcasts are helped every year—because He founded the Church Army by making me a clergyman.

W. CARLILE.

Miss Agnes Weston

Miss Agnes Weston is the friend of every sailor on every sea. Years ago she founded the Royal Sailors' Rests at Portsmouth and Devonport, where Jack Tar can always find "a home away from home." Miss Agnes Weston's reputation is as international as her charity is universal.

My life has been spent in trying to do something for the happiness and betterment of the men of the sea—the gallant fellows that man our ships of war. I am asked why has my life been spent for this purpose, and what have been the links in the chain of circumstance?

I have been interested in the Navy all my life, and I can remember, though dimly, the old wooden walls and sails. Some of my relations and many friends were officers in the Service, and a hundred years ago a member of my mother's family, Captain Rundle Burges, R.N., was killed by a chain-shot at the battle of Camperdown, and lies buried in the south aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral. He was always a hero in my childish mind, and probably exercised a drawing power at the time. Years afterwards a deputation of British bluejackets waited upon me at Plymouth to ask me whether I

would get up a home for them close to the dockyard gates, and among the public-houses, which should be free from drink.

The earnestness and simplicity of the brave fellows touched my heart, and when they said, "You will live there yourself, and be a mother to us," the die was cast, and I felt that for the glory of God and the good of the Service I was called to give my life to help the men of the Royal Navy.

AGNES E. WESTON.

Photograph by *Dinham, Torquay*

Miss Agnes Weston, the Sailors' Friend

The Ven. Archdeacon Sinclair

The Archdeacon of London is one of the most popular clergymen in the metropolis. He is a master-mind in the pulpit, and never has to preach to empty pews. He was vicar of a large parish in Westminster before he became Archdeacon of London and Canon of St. Paul's in 1889.

It is not very easy to write of the reasons that lead to anything so sacred as the Christian ministry and priesthood. But my father, and my mother's father, were both indefatigable and most conscientious clergymen of the English Church, greatly honoured and beloved in their profession, and the whole atmosphere of my home was profoundly religious.

My father for nineteen years had an important parish in Leeds, where he was a leader of religious thought and work, and was afterwards for twenty-three years Rector of Pulborough, a large agricultural parish in Sussex, which he and my mother practically regenerated. My mother's father was more than thirty years Rector of Spofforth, in Yorkshire, and lived to his ninety-third year—a truly venerable patriarch, in active work till ten days before his death.

I was influenced also by the example of my father's elder brother, John, Archdeacon of Middlesex and Vicar of Kensington, one of the fathers of the National Society for the Education of the Poor, and a great promoter of new churches. He built the present St. Mary Abbott, the parish church of Kensington; a man of untiring zeal and profound enthusiasm.

My home impressions were strongly fortified by one of the best and wisest headmasters of our day, Dr. Pears, of Repton, on whose account I and my brothers went to that ancient Midland school. Here also I was fortunate in having throughout my time the close and unbroken friendship of Arthur Mason, since Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, Margaret Professor of Divinity, Canon of Canterbury, and Master of Peterhouse, with whom I constantly discussed religious questions and future plans.

There never was a time when I did not consider myself dedicated to the service of the Church. It was the same at Balliol—throughout my university course I looked forward to taking Orders, taught in a Sunday-school (New Hincksey), visited in a parish, attended the university sermons, Canon Liddon's Sunday evening Greek Testament lectures in the hall of Queen's, etc.

The promotion of reasonable religion, the communication of faith and hope

amongst the masses of the people, and activity in all the innumerable branches of Christian philanthropy, always seemed to me the most delightful of occupations for a lifetime.

I think I may gratefully believe that the good hand of God was with me throughout, and acknowledge with thankfulness a combination of influences of the most healthy and helpful kind, by which anyone might well have profited.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

The Venerable W. M. Sinclair, Archdeacon of London, in his study at the Chapter House, St. Paul's Cathedral. He is one of the most popular clergymen in the metropolis

"Ralph Connor"

The Rev. Charles Gordon, the brilliant author who writes under the name of "Ralph Connor," is a Canadian, who ministers to a big church in Winnipeg, and pleases thousands by his entertaining books. He has seen life at its best and at its worst as missionary to the miners and lumbermen in the Rocky Mountains.

I am a minister of the Gospel from the human point of view largely because from my earliest days I knew that to this work my mother had dedicated me, and somehow I grew up with this as my aim in life; and although, when I came to the point of choosing, I considered other professions, and had a very good position in a law office offered me, I could not bring myself to adopt any of them; and, however unworthily I may have done my work, I can say that I never was more in love with it than now.

In reply to the question why I am an author, the answer is also very simple. I was a missionary in the Rocky Mountains of Western Canada, and was associated in the oversight of Western Missions to some extent with our great superintendent, Dr. Robertson. Part of our duty was to bring the cause of Western Missions before Eastern Canadians and before the Presbyterians of the churches of the old land.

I was appointed by our Assembly's Home Mission Committee to represent our cause before the churches of Great Britain. While prosecuting this work I became convinced of the importance of descriptive writing in awakening interest in our work.

Later on, when trying to make the men of the Eastern Committee see the Western work with our eyes, and meeting with almost complete failure, I was urged by the late editor of the "Westminster Magazine," of Toronto, to write a tale of Western missionary work. I began by telling the story of a Christmas Eve in a lumber camp. "As I pulled the yarn it came," until, to my surprise, we had enough for my first book, "Black Rock," and ere I was aware I found myself afloat upon the sea of authorship.

John Firmstone—Puritan

A Complete Story. By Ashmore Russan

I.

IT was a constant source of wonder to their neighbours how John Firmstone and his wife came to marry. In personal appearance they were as dissimilar as could be. But her delicate, pretty face, every feature of which spoke of a refined, artistic temperament, and his stern, forbidding countenance, were in no greater contrast than their dispositions. Opposites attract, and perhaps that would explain their union; or possibly he went a-wooing as a soldier armed, and she, vanquished, gave herself to the victor.

However that may have been, time had forged a bond of the strongest kind to hold them together. In passionate love for Tony, the stern Puritan and his beautiful wife were as one. For Tony's sake Ellen Firmstone bore uncomplainingly the rigid, narrow way of life imposed upon her by her husband. For Tony's sake—not her own—she eventually rebelled.

Mrs. Firmstone's grandfather had been a great musician. His works are popular to this day. And his mantle had fallen upon John Firmstone's six-year-old son. Otherwise, the lad's genius could scarcely have made itself manifest amid such surroundings.

There was no musical instrument in John Firmstone's house—not even a penny whistle or toy drum. A pack of cards would scarcely have been more obnoxious. There was no music at the chapel to which the little chap trotted twice every Sunday. But Miles Edwards, who dwelt near, possessed a piano; and there, outside the house, with his curly head pressed against the cold bricks, Tony spent many an hour unknown to his father.

One day Mrs. Edwards took him in, and showed him how the music was made. While her husband played Tony sat mute, with wide eyes; but when it was time for him to go home he refused to leave the instrument, clung to its carved legs, kicked and screamed, until at last Mrs. Edwards was obliged to carry him by main force into the street.

Thenceforward Tony played on every possible article of furniture which a vivid imagination could convert into a piano—chairs, tables, coal-scuttle—anything that came in his way. For a time he was not interfered with. John Firmstone did not seem to comprehend.

"What is he doing?" he asked one evening.

Tony's mother pretended not to hear; but the boy answered gleefully:

"Making music, father."

John Firmstone frowned.

"Who taught him that?" he demanded.

"I don't know," his wife answered truthfully. "He appears to have picked it up himself. Music is in his blood, and I suppose it must come out."

"Find him some toys," was the stern rejoinder. "He'll be play-acting next!"

But Tony cried bitterly, and John Firmstone relented as regards the table and chair pianos. Unknown to his parents, however, the child was a frequent visitor at Miles Edwards's house. Although so young, he seemed to understand the necessity of secrecy; and even when Miles, struck by his passionate love of music, taught him the notes, no word escaped him at home. As his father was absent at business all day, he would practise unsuspected, and in a very short time he was able to read and play his teacher's most difficult pieces.

These were simple, certainly; nevertheless, Tony's progress was astonishing enough.

Finding that his pupil had overtaken him, Miles drew the attention of Mr. May, the organist at St. Peter's Church, to the "wonder child" he had discovered. In consequence, the professional musician took Tony in hand. When perched on the organist's stool, the little chap's feet were a long distance from the pedals; but Mr. May showed him how to use the stops within reach of his tiny fingers, and taught him such music as he was physically able to play. But this could not continue.

II.

THE Delmar Concert Company chanced to visit Oatleigh. St. Peter's Church being a very picturesque building, several lady members of the party came to inspect it while Tony was having a gratuitous lesson. They went into ecstasies. One very practical young lady ran off to find Mr. Delmar, and brought that well-known concert manager back with her.

He listened critically, and asked Mr. May how long his tiny pupil had been learning. The organist told him that the boy was not strictly a pupil at all, and gave a history of his progress. Mr. Delmar was amazed.

"He's a genius!" he cried. "The first I've met. He must study at the Royal Academy of Music. I'll see his father. He must let me take him back to London with me!"

He did not add that he saw good business and a possible fortune in the tiny musician. As soon as he had obtained the boy's address, he left the church and went there. His knock was answered by John Firmstone, who had unexpectedly come home.

"Am I addressing Mr. Firmstone?" asked the concert manager.

Tony's father did not answer at once. He looked Mr. Delmar over from head to foot. That gentleman's flowing hair, waxed moustache, and long overcoat were not calculated to ingratiate him with the man with whom he had to deal.

"That's my name, sir," Firmstone answered at length, in his most abrupt tone. "What's your business with me?"

"I've called about your clever little son," replied the concert manager cheerfully. "If you'll let me take him to London, I'll make a great musician of him; yes, and pay you five pounds a week for his services as soon as he is able to appear in public."

For a moment John Firmstone did not seem to understand. Then, as a comprehension dawned upon him, the veins on his temples swelled with anger; his cold, grey eyes flashed, his face turned red, then white.

"My Tony's no musician!" he burst out. "You ask me to let you make him one—to sell him to the devil for five pounds a week? Out of my sight, Beelzebub!"

He pointed to the garden gate.

Mr. Delmar stood his ground. He had been too long before the public to be easily taken aback.

"You seem to be labouring under some singular error," he said. "I've just heard your little boy playing the organ in St. Peter's Church. He's a genius, a child marvel, a second Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, sir! I think so highly of him that I have offered to give him the best possible musical education at my own expense, and pay you five pounds a week when he's competent to face the great British public."

It was now Firmstone's turn to be amazed.

"You heard my Tony playing the organ in the church?" he cried. "You're mad! He has never been inside that idolatrous place in his life!"

"That's odd," rejoined Mr. Delmar, smiling. "I left him there ten minutes ago, anyway. And, considering that he has never been in the place in his life, his familiarity with the organ keyboard is astonishing. What's the matter, man?"

John Firmstone had dashed past him. Bareheaded, with his grizzled locks flying in the wind, he tore along the street. At the church door he paused an instant, listening; then, rushing up the aisle, he reached the organ in ten strides, snatched up his boy, and bore him home as one saved from desperate peril.

Absurd his conduct might be, but it had its pathetic side. Great tears rolled

Rushing up the aisle, he reached the organ, snatched up his boy, and bore him home as one saved from desperate peril

down his cheeks as he hastened back to the cottage, with Tony clinging round his neck and crying softly, not in fear—John Firmstone has never lifted his hand against his boy—but in repentance. Tony knew that he had done wrong, and he was sorry.

On the way they met Mr. Delmar, who had followed leisurely. Tony's father waved him off.

"Get thee behind me, Satan!" he shouted as he passed.

"Poor fellow," murmured the concert manager. "He's madder than ever Lear was!"

Arrived at home, John Firmstone seated the boy in his own little chair, and faced his astonished wife.

"A brand saved from the burning!" he panted. "Did you know he was playing the organ in yonder temple?"—pointing to the massive church tower, which could be seen from the window.

Mrs. Firmstone's expression was almost sufficient answer.

"Playing the organ?" she repeated incredulously. "No! I knew he could play a tune or two on Miles Edwards's piano. All the neighbours are talking about him. But the organ? Oh, it's impossible!"

"I saw him, and I heard him," he rejoined. "What sin have I committed that my child should fall into this snare?"

She laid her hand on his arm gently, caressingly.

"Are you quite sure that it is a snare?" she asked. "Might it not be a gift from the Lord?"

"Never!" he answered resolutely. 'The Lord's gifts are holy."

It was useless to argue with him. No one knew that better than his wife. Tony was forbidden to enter St. Peter's Church, or Miles Edwards's house.

III.

But Mr. Delmar was not easily to be turned aside from anything on which he had set his mind. Having learned that John Firmstone's strange conduct was the result of religious scruples, he called at the cottage again, after assuring himself that the rigid sectarian would be absent, and repeated his offer to Tony's mother.

"It is very good of you," she said. "Tony must be a musician. But he is too young to leave home at present. Some day, when he is older, his father may give way, for he worships the child. It's no use asking him now."

The concert manager naturally pressed the matter, aware that Tony's power of "drawing" an audience would most likely diminish as his years increased. He called several times in the hope of securing him. Eventually he gave Mrs. Firmstone his London address, and left the town with his company.

Poor Tony! Make-believe pianos had no longer power to satisfy him; he had tasted the forbidden fruit. He lost his spirits, his appetite, and his colour. He seemed to be pining away. Sick at heart, his mother took him to Dr. Jeffery.

"Tell your husband," said that gentleman, "that his conduct is as cruel as it is ridiculous. Unless the boy is allowed to go on with his music he will probably die. Medicine is of no use in his case."

John Firmstone trembled when the doctor's message was repeated to him, but his resolution remained unshaken.

"So be it," he continued. "Better he were dead than lost!"

His wife said no more. But she wrote to Mr. Delmar the same day, and received a telegram in reply:

"Bring the boy to Euston. If you wire, I will meet you.—Delmar."

Long she pondered over the message, unable to make up her mind. The merest chance resolved her. Into the street came a wandering musician—a most unusual occurrence. He played a selection from "Il Trovatore" upon the flageolet. Tony was sitting on the hearth-rug, trying to amuse himself with some new toys his father had bought for him. At the first note he sprang to his feet, his eyes sparkling with excitement, his face aglow.

"Music, mother—music!" he cried, and ran to the door.

Then he remembered. Closing the door, he crept back to the fire, and cried as if his little heart would break. His

mother took him upon her knees and tried to comfort him, but in vain.

"I mustn't listen," he sobbed. "It's wicked. Send him away!"

She put him down, went upstairs, and packed a portmanteau. Then she dressed him in his Sunday clothes, wrote a note for her husband, and with the boy walked to the railway-station.

When John Firmstone came home to his dinner he found the cottage door locked; but the key was hanging on a nail beneath the window. Surprised, he entered hurriedly. There was no sign of a meal; the cloth was not even laid.

"Where can she have gone?" he muttered.

And then he saw the note. He took it up.

"I have gone away—for Tony's sake. Forgive me.—ELLEN."

The half-sheet of letter-paper fell to the floor. A mist swam before his eyes. He reeled into a chair.

"Gone away? Ellen—gone—away? And Tony—my Tony? No, no! It can't be true!"

Presently he rose and went upstairs. The garments littered about were conclusive evidence of his wife's flight. On the dressing-table lay the telegram. He saw it instantly.

"Gone to London!" he groaned. "Tony and Ellen! Lord keep my hands from murder when I meet that son of Belial!"

Ten minutes later he was at the station. An express for London was due. It came in and left. If it bore to the South a more wretched man than John Firmstone its freight of misery must have been heavy indeed!

IV.

HE alighted at Euston in a dazed condition, and stood on the platform, undecided what to do next. The hurrying passengers disappeared. Soon he had the arrival platform almost to himself.

"Are you expecting to meet someone, sir?" asked an inspector.

"Yes—no," he faltered. "I mean," he went on, "did you notice a woman and a little boy? They'd have a bag with them."

The inspector smiled. So many women with a little boy and a bag arrived at Euston in the course of the day.

"I can't say that I did. Oh, I say, they wouldn't be met by Mr. Delmar, would they? I heard him asking a porter to look out for a lady and a boy."

Tony's father clutched him by the arm, trembling with agitation.

"That's them!" he cried. "Which way did they go?"

"I can't tell you that, but the porter might know. A nice, pleasant gentleman is Mr. Delmar. He's often here, seeing one or other of this touring companies off. Hi, Bill!" The man addressed stopped and turned. "Did Mr. Delmar meet the lady he wanted to see?" the inspector asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Cab, I suppose?"

"No. To the hotel coffee-room. That's where I left the lady's bag, anyhow."

The inspector pointed out the way.

Without a word of thanks John Firmstone rushed off. He entered the spacious room and stood looking wildly about him, bewildered by the bustle.

"Father! Here's father!" cried a voice, a childish treble.

They were sitting at the table not three yards distant—Mrs. Firmstone, Tony, and the concert manager. No thought of revenge had the stricken man—no thought of anything or anybody save Tony.

He sprang forward, and, clasping the boy in his strong arms, kissed him passionately. Next moment he had gone, and, still carrying Tony, was darting across the approach to the station.

There was the quick clatter of hoofs, a cabman's frantic shout, a crash, and John Firmstone and his boy lay together on the road. Tony, more frightened than hurt, got up; but his father did not move.

When John Firmstone recovered consciousness he found himself in bed. His wife and a doctor were bending over him. Tony, sobbing quietly, was sitting near.

"Where am I?" he cried; and then he

remembered. "Where's Tony? Is he hurt?"

"Hush!" exclaimed the doctor. "Don't excite yourself. The boy's all right. So you will be in a day or two, if you keep quiet."

Tony came and stood beside him, and presently he dozed off, with the boy's little hand clasped in his own. He awoke so much better that his wife felt justified in explaining.

"We are at the hotel now," she added; "but as soon as you are well enough we are all to go to Mr. Delmar's. He is coming to fetch us."

She expected him to say, "I won't go," but he did not.

"I bow to God's will," he murmured. "It must be His will, or He would have let me take Tony back."

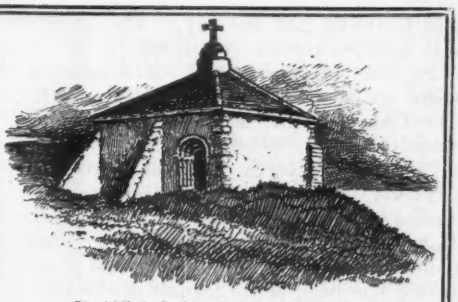
Mr. Delmar was as good as his word. Tony received the best musical education that London could give. No doubt the clever concert manager was well repaid. The "boy virtuoso" was a great draw for two years or more. And to-day Anthony Firmstone is on the high-road to fame of a different kind, more lasting, if less sensational; while his father, seeing things with a broader, clearer vision, is a far happier man than he was in the old days at Oatleigh. It is almost needless to add that he has long since forgiven his wife—for Tony's sake.

Oh, heavenly choir, time sings for aye your song which ushered in
The coming of Christ, the Saviour, to redeem the world from sin!

Hill-top Churches

By Charles G. Harper

A companion article to "Wave-washed Churches," which appeared in last month's GOOD WORDS



St. Aldhelm's Chapel, Isle of Purbeck

MANY are the singularly placed churches and chapels of ancient date in England, and among these the grey, weather-beaten buildings which occupy the summits of lofty hills are particularly interesting.

The question at once arises, on seeing these hoary memorials of other times perched in such commanding elevations in the countryside, for what reason were churches ever placed in the inconvenient positions that these so often occupy? Often enough they are built in places that are not only now, but must always have been remote, and, in some cases, almost inaccessible. If in these days it is found difficult to fill churches in crowded London, what must have been the strength of the piety which, in days when these hill-top churches were new, always secured them full congregations?

The lonely church on the summit of Brent Tor, on the borders of Dartmoor

Perhaps the difficulty experienced in climbing up to these cragside places of worship lent an additional virtue to attending services there in times when to mortify the flesh for religion's sake was canonical, and accounted as for the good of the soul. At any rate, the difficulty of reaching these hill-top churches, generally far removed from village or hamlet, led to the legends which attach to almost every one of them—legends which give the reason of their situation as owing to the machinations of the Evil One.

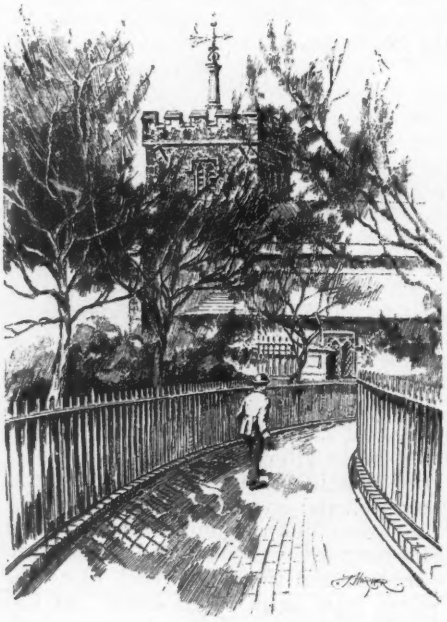
We will take, for instance, that lonely church perched on the summit of Brent Tor, on the borders of Dartmoor, between Okehampton and Tavistock. It is one which, by reason of its lofty situation, is visible for miles round. The legend runs that when this church was being built its site was placed close to the village in the valley, a situation easily reached. This did not suit his satanic majesty, and so every night he removed the work done during the day, and, taking the stones to the hill-top, dropped them there.

He very shrewdly thought that piety, under hill-climbing conditions, would not be a hardy growth. But the builders of that church did not give in without a struggle, and so they painfully brought the stones down again which the devil had removed with such ease. This happened several times, and each night the stones were again taken away. At last human patience could no longer endure,

and the devil had his way. The church was built on the lonely hill-top.

In the neighbourhood of Guildford there are two chapels similarly situated. The Chapel of St. Martha, on the very summit of the wooded hills above the village of Chilworth, 720 feet above the sea-level, and that of St. Catherine, on a sandy hillock above the old Portsmouth Road, on the left hand as you go from Guildford to Godalming. The first mentioned has been restored, and is now used for Sunday evening services; the other is now, and has been for many years, a roofless ruin. It was probably, in its original state, a votive chapel, erected in honour of St. Catherine by someone who had received answer to prayer.

It is a singular thing that a chapel similarly dedicated, stands on the summit of St. Catherine's Hill at Abbotsbury, a charming village in Dorsetshire, not far from Weymouth. Although not exactly a ruin, it is deserted, and not within the memory of man has a service been held within its sturdy walls. Those walls are sturdy indeed, being between four and five feet thick; while the roof consists, not of the comparatively flimsy covering of slates or tiles, but of great stone slabs calculated to resist all the stormy winds that blow from the neighbouring English Channel.

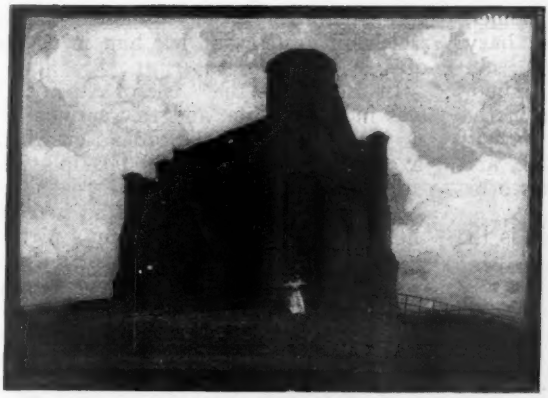


St. Nicholas, the Mother Church of Brighton

The hill on which this fine chapel stands is situated just outside the village of Abbotsbury, and presents considerable difficulty to the climber, both because of its original steepness and on account of the ancient earthworks thrown up on its sides.

Perhaps the most ornate of these chapels is the beautiful example known as Holy Ghost Chapel, a sixteenth-century building which stands on a hill immediately outside Basingstoke Station. Travellers from Waterloo will notice it just outside the station buildings at the "down" end. This is an oratory built by a religious brotherhood calling themselves the Fraternity of the Holy Ghost. Their monastic buildings have now all disappeared, and their chapel alone remains to tell of their existence. The ruins consist of a roofless tower and one arcaded wall overgrown with ivy. A solitary altar-tomb remains of some forgotten worthy once buried in the choir, his effigy, even to his face, mutilated with the pocket-knives of many generations of visitors.

St. Aldhelm's Chapel, in the stormy Isle of Purbeck, has a curious history. It stands on the verge of the frowning cliffs of St. Aldhelm's Head, and from being a chapel has now been put to use by a utilitarian age as a coastguard station. St. Aldhelm was the first bishop, A.D. 705-9, of the long-since dissolved See of Sherborne. There appears to be some doubts as to the origin of this chapel, but records wou'd seem to point to its having been founded by King John as a Royal chapel within his "Royal Warren" of Purbeck. Documents exist which prove that, away back to the reign of Henry III., a stipend of a hundred shillings a year was paid to the chaplain of Corfe Castle and St. Aldhelm by the Crown. We are not told when this allowance was discontinued, nor when the services ceased; but for hundreds of years the building was in a neglected state, and remained so until



St. Catherine's Chapel, Abbotsbury

the present Earl of Eldon, the owner of the surrounding estates, restored it.

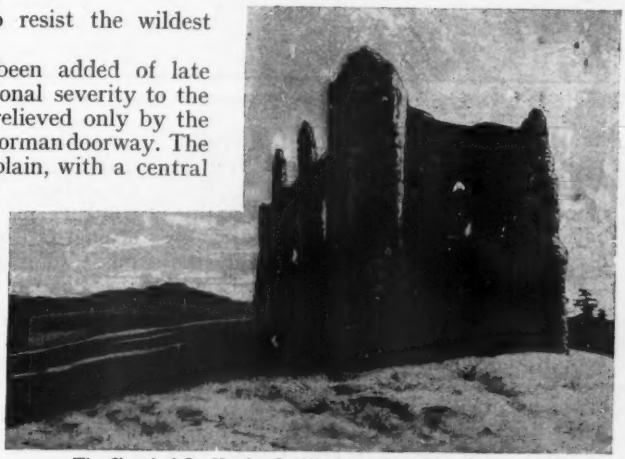
Nearly 450ft. above the sea, it is exposed to every wind that blows, and was evidently built with a keen eye to the circumstances of its position, for the walls are thick and squat, and the roof, of great stone slabs, calculated to resist the wildest storms.

Sturdy buttresses have been added of late years, and give an additional severity to the appearance of the chapel, relieved only by the elaborate mouldings of the Norman doorway. The interior is almost equally plain, with a central pillar supporting the roof.

Once upon a time the mother church of Brighton was a remotely-situated place of worship. Dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of sailors, it overlooked the English Channel from its lofty height in the far-off centuries when Brighton was just a tiny fishing hamlet below, known as "Brighthelmstone," after some Saxon "St. Brighthelm," of whom no records have survived to our day. This ancient church is no longer lonely, but is thickly surrounded by houses. From its crowded churchyard you look over the roofs of all Brighton to the shining sea beyond.

Very differently situated is the tall grey tower that crowns the lofty pyramidical hill of Glastonbury Tor. It is, and has ever been, a lonely landmark, visible through the half of Somersetshire. All that is left of the Chapel of St. Michael, once the resort of the pilgrims who came from afar to worship at the great abbey of Glastonbury, this tower was built towards the end of the thirteenth century. From its wind-swept battlements the eye ranges over the oozy levels of Sedgemoor

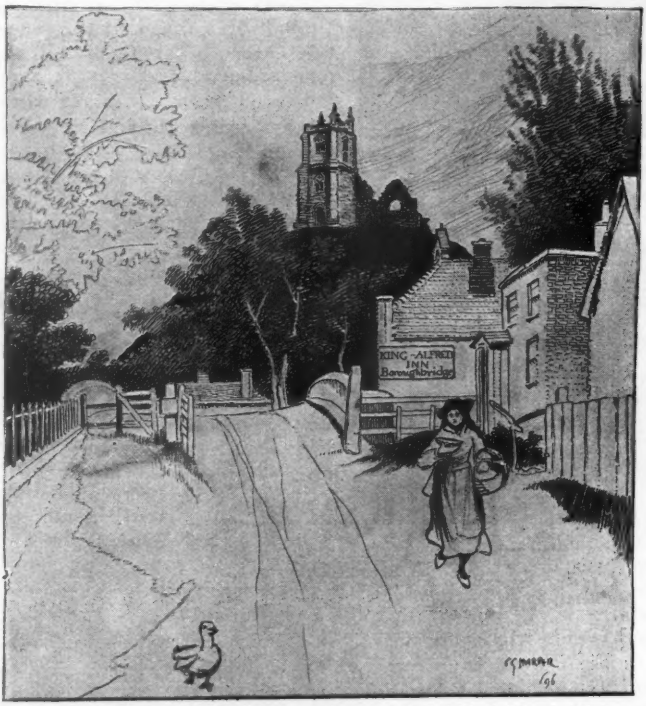
St. Michael's Chapel, Torquay



The Chapel of St. Martha, Guildford, 720 feet above the sea-level

and away to the distant Bristol Channel, and the yet more distant and hazy coast of South Wales. From these self-same battlements the body of Abbot Whiting was swung on a gallows in the ferocious days of Henry VIII. He had refused to surrender his abbey, and bravely met his end for his loyalty to his Church.

Within sight of this lofty hill is the similarly shaped hill at Boroughbridge, on the verge of the historic Isle of Athelney. Boroughbridge is a tiny hamlet inhabited almost wholly by withy-cutters and basket-makers, on the banks of the muddy River Parret; and the church, ruined a century and a half ago, has never been restored, but remains a picturesque wreck, visible on its hill-top for many miles round. There was probably an early Christian church here in those far-off days when King Alfred hid away in these morasses and dense thickets from the victorious Danes, and accidentally burnt those famous cakes which his hostess had left him in charge of.



The ruined church at Boroughbridge, on the verge of the historic Isle of Athelney

In those days the "Isle of Athelney" was indeed an isle, and this curious hill no doubt the only solid ground on which a church could be built. The hill-sides still bear distinct traces of defensive earthworks thrown up here, and it needs little imagination to conjure up a picture of the harassed Christianised Saxons fortifying themselves on this spot of solid earth against the advancing tide of heathen Danes, and determining to die here on this holy spot, if need were.

Ely Cathedral was once similarly situated, rising lonely amid the Cambridgeshire fens from a position but slightly elevated above the watery waste. Then, also, the site of Lincoln Cathedral was selected as being the only suitable piece of rising ground for many miles in flat and marshy Lincolnshire. It still towers up grandly over the far-stretching levels, and serves both as a landmark to the stranger in that country of fens and dykes and as a symbol of Christianity even in the midst of desolation.

St. Michael's Chapel, Torquay, erected many centuries ago, is situated on a cliff, the entrance being near the edge. It is a compact mass of masonry of immense strength. No attempt has ever been made to make a floor, the rocks inside the chapel serving that purpose. By whom or when this place of worship was erected is a subject for conjecture. It has been stated that it was the work of shipwrecked mariners, but its construction would indicate it to be the work of more skilled workmen.

CHARLES G. HARPER.

The Old-Fashioned Virtue of Kindness

By the Rev. John Watson, D.D. ("Ian Maclaren")

THERE is a fashion in character as much as in clothes, and the favourite type at the beginning of this century is very different from that dear to our fathers of the fifties. We speak of a person as "quite modern," or "so interesting," or "delightfully intense," and by these amazing descriptions we mean an elderly woman of unprepossessing appearance who rails against marriage, or a young woman who could not cook a dinner to save her life and yet teaches artisans' wives to keep house, or an artist who will look at no picture whose drawing s not execrable and whose subject is not unintelligible.

Of course, there are irreverent people who laugh at these products of latter-day society or are frankly bored by them, but the products take the situation very seriously, and give themselves airs. And a large number of quite sensible people are so browbeaten by the fashion for newness that they dare not say what they think of all this posing and foolery, lest they should prove themselves out of date and be called Philistines, which is a hopeless condemnation. Besides, there is the Secret Society of the Meredithians, made up of persons who have read and understood the works of Mr. Meredith, and who number, according to reliable information, one hundred and twenty-three members, which holds reading circles in such terror that only the most courageous dare confess that they have not read "An Amazing Marriage" with exhilaration.

We have indeed come to make such a god of cleverness nowadays that shallow people compound with society by being eccentric, and dull people cannot justify their existence. Among the many new societies which are starting every day, and afford a comfortable living to their officials, another is imperatively called for, a "Society for the Protection of Ordinary People."

By an ordinary person is intended one who venerates old institutions such as Christianity and the Family, who retains the former manner of courtesy and would keep women apart from the strife of public life, who does not meddle with unpleasant questions and has not read the problem literature, who does not sparkle in conversation and is weak in epigrams. This person is now given to understand that he is quite out of date in society—a survival not of the fittest—and is lectured by his children, who desire to do their best for him. It is explained that he need not be shocked by a certain want of reserve in conversation, because everybody talks of things their parents did not refer to in public—social "workers" taking a lead in this unsavoury line; and that he must not do this and that because such ways are antiquated—generally some way of simplicity and kindness. So this old-fashioned person begins to feel that he has no place in our bright, "brainy," emancipated life.

One plea may be made for him, and that is that in nine cases out of ten he illustrates a dying virtue, for, after his modesty, the distinguishing feature in this poor foreigner who has drifted out of his time is the kindliness of the man. He has not forgotten how to shake hands, but has the power of a friendly grip, and will even hold your hands for five seconds on occasion; he allows you to see that he is pleased to meet you, and he has an unaffected interest in your welfare—physical and spiritual—and in that of all your family. If anyone be ill in his circle—and really it is wonderful how many friends he has in spite of his obsoleteness—he finds time that very day to call, not having to assist at so many functions

as his neighbours; and he has an absurd habit of bringing flowers in his own hand, to say nothing of hothouse grapes in a brown-paper bag. Very likely his friends could have purchased the flowers and the grapes, but the mother and father appreciate the personal kindness, and Tommy never can see why their giver is called an old fogey.

People say that Barnabas is tiresome, and, placed in the witness-box, I could not swear that I ever heard him say a smart thing either of a book or a friend, but he has an absolute genius for doing kind things. No man can give his friends' children such royal good times as Barnabas, and there is a certain poor district where any "modern" gibing at Barnabas would be stoned. He cannot endure a formal dinner-party—with falsetto talk and French dishes—but he dearly loves to have half a dozen honest souls to spend the evening with him. His family have got into the way of apologising for him, and Barnabas always speaks of himself as a man who cannot now change and must just be tolerated. Sometimes I have thought that he felt this depreciation; but in the afternoon I met him coming from a poor street, himself again, and I knew he had found consolation in some good work. "Worthy man," a modern was saying yesterday of him with much condescension, "but quite impossible nowadays." One wonders what the angels think of Barnabas.

Perhaps the people of the last generation were not so well read as we are—although they knew their Shakespeare and their Scott; perhaps they were not so clever—although the women were excellent housewives and the men kept British commerce to the front; but with all their shortcomings they knew how to be kind, and were not ashamed to have a heart.

The matrons were motherly then—gentle, wise, reposeful—to whom one went in trouble, certain of sympathy; the young women were simple and unaffected, without "missions" and without mannishness. People knew how to be hospitable, making you welcome when you came and letting you go with regret. And they had not reached that fine point of culture when one is ashamed to show any emotion—even a mother for the death of her child—but made merry with a will at a marriage and mourned over a death openly. Nor did they sneer at Christmas and vote it a bore; but laid themselves out to make the young folk glad and also the poor, and, forgetting grey hairs, became young themselves after a very taking fashion.

There is a rivalry nowadays between the head and the heart, and it does seem as if culture carried beyond a certain point was against love. Are not highly educated people—people, at least, of the class given to "preciosity" in letters and impressionism in art, who are distressed by Sir Walter's style because he was not self-conscious, and consider Millais little better than a Philistine because he was conscientious—apt to be cold-blooded and detached from the elemental human interests. Husbands of this kind may love their wives and parents their children, but any emotion in this rarefied atmosphere will be so delicate as to defy detection, and will shrink from visible demonstration.

May it not be urged that culture is decadent when it ceases to be kind, and that the great gods of literature were intensely human; and it might even be remarked that if a comparison were made between the chief novelists of yesterday and to-day the men of the past were both kinder and greater. No one can estimate how much tenderness and gladness together Dickens infused into English life, but it may be said that his "Christmas Carol" did more than many sermons to teach the commandment of love.

Thackeray pretended to be a cynic, and talked about his puppets; but who has not seen the tear in his eye, and loved him who gave us so many kind, simple hearts—Henry Esmond and William Dobbin and Colonel Newcome, and even Rawdon Crawley, whom love redeemed.

We all admire Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy for their different qualities, but I suppose their most ardent admirers would hardly claim that they were kind writers, or that they left their readers more in love with ordinary human nature. And

while among the younger men Mr. Swift has shown much power in producing "Tormentors," and Mr. Wells has given us a masterpiece of horror in his Martian nightmares, yet both have failed somewhat in kindness.

The appreciation of kindness is very largely a question of years; it comes with experience and wisdom. So long as we are young and energetic, and impulsive and enthusiastic, we are vastly tickled by intellectual smartness, and are intoxicated with the favour of a wit. We count his paper money to be a fortune, and his gay sayings as great treasure. Here is company for life—a friend before whose delicate persiflage sorrow and disappointment will flee. As the years come and go we find this cynic out, and the thin plating of culture shows the common metal beneath.

The Rev. John Watson, D.D. ("Ian Maclaren")

What one longs for, as trial follows trial, is sympathy, faithfulness, honesty — in fact, kindness. Words, however well turned and felicitous, count less every day; and deeds, however simple, if they be true, count more. This silent, awkward, commonplace man, what can we find behind such an unpromising mask that to him we turn in hours of trouble? The public does not understand. Silent? Yes, amid empty, heartless chatter, but he can speak upon occasion, and then his words are like gold tried in the fire. Did you say awkward? Granted; where people pose as before mirrors he faileth somewhat in grace, but he has a very fine manner in a room where the blinds are down. And commonplace? Well, my wife has a letter which he wrote to us in our sorrow that is the most perfectly composed I ever read. When it cometh to deeds he is original, heroic, knightly; I declare it on my word, for I have seen it. Oh, the kind hearts are the true hearts, and God give us a few such for our friends as the sun begins to sink!

'Tis kindness, not cleverness, which affects nations and gaineth the victory. Some years ago I saw many wonderful things in America, but the most beautiful I heard of was at Concord. It was there that the Colonists fired their first shot for liberty, and the spot is marked by a statue. Year by year it is crowned with flowers, and the beginning of a new nation is celebrated. Across the little river is a grave where two English soldiers lie, who fell that day obeying orders and doing their duty. No one thought of their nameless grave, who were aliens and enemies, till a kind heart took pity and laid a wreath there also, so that on both sides the flowers now lie where brave men fought and died.

And when our day's work is over, and each servant comes home in the evening, when he stands before the Judge and waits His word, what is to be the law by which you and I shall be approved or condemned? It will not be our knowledge nor our cleverness, nor shall it be our creeds nor our professions, for none of these things shall be once mentioned then. As the Judge, who cares for no favour and sees through all pretences, considers each life, He bids glad, full welcome to those who in this lower life, amid all their mistakes and failings, have cherished a warm heart, and so at last the crown is placed on the brow of kindness.

JOHN WATSON

In the Days of Long Ago

Drawn by Edward Read

The Rector's Mystery

Opening Chapters of a Serial Story of Deep Interest. By Ethel F. Heddle

INTRODUCTION

The Rev. Mr. Nugent, rector of Lower Bishop's Thorpe, is a widower, living with his only child, Luline, and his invalid mother, Lady Elizabeth. He meets Magdalen Sinclair, a beautiful young widow, and, learning that she is in somewhat distressed circumstances, engages her as his housekeeper. Her advent into the sleepy village creates much gossip, and she is dubbed "The Rector's Mystery."

As time passes, Mr. Nugent comes to think of Magdalen with feelings of more than mere regard. He is conscious, however, that a deep mystery is attached to the woman, and one which he cannot fathom. His perplexity is increased by the rumour that Magdalen has been seen in the company of Mr. Everton, a retired millionaire, who dwells close by.

Meanwhile, Francis Oswald, a barrister, and an old friend of Mr. Nugent, arrives at the rectory, to intercede with Mr. Everton on behalf of his brother George, who is deeply in love with Molly, the millionaire's daughter. Mr. Everton has taken a sudden and unaccountable dislike to the young man, and has ordered that the suit shall be broken off.

Magdalen begs, for some reason, to be excused from an introduction to the rector's guest, and is absent from both drawing-room and dinner-table. In the evening Nugent and Oswald are chatting of old times, when the latter picks up Magdalen's photograph. He asks hastily whom it represents, and, learning that it is Mrs. Sinclair, the rector's housekeeper, he remarks bitterly that it is "horribly like" the wife of his brother Paul, who was murdered a few years back. The woman, he adds, is also dead, and finishes with an ominous, "It was well." Neither of the men noticed the terrified face of Magdalen peeping into the room during the incident.

The next morning Francis, on his way to the Hall, meets Molly. The girl goes in search of her father, whom she finds in the library, engaged with an unexpected visitor—Magdalen. The millionaire refuses even to see Oswald, and the latter departs. On his return to town, he advises his brother to go abroad.

While they are discussing this sudden and mysterious antipathy on the part of Mr. Everton, and the strange likeness of Magdalen Sinclair to the dead wife of their late brother Paul, Francis catches sight of a person whom he thinks may be able to throw some light on the mystery. This is Sally Price, late servant in Paul's household.

She is horrified to hear that her late mistress had been tried for the murder of her husband, but had been acquitted. Some months later she had met her death, it was said, by drowning. Sally Price tells him she is going to Lower Bishop's Thorpe to stay with the lodgekeeper at Mr. Everton's house.

CHAPTER XI (*continued*)

SALLY'S APPARITION

Next forenoon George recognised Sally Price at Waterloo, and he nodded to her carelessly. They had to change at a junction, and, seeing her making timid inquiries of a surly guard, he went up to her and asked where she was going.

"To Bishop's Thorpe, sir."

"So am I! We wait here ten minutes; then we do not change again. Have you had any lunch?"

Sally said "No," and he took her into the little refreshment-room, and made her take a cup of soup and then some buns, Sally looking at him meekly and gratefully. George was always kind-hearted.

"You are not a bit like your brother," she burst out suddenly, as he put a heap of illustrated papers in her hand before finding her a carriage. "Thank you, Mr. George. Oh, thank you kindly! You took after your mother, they all said. You were away at school when I served Mr. Paul."

"I scarcely remember Paul," he remarked. "We were only half-brothers, you know; and I never heard the ins and outs of the tragedy. Where are you going to at Bishop's Thorpe?"

"To the lodge at the Hall. My cousin is there."

"How very odd! I am going up to the Hall, or, rather, to the park near it. I—I want to see the young lady there. Well, I must be off."

And then he re-entered his own carriage, and he saw her no more till the village station was reached. It was very deserted, and they walked up the country road together, taking a short cut which led to the Hall past the church. The old nail-studded door of the sacred building was open, and George, who was very fond of it and of the rector, looked in on the chance of his being there. Sally followed timidly.

Luline was seated on a marble tomb in the side aisle, examining the time-worn ruff of an Elizabethan dame, and she did not notice the two; and in the rectory pew George could see the slight, kneeling figure of a woman. The light from a stained-glass window fell on her bowed head and clasped hands, and he moved back at once, reverently, Sally following his look.

"Why, it's her very figure, and the

colour of her hair!" she whispered, in a frightened way, to his surprise. "And her dead, poor darling, these ten years!"

He drew her out of the porch.

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"My old mistress, sir—Mr. Paul's wife!"

"And she is dead?"

"Yes, sir—ten years ago, your brother said. Who is that lady?".

"Mrs. Sinclair, the rector's housekeeper. Do you know the name?"

But no; Sally did not know the name. It was only a coincidence, she supposed.

CHAPTER XII

A MEETING—AND A PARTING

GEORGE had telegraphed to Molly to meet him in the park about four o'clock, under a certain group of elms; and he had not long to wait before he could see her coming through the trees towards him, hastily, and yet with not the haste of joy. He thought her very much altered, and he seemed to feel that his pleading would be vain as he took her hand and bent to kiss her, Molly permitting him, sadly and gently. All the light and the sparkle seemed to have gone out of her face; even her bewitching dimples had disappeared. It seemed to George that a blight had crept over her, a cold frost of disappointment and despondency.

"Molly," he began gently, "have you been ill, dear?"

"No; I am never ill." And she tried to smile, with a piteous imitation of her old saucy manner. "I am very strong, as you know, George; but—but it is no use, dear. I can't go on hoping. Father will never permit our marriage. I told him I was coming here—to say good-bye—and he only looked at me in a broken-hearted way. The last few days he has seemed broken-hearted."

George gave a slight but expressive gesture of impatience.

"But, Molly, excuse me, darling. Considering it is his own fault, I can't see that he deserves much pity!"

"I don't know." And Molly sighed as she leant back against the huge elm, yellow and sere leaves at her feet, and the branches waving gently above her head. "I cannot tell you how, George, but I have felt lately that all this is even harder for the dad than for me. It is harder to see those we love suffer than to suffer ourselves. He would spare me if he could. It is a mystery, and I feel despairing over it; but I feel that he cannot help himself."

"But, Molly, in common justice he should explain the mystery."

"I said that to him, and he whispered that he dared not, that I must trust him—I must trust him, George."

"But that means giving me up?"

Yes; she knew that. She raised her eyes imploringly.

"George, don't make it harder for me! Help me to be brave! I could not—I could not disobey him! It would break his heart! We must think of it as a hard fate, dear. You must go away to the East and forget me! And I shall try to do my duty here."

George fidgeted desperately, kicking the leaves at his feet.

"Molly, Molly, it is hard!"

"Yes, it is hard; but life is hard to many. I used to say to the rector that I scarcely knew what sorrow and trial meant; and he looked at me so pitifully. 'God will deal with you according to His wisdom, Molly,' he said. 'You may not need the furnace of sorrow; but, if it should ever come, remember that the love which gave you the sunshine and the love which gave you the pain are the same love.'"

"I can't take it in, Molly"—and poor George looked at her desperately. "And there seems so much to say; and yet there is nothing! Your resolve is fixed, I see that, and—I only torture you. I will go away; but I will never give you up! I will love you for ever!"

She looked at him gently and patiently. Perhaps she was thinking, dearly as she loved him, that Time is a slow and a cruel test.

"And, if ever he gives in, will you swear, Molly, on your oath, that you will send for me?"

"I will promise to let you know."

She had smiled, and put her hand on his arm; but it was the shadow of Molly's old smile.

"I think something is worrying him very much just now. When he fell asleep in his armchair last night—and that is very unlike him, and shows he had not been sleeping well—he woke with such a dreadful start. 'I was base to allow it,' he cried out, 'and the memory of it is killing me!' I said, 'What is it, dad?' And he looked at me bewildered. 'Only a dream,' he said. But you see, George, something in the past troubles him. I cannot add my troubles to his."

They looked at each other, then, silently and sorrowfully. The dusk was beginning to fall. The sweet peace and hush of the coming night was creeping up gently, and the little breeze had fallen. George looked at the face he loved, and at the soft brown hair, and wondered if this was indeed a final parting—if, in the long years to come, he would look back and remember Molly standing there, with the shadow of the leaves upon her, and her sad eyes looking into his.

"I must be going, George. Before I got your wire I had promised to go to evening service to-night. There is a contralto solo. It is 'O rest in the Lord.'"

"I wish I could stay and hear you sing it," he said. "But I have to catch the express back to town. I shall go to Singapore, Molly. Francis said he could arrange it with the firm for me, now I need not stay at home."

"Singapore! It is a very bright, gay place, I have heard"—Molly tried to speak cheerfully—"and, of course, it is an English colony; you will be amongst English people. I hope you will be very happy!"

"Molly, will you not write?"

"Don't you think it would be only making things harder for you, George? I think so—I think—better not!"

He did not urge her. Somehow there was a tone of quiet resolution and despair in the girlish voice which left no room for yielding. She held out her hands, and he clasped them and drew her to him softly. The boyish, handsome face looked into hers, and the tears drenched Molly's eyes.

"I do not give you up, Molly—do you hear? I will never give you up!"

Well, in spite of all, it was sweet to hear him say so. And then she drew herself lightly from his arms, for the church clock was sending a slow boom over the park, and by-and-by the bells for service would begin.

"God bless you, dear, and keep you in His keeping," Molly said, George listening with bent head. And in another moment she had passed away, and he saw her pale, beautiful face no more.

CHAPTER XIII

LOVED WITH A GREAT LOVE

MOLLY sang the beautiful anthem that night, and the few worshippers who attended the rector's Friday evening service listened, feeling that they had never appreciated the matchless beauty of words and music before. In the porch, while she waited for Mrs. Sinclair to finish the voluntary, the rector joined Molly, and, everyone having gone, drew her gently beside him on the stone seat.

"Molly, the words you sang had a new meaning for you."

"They seemed a promise," she said restlessly, "for I have seen George, and we have parted. The words say we shall gain 'our heart's desire.'"

"If we rest in Him! We shall, Molly, if we do rest in Him! For our heart's desire will be only His will. Do you know Dante's words: 'God's will is our peace'?"

"And, of course, it may not mean our earthly desire?"

"Not if that is against His will. But, my child, peace is the most precious thing God gives us. How much richer and rarer than mere perishable earthly joy! The one fades, the other shines more and more unto the perfect day. And, Molly, I think I must tell you that I feel as if God will give you back this gift He is taking from you now for a little. Only trust and rest, and then, whether He does or no, the light of His love and peace will be with you."

They could hear Mrs. Sinclair's light step. The rector rose to meet her, and presently they were all standing at the churchyard gate, where two old yews guarded the entrance to God's acre and cast a deep, black shadow on the grass.

Molly shook hands and went off, and the other two turned their steps homeward. Only they knew how they had grown to prize these quiet walks home after service, in the soft summer and autumn dusk. They spoke very little. Hearts attune, and in perfect sympathy, need no words—witness the silent visits of Tennyson to the Sage of Chelsea, when either genius sat smoking in happy silence; and these two hearts, for all the silence and the mystery which separated them, were strangely attune. Then Magdalen spoke:

"Molly seemed a little pale?"

"Yes, she had parted from her lover."

"From George?" And she sighed deeply. "I am so sorry—so very sorry!"

Her head was bent—the lips took their old expression of sad, fixed repression, and the rector echoed her sigh. Would the day ever dawn when she would give him her confidence? Dared he hope? He dared not ask. He loved her with his whole soul and strength—his first marriage had been one of pity—but, till the dark cloud of mystery which separated them was broken up, he knew he never dared speak of love. She would only shrink away from him, he felt, and probably leave the rectory. He, like Molly, must trust and wait, and there are few things in life harder than to wait patiently.

He went to town and back next day, and at the junction—which, through local bungling, was always a scene of dreary confusion—he looked round to see a tall, elderly man pointing to some luggage and asking indignantly, with a slight Scotch accent, if the down express for Dingle was not due yet.

"The Dingle express went by five minutes since. You're on the wrong platform," the porter said surlily, as if the stranger's mistake were a personal affront to the railway. "There's where you ought to ha' been! Over that 'ere bridge! And you'll not get to Dingle now to-night!"

"Is that so?" the gentleman cried. "And I suppose you could not have told me that, and warned me?"

"It wasn't written on your back as ye were going to Dingle!" the man retorted. "I ain't 'ere to go about warning folk. Folk generally knows the line they are on. This 'ere line only goes to Bishop's Thorpe and Bexley way."

"I'm in a nice hobble!"

The rector had been looking at the stranger keenly, and now he came up, lifting his soft hat.

"Can I be mistaken? You are surely Mr. Dene? Do you remember my father bringing me to your father's house—it must be fifteen years ago—in Edinburgh? You were then going on for the Scotch Woolsack."

"I do remember! You were an Oxford graduate—the name——"

"Nugent!"

"I remember—I remember now. I am very pleased to meet you, Mr. Nugent."

"And your name is Dene?"

"Well, it is in a way. Now I am what the Scotch call a 'paper lord.' A judge of the Supreme Court—they call me Lord Denescourt. I took the name from my mother's property." And then he smiled, pointing to his portmanteau. "I hope you will advise me what to do. I was on my way to visit old Lady Drelinford, on a brief holiday, and it appears I have missed the connection. Our suave friend yonder has just informed me so. What shall I do? Sleep here?"

"Impossible!" And the rector laughed. "The little inn yonder is a very poor hostelry, and usually crowded at this season. If you will come on with me to Bishop's Thorpe, I can drive you over to Drelinford Park to-morrow. It is a long drive, but very pretty."

"You are more than good, Mr. Nugent. I accept with pleasure."

They were soon chatting pleasantly, and at Bishop's Thorpe the luggage was taken up to the rectory, while the judge preferred to walk—the September night being too sweet to lose, he said. "Forgive me, Mr. Nugent, but are you married?"

"I am a widower, with one little girl. I have a lady housekeeper."

They were in the rectory then, and in the hall the neat maid gave Mr. Nugent a message. Mrs. Sinclair was with Lady Elizabeth, who had just fallen asleep, and the rector could have dinner whenever he pleased

"That is all right. London makes me hungry. I hope you have a country appetite, Lord Denescourt?"

And then the judge was conducted to his room, and presently the two men were alone in the dining-room. Magdalen had not heard them enter, and presently she went to the drawing-room, where she began to play softly. She started when the door opened, for she had fallen into a deep reverie; and when she saw a tall figure behind the rector's she looked round nervously, as if looking for a chance to escape. But it was too late.

"Is that you, Mrs. Sinclair?" the rector said courteously. "We have been enjoying your music. May I introduce my friend to you?"

He had turned up the tall lamp. Magdalen looked, and saw the new-comer's face. She started violently.

CHAPTER XIV

THE VERDICT WAS "NOT PROVEN!"

WHAT did she see, standing there in the safe shelter of the rectory drawing-room, to blanch her face, to chill her heart, to stay its very beating? What scene did that calm face, with its look of cool, composed strength, bring back to her?

A court-room in far-off Edinburgh, faces all around—curious faces, cold faces, staring faces, a few pitiful looks, and down there, near the door, one, tortured, which she will not meet!

Ten men—ten ordinary Scotch citizens—bakers and grocers, who listen to what this man, the judge, is saying. He is telling them that if they cannot prove that the shot was fired by "the prisoner," then they must give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt.

There is a bee droning somewhere in the court. A lady in the gallery has a great handful of June lilies—lilies in this place!—and the lilies and the bee take her back to the sunny garden in Argyllshire where she and Hugh used to play! And Hugh is down yonder—and she—and she is here!

She is "the prisoner at the bar!"

It is all before her again in one flash, given back to her with the sight of that man's face, and then life and memory and reason alike fail her; and without a word or cry, she drops senseless where she stands!

It had all passed in a few seconds; but you have not lived very long, gentle reader, if you have not learnt that one can feel years of suffering in a few minutes. The judge had looked at her at first with puzzled surprise, and then with dawning, bewildered realisation; but Mr. Nugent only saw the torture of her face.

He advanced now, and, lifting her in his arms as easily as if she had been a child, he carried her from the room, and summoned Luline's nurse. Then he went back to his guest.

Lord Denescourt was standing just where he had been left, but he had taken some late monthly roses from a vase, and was smelling them absently, his look absorbed. When Mr. Nugent entered he put them down.

"What does that lady call herself?"

"Mrs. Sinclair."

"H'm—yes; that was her mother's name. Did she tell you her story, Mr. Nugent? I need scarcely ask."

"She told me she had a story—a tragedy. She added, unnecessarily, there was no sin on her part connected with it."

"She told you that? H'm! Well, I dare say it may be true. I always thought it was one of those stories that the public never can, and never do, get to the bottom of. You trusted her?"

"I have a curious faculty for reading faces, Lord Denescourt," the rector said. "At least, I believe myself to possess the faculty, and I cannot say it has ever played me false. Yes; I trusted her."

"It was a curious story—very sad. Shall we sit down?"

"She married very young—she must be barely thirty now—a tolerably wealthy man—one of the Oswalds of Clune; but shortly after her marriage he turned out very badly. I believe he had always been intemperate, which, of course, she did not know. They had one child, and it was hinted he was cruel to both of them in his drunken fits.

"The end came suddenly. He had been cleaning his pistol, and one day the

servants heard a shot. At first they thought nothing of it; but it was followed by a cry. They ran upstairs, to find him dead in his chair, and she, with the pistol beside her, in a faint on the floor.

"See how the suspicion fastened on her? The doctors differed, as doctors do. Three swore the wound could not have been self-inflicted, two that it could. She was the only one in the house except the servants, and she was known to have cherished an implacable resentment to him ever since the child's death a few weeks previously.

"A brother, Francis Oswald, took up the case hotly, and she was arrested. Public opinion went against her, but there was always the doubt, and the jury gave her the benefit of our canny, cautious Scotch verdict. I believe in the virtue of that verdict myself. It is on the side of mercy and truth."

"What was the verdict?"

"Not proven!"

"And may I ask your own opinion in the case, Lord Denescourt?"

"I thought there was more in the story than met the eye. I believe her counsel thought so, too. She pleaded 'Not guilty,' yet she was sadly crushed, sadly weak and terrified. She disappeared after the trial, and I heard she was dead. Drowned, I believe, in Italy. When did she come here?"

"A year ago."

"People would say you were a brave man, Mr. Nugent."

And the judge smiled.

"Did she offer an explanation?"

"I asked none."

"I see that you believe in her thoroughly?"

"I believe in her thoroughly—yes."

"Poor soul! It must have been a fearful ordeal. I could not at first remember who she was, or where I had seen her, and then I knew the eyes! She used to sit in the court, her hands clasped in her lap, looking like that at the jury. I believe her eyes saved her! They were not the eyes of a murderess; they were not guilty eyes!"

"Lord Denescourt, I think I need scarcely ask your forbearance in this matter? You will not betray her? Bishop's Thorpe is no worse in its way, I suppose, than most country villages, but it dearly loves its dish of gossip, and a breath of this story would set all the tongues in the county gossiping."

"I shall certainly not mention the matter."

With a great effort the rector talked of other things then, and the judge retired early.

When Mr. Nugent left him in his room, he came back by way of the nursery, hearing voices, and he paused at the door. Luline, in her nightdress, on the floor, had evidently been obstreperous, for her face was flushed and her eyes bright, and Nannie, the nurse, stood near, evidently belligerent.

"She would not say her prayers to me, ma'am, and she would not go to sleep! She's a naughty little girl tonight!"

Only then the rector saw Magdalen. She sat in the background. He could just see her pale face and the dark shadow of her hair.

"Very well, Nannie. Will you go for your supper now, and I will see that she is good and asleep by the time you return?"

She spoke very quietly. Nannie withdrew by the day nursery, and the rector waited, watching the two.

Luline drew near, putting her small hands on Magdalen's knee.

"She don't know my prayers, Maga, and you fordetted to tome!"

"I did not forget, darling. Grannie was long in going to sleep, and I was reading to her. And I thought you would just fall to sleep."

"Tan't without saying my prayers!" And Luline wriggled on her little naked feet fretfully. "Tan't with no prayers."

"Well, say them now, darling."

The child knelt down, and she repeated, after the low, reverent voice, the Lord's Prayer. Then came Luline's private petitions, and these were sometimes curious. Magdalen let her say what she would, however; she invested God with no terrors for the child. For Luline, the King of kings meant only a kinder and grander Father than her earthly one,

What did she see, standing there in the safe shelter of the rectory drawing-room, to blanch her face, to chill her heart, to stay its very beating? (*See page* 197)

able to give her more, and residing with bright angels and her own lost mother somewhere beyond the sunset and the glorious white clouds which were massed, throne-like, in the summer sky.

"Dod bless dadda and Maga, and Spot and the new pony, and help me be a dood little girl. And help me with my 'rithmetic—don't like it, Maga—and my First Primer. And bless that nice woman who gave me the sugar cigar in the village, and Nannie—my Nannie, not Nannie at the lodge."

"Luline," Magdalen said, for Luline had looked up suddenly, "you must not say that, darling! Why not Nannie at the lodge?"

"Touldn't—touldn't pray for her, Maga! She's a welly vulgar woman—my Nannie said so. She drinks her tea out of a saucer."

This, in a tone of much disgust, brought a faint smile to Magdalen's face. In the midst of sorrow, how often comedy touches us with its ripple of laughter, and we start to remember it is as much part of life as the gloomy voice of tragedy!

"She does not know any better, Luline."

But Luline shook her blonde head. She would not be brought to pray for such hopeless vulgarity.

"And dive me everything dood for me and Maga and dadda! And that's all, dear God. Amen."

She rose then, content, and Magdalen took her on her knees and stroked the curly head. It rested sleepily now, for, satisfied, Luline soon grew sleepy against her breast. The soft, sweet burden soothed her, helped her, healed her. Her arms held Luline fast.

"If he has told, and the rector believes that of me, I must go away from all this—Mr. Nugent and Luline, and the shelter of this place!"

Her lips moved faintly; and then, Luline being asleep, she was about to lift her up gently, when she heard a soft footstep, and, looking up, saw the rector. He bent and took his child from her arms.

"She is too heavy for you to lift; allow me."

Luline, rousing sleepily, put a little warm arm round his neck and kissed him, murmuring: "Dear dadda!—dear Maga!" in a kind of loving confusion. And then he had put the clothes about her tenderly, with that rare, gentle, strong touch which some men show to children, and which is very beautiful to see.

Magdalen watched near, her head bent; and then he turned to her.

"Can you speak to me for one moment in the library?"

To tell her she must go! Yes, good and kind as he was, he could not keep her after hearing that.

He opened the door, and she went downstairs, past Lady Elizabeth's door, and into the library, where the lamp was lit on the table, and some sermon sheets and an open Bible and a Concordance lay near. Her own hands had filled his favourite vase with the jessamine—delicate, white, and fragrant—which stood by the lamp—the rector always said flowers helped his sermon; and the delicate perfume breathed in her face as she stood, not venturing to sit down, her head a little bent. There had been jessamine at home on an old red-brick wall, and her mother had loved it best of all flowers. She remembered that now, dully and slowly.

"Mrs. Sinclair, I thought it only right to tell you that Lord Denescourt told me your story."

"Yes?"

She did not raise her head. She waited for the words of dismissal—reproach; they would be kind, but they would be final. Then, as he paused, she lifted her head. Should she help him out?

"And you would wish me to go?"

"To go!"—and he spoke in evident surprise. "Why?"

Magdalen started violently, and a swift flush of colour dyed her pale face.

"Why should you go?"

"You would let me stay—after hearing that?"

"You forget," he said, "that you told me in Hastings that there had been a tragedy in your life. You added, through no sin of your own. I believed you—I believe you now. Lord Denescourt only told me the details of the story. You

have my deepest pity and utmost sympathy. You have come through the furnace. The trial has left you a little doubtful even of human pity. But you know you have God's, and, through His, can you not believe in man's? 'Such pity as a father hath unto his children dear.'"

"You heard all, and you would let me stay here?"

"I heard all. I ask you to stay here."

"You believe me? Do you know what the verdict means?"

"I think I do. Believe you? Do you know I was standing outside the nursery door, and I saw Luline kneel and say her prayers at your knee? Do you think, if you had been anything but what you are, that you could have heard those prayers—taught her—been loved by her? Ah, Mrs. Sinclair! And do you think I would have let her kneel there unless I knew you for what you are?"

Her eyes, in a passion of gratitude, were raised to his. The rector felt as if those eyes unmanned him. He only remembered his deep love and his passionate pity. He would tell her of them, there and then.

"And trust and pity are not all! Do you not know—have you not seen more? How, day, by day, you have crept into my heart? You came as a blessing to this house—as a blessing to me. My mother loves you—my Luline loves you! Magdalen! Magdalen! did you not see—did you never guess—that I loved you, too?"

He advanced, and would have held her hand, but it was very cold, and she tore it from his grasp.

"Oh, no, no! Forget you spoke! forget all this! My life to blight yours! Do you forget that that man will speak?—that somewhere, and some time, someone will see me, and know me and betray me! Your wife! A woman who stood her trial for murder! Oh, Heaven! do you realise that? And you—you to shrink and fear at the sight of every new-comer—of every strange face—as I shrink and fear! Never! never! never!"

"Magdalen," he pleaded, "wait and listen!"

But with a broken "Ah, no; it can never, never be!" she was gone. Her words had the intonation of despair.

The rector sank down heavily, and let his head fall forward on his arms. Would she never listen? And was there not something more—a hidden terror still—behind it all?

CHAPTER XV

ON THE TRACK OF THE GUILTY

SALLY, though settled at the lodge, had been little out of it since her arrival, for her cousin was very ill, and the measles patient was only convalescent.

After her long sojourn in New York City, and later in London, the country was unspeakably delightful to the woman who had been country-bred and had lived in her lovely Western Highlands for many years. She would stand, after her day's work was done and her cousin's husband was eating his supper in the clean little kitchen, leaning her arms on the low wall which surrounded the lodge garden, and would look up the avenue enviously.

Mary Ann's husband had said she might walk up—though the new squire was not very fond of strangers—whenever his wife could be left. The park was very fine, and there were deer on the side near the home farm.

The leaves were thick now on the grass; indeed, there seemed a haze of yellow, drifting leaves everywhere. The beech hedges made a golden line by the road; the bracken had lost every tinge of green, and was dry and russet-hued.

"Most folks grumble at the leaves—Maine does himself," Sally used to cogitate. "On Upper Three Hundred and Fourth Street he'd tell a different story! We used to make leaf-mould of them, I remember, in Argyllshire. Miss Maddie raked them up herself."

Somehow, since her conversation with Francis Oswald, Sally had thought a great deal of Mrs. Paul Oswald. Her poor young mistress—so cruelly treated, so unjustly accused! She was thinking of her on this evening late in October, when she was leaning against the lodge wall, having done a little gardening in the borders, the remains of which

occupation, in the shape of some withered marigolds, being gathered in her apron.

"He must have let her go through with it. That's what I can't get over! It makes me hate him! I'd find him if I could, and make him stand just where she stood!"

She sorted the marigold roots idly—they were such dreadful things for spreading, and had thrust out all Mary Ann's big purple roses—and then she lifted her head. The sharp trot of a horse's feet on the road, and then an impatient voice calling "Gate!"

Maine was just a little deaf, so Sally dropped her flowers, smoothed her apron hastily, and ran out in the dusk. She pulled up the bolt and let the heavy gate roll back, too much occupied to look at the rider till he had touched his horse lightly to proceed.

He was not looking at her; indeed, he seemed to have fallen into a half reverie, his deep-blue eyes bent dully before him. Mr. Everton had been given to these sudden, apparently causeless reveries for years.

Sally looked up and saw his face. She was close to the horse, and the last faint light from the sky fell upon Mr. Everton clearly. Then he rode on, utterly unconscious of her presence, and the woman stood looking after him, as if lost in amazement and terror.

"Himself—Mr. Hugh himself—or his ghost!"

She remained so long gazing up the darkening avenue, the gate rolled back still, that Maine, coming to the door with the placid look of a man who has supped well and is at peace with all mankind, looked at her curiously before he spoke.

"Bain't you ready for your supper, missus? What's up with the gate?"

"Oh, it locks; it is all right." And Sally shut it hastily, joining him in the porch. "That was the squire who passed, I suppose, Maine—a tall gentleman with very blue eyes?"

"That's the squire. He rides as fine horses as any in the country. A deal too wild, some of them! But there, gentlefolks like a horse with a bit of a temper. They call it spirit. Mr. Everton, he——"

"Everton?"

"The squire. He got a new horse the other day—a real highflyer! John May, the groom, he says he don't like the looks of Bluejacket. And the master paid a good £200 for him. What d'ye think of all that money for a horse?"

Sally's eyes, strangely eager, brightened still more.

"Is he so very rich?"

"I should say he is! He must have paid thousands and thousands for the Hall! Made his money in Americky."

Sally had followed him into the kitchen; and now she lifted the kettle absently from the fire.

"I suppose he's very happy?" she said, in a curious voice, not looking at the man. "Rich and happy! Rich and happy!—and her dead!"

"Who's dead? Miss Molly bain't dead!"

"I wasn't thinking what I was saying." And Sally looked round as if startled. "Will you take up this gruel to Mary Ann, Maine? I've a letter I want to write and take down to the post."

Maine nodded his head good-naturedly; and presently Sally could hear his heavy step blundering up the wooden stairs. Her own supper stood quite forgotten by the fire. She cleared the table, and presently took from her bag a little packet of notepaper; ink and pen she found on the window-sill. And then she stood thinking a moment before she finally seated herself and took up her pen.

"I promised! And him to let her stand there! And she is dead! Yes, I'll do it!"

She wrote rapidly, her lips compressed, as though writing had been wont to be a difficult undertaking. And then, still with that sternly resolved look, she took out her letter and posted it. It was only on her way back that she suddenly paused in the road, and a new look lightened the gloom of her face.

"Supposing she made him? She was always so fond of Mr. Hugh! Supposing there is more I never knew, and she would be angry with me. Maybe even in Heaven she could know! God forgive me if I've done wrong after all!"

She was still standing stock-still in the middle of the road when she heard voices, and then a man, evidently a clergyman, and a girl came full upon her, looking in surprise at the waiting, perplexed figure. They walked on a moment, and then the girl looked back.

"She is a stranger. She seems to have lost her way. Shall we ask her, Mr. Nugent?"

"Have you lost your way, my good woman?"

Sally looked up into the grave, handsome face. It attracted her vaguely. So this was the rector, of whom Mary Ann spoke with such loving reverence on more than one occasion!"

"No, sir," she answered, with a heavy sigh, and a sudden, uncontrollable longing for help. "Only I'm puzzled about something I've done. I meant it for right, and I'm afraid it may turn out wrong!"

"But you mean it for right?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Then I think it will come right some day," he said. "If we keep on trying to do right, and leaving the issues with God, He has promised to guide us. Can I help you in any way?"

"No, thank you, sir, not now," she said. And then, Mr. Nugent, with a kindly nod, walked on.

"I think she is the woman at the lodge," Molly remarked, when they were out of earshot. "I like her face. And now, please, Mr. Nugent, no farther!"

But he saw her up to the door, and Molly ran in. Her father had got back from his ride, and dinner would be ready. And the rector, walking home, saw no more of Sally.

Her letter was received in London next forenoon, and produced a startling effect upon Francis Oswald. He had it in his pocket when he went to his office, and all day he seemed to feel it pressing against him, even as the weight of its contents pressed on his brain.

That man—Paul's murderer—alive! Vengeance, just vengeance, could reach him still!

He let his mind dwell upon the matter till all softer promptings, if such they could be called, left him. He thought only of Paul—dead, killed, and the murderer alive!

What if, in the past, there had been circumstances which made the whole story painful? What if, in the present, George's connection with Molly made his—Francis's—resolve painful, awkward, fraught with difficulty? Should these things prevent his brother's blood from calling out for retribution?

At last, and he was just leaving for home, George himself walked into the room about five o'clock, and Francis motioned him to one of the capacious armchairs. There was a fire lit in the grate, and the light fell redly upon George's face. It looked haggard and dull enough, and Francis frowned as he looked. What folly, to let the loss of a girl affect him to this extent!

"I am glad you came," he said, in his even voice, "for I was going to look you up, to tell you of a discovery I have made, or think I have made, for there is just the possibility of a mistake. But first, how are your preparations for Singapore going on? It is as well you decided to go."

"Oh, very well!" And George, swaying his hands idly between his knees, watched the fire as if his life depended on a keen scrutiny of the coals. "I went to an eastern outfitter, and King & Co. are managing about the passage, &c. I'll go by the P. & O. They are the quickest; not that I am in any hurry, but one is supposed to be. They all say I am a lucky dog, Francis, and one of fortune's favourites! The post is good, and the pay, and Singapore is delightful! It's rather hard work acting up to the lucky-dog idea!"

He laughed shortly.

"Are you still fretting after this girl?" Francis demanded, almost harshly. "If so, put her out of your head at once and for ever! No marvel—if what I suspect is true—the father forbade the marriage!"

George lifted his head.

"What do you mean?"

"Look here, George, you were only our half-brother, and you were a mere boy at the time, but even you heard of it. I mean Paul's death."

He paused, standing with his back to the fire, and George looked up at him.

"I remember Paul. He came to Harrow to see me once. He—he had been drinking, and I was horribly ashamed of him. A good-looking fellow, with a long, fair moustache. But I did not take to him. I got him away, I remember, as fast as I could. I hope you don't want me to wax sentimental over him, Francis; and what on earth has he to do with Molly or her father?"

"Just this, George. If what I hear is true, Everton is not Everton—he is Hugh Murray, the brother of Magdalen, Paul's wife. She stood her trial for murder, and he—no, sit still and listen!"

But George had started to his feet, and a red spot of anger burned on his face.

"What does this mean?" he cried. "Everton not Everton, and you accuse him of living under an assumed name—of——"

"Of worse than that!"

"Take care, Francis!"

"Of worse than that, I say!" And Francis Oswald's eyes took their most dogged look. "I am going to accuse him of permitting the innocent to suffer for the guilty; of hiding a shameful secret for years; of carrying on his soul the brand of Cain!"

"You are mad!" George cried. "You are mad!"

But Oswald had forgotten all but his anger and his vengeance now, and he turned on his brother with bitter and suppressed anger. To do him justice, he forgot Molly, and that George was her lover.

"You don't care!" he said. "Paul was nothing to you! He was my brother. We played together and slept together in the old home; and this man shot him, I believe, like a dog! But I will bring him to stand at the bar of his country, even now; I will disgrace him in the eyes of all mankind, and he shall suffer, even thus late, for his crime! I go to Bishop's Thorpe to-morrow!"

George, all the ruddy colour faded from his face, stood perfectly still, his hands clenched.

"And Molly?" he got out hoarsely at last. "And Molly—what of her?"

Francis Oswald did not look round.

"The law of the country cannot stand still because of a woman's tears," he said stonily. "A life for a life—blood for blood—that is the law of Moses and the law of God. It is a just law. I cannot consider even Molly!"

"Great heavens!" poor George cried passionately. "And you are my brother! Do you know that it will kill her, and that I love her better than all the world? You will not listen—you will not hear me?"

For his brother had moved to the door.

"I go to Bishop's Thorpe to-morrow," Francis said stonily. And then he shut the door.

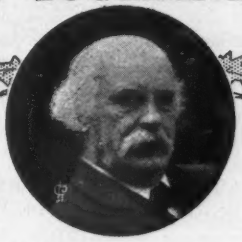
"Then," George cried, "I shall go, too!"

(To be continued next month)

The famous "avenue of animals" at Nanking, China. These stone elephants are held in high esteem by the inhabitants of the Yellow Kingdom

Scottish Reminiscences

BY THE REV. ARTHUR MURSELL.



SPECIAL NEW SERIES.

No. 1:
JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

WHETHER the Abbey Craig, near Stirling, looks less or more picturesque for the striking Runic tower which crowns it is a question for experts in æsthetics to decide. Sentiment will doubtless mature around it with the lapse of time, as ivy gathers upon stone. It is, as the world knows, a national memorial of William Wallace, a character so wild and mystical as almost to have forfeited romance in these prosaic times. It owes its existence and its place to fiercely accentuated patriotism, which disappeared for ever when he passed away.

Professor Blackie would hardly rest in his grave if this national monument had not found inception, and a Gaelic chair had not been instituted in Edinburgh to perpetuate the gutturals which only northern throats can utter. Whether the genial professor had a "bee in his bonnet," as the level-headed aver concerning him, or no, he assuredly had Scotland on the brain, and was perpetually piping with the Jacobites, "Wha wadna fecht for Chairlie?" "Always be singing if you are not talking or praying," he used to say. "A man can never be in a bad temper while he is singing."

The first time I saw him I was immensely impressed by his appearance. Tall, lank, spare, hard-bitten, with thin long hair turning grey about thirty-eight, wrapped in a grey plaid flung anyhow about his shoulders, and swinging a thick stick, which he grasped in the middle, and with which he beat time to "Draw the Sword, Scotland!" as he strode singing across the playground of the Gymnasium at Old Aberdeen.

"Is the Rev. Sandie on the premises?" was his question on finding me the lonely occupant of the ground. I told him I would ascertain, and took him through the schoolroom into Chanonry House, where the revered and saintly rector of the Gymnasium, of which I was an alumnus of about seventeen years old, resided.

I soon found the rector, the Rev. Alexander Anderson, who, when I approached him with the professor at my heels, said, with his native courtesy and sweetness, "Don't go away. You will be amused, and some of your Southern ideas may feel a shock." The professor broke off from "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and greeting the rector, began reciting Wordsworth, with a wild elocution by no means without charm.

"There!" he said, when he was almost out of breath. "What do you think o' that? Isn't that better than your Levitical types—eh?"

"Very pleasant," said the master, with a suave deliberation; "but is it not rather obscure?"

"Obscure! No. It's you that's obscure. Hear this." And away he launched into more heroics from his favourite author, till we were bound to admire.

He was then Professor of Humanity—or Latin—in Marischal College, at that time a distinct University from King's, with which it has been since amalgamated; and it was shortly after this that I became an attendant at his second Latin class. He bade me rise and read a paragraph of Livy, which I proceeded to do, giving to the text the Oxonian pronunciation in which I had been trained. The heavy rattan staff was whacked down upon the table with a noise that pulled me up, and made the class start.

"Hallo! What have we here? Sit

down, ye silken, Southron-tongued lassie, and hear a Hielandman give tongue to the language of the gods! Now, Sandy McGeoch, get up and teach the little girl to sing the notes of Jupiter."

The notes of Jupiter as rendered by Sandy McGeoch appeared to consist of a sort of suppressed expectoration, but it was pronounced highly classical by the Celtic professor. The kindness and delicacy with which he detained me after the class was over, and asked me to forgive his roughness, showed him the gentleman that he really was.

Perhaps this might have unconsciously drawn me to his side a few weeks afterwards, when the snow was thick upon the ground, and a student, whose animal spirits were stronger than his good manners, threw a snowball at him as he crossed the "quad." He faced round the moment the snowball struck him, and winding his gown about him, pelted away in return. This caused a group of students, some six or eight of them, to rally, with the declaration that they would "make Blackie whitey." And deeming the odds disproportionate, I flew to the professor's side, and pounded away at his assailants till the sides became more equal, as other students smelled the battle from afar.

In the course of the same winter I heard him give a lecture on Julius Cæsar. He stood upon a table in the middle of the room, with an audience of four hundred surrounding him, to whom he impartially distributed his discourse, facing round and round with startling energy. By what sort of an anachronism he mixed up Julius Cæsar with "Come o'er the stream, Charlie," I cannot recall, but he sang that popular ditty with great sweetness, amid immense applause.

Then followed a dramatic rendering of "The Crossing of the Rubicon," which he prefaced by an appeal. "Now, laddies, I require space for this incident, and you had better make way." And then he dived from the table, and commenced striking out like a strong swimmer in his agony, till he reached the door, and then rushed back and hopped upon the table, and resumed his discourse with a sangfroid that was wonderful. The scene at the base of Pompey's statue was also rendered with extraordinary effect, and he looked disconcertingly hard at me when he said, "Et tu, Brute!"

It is hardly to be wondered at that order and decorum were not always the predominant features in the lecture-room of so strenuous a prelector, or that such myths as the "classes, lasses, and asses" story should have been rife concerning him. But the senior students, who combined imagination and humour with voracity for knowledge, simply adored him, and not the less so because of the touching generosity with which he discovered and relieved such of their number—and they were many in those days—who were straitened, and often hungry in their climb of the ladder of life.

He would not attempt to quell the babel that was at times rampant in his junior class.

"This is a college, not a school," he would say; "and I am not here to thrash boys and rowdies, but to instruct gentlemen."

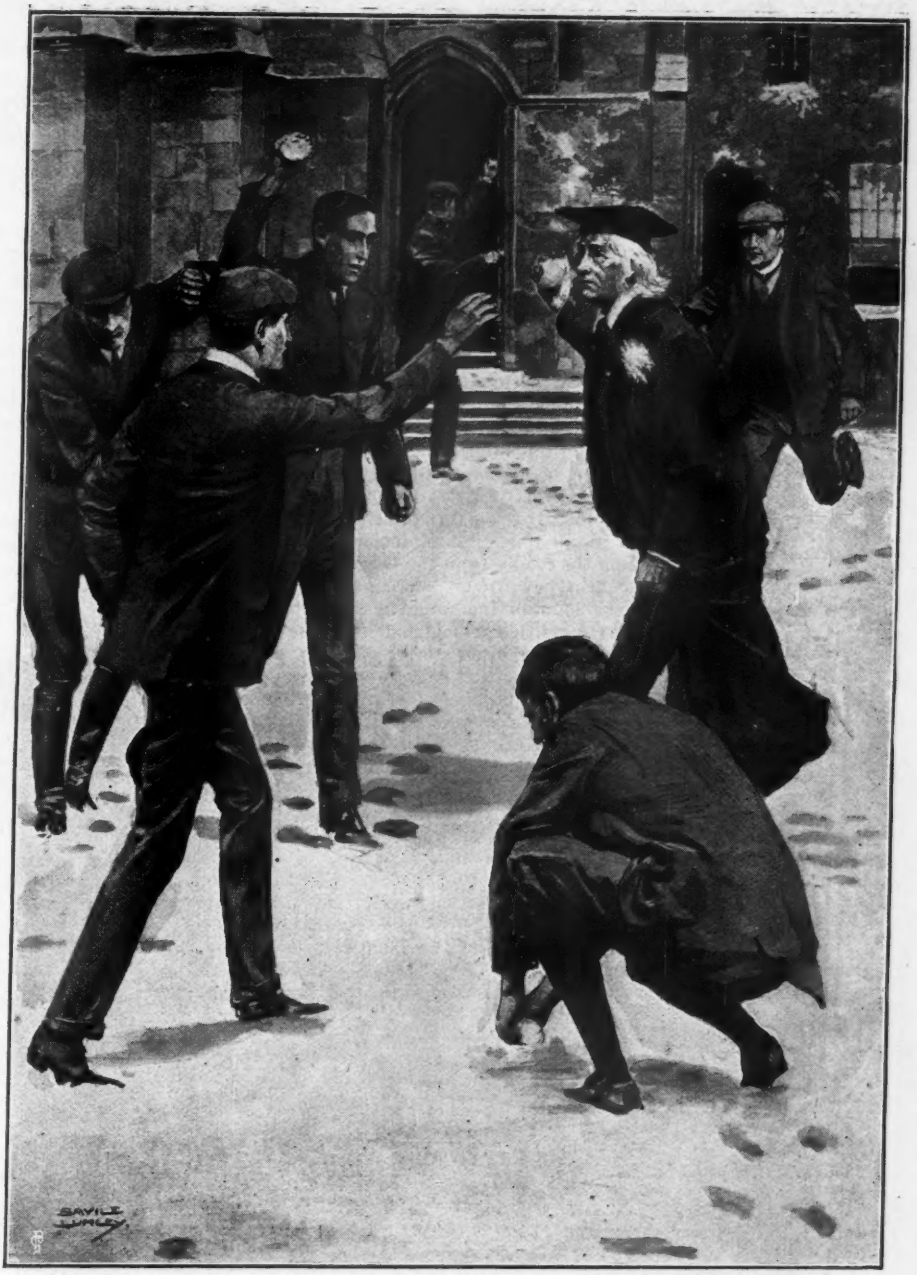
There was poetry in every fibre of the man—sometimes dreamy, often fiery—which found eruption in many striking stanzas. And I can recall one sample of his ready eloquence, when speaking of temperament in culture.

"When—or *if*—you and I get to heaven, we shall not be long in making the discovery that the throne is circled in a nearer ring by the seraphim that *love*, than by the cherubim that *know*."

ARTHUR MURSELL.

The Rev. Arthur Mursell, during his fifty years as a preacher and public lecturer, has met many men and women whose names are "as familiar to our ears as household words." His "Scottish Reminiscences" are of such peculiar interest that it is with great pleasure I am able to announce a special series of articles by him under that title, of which the above is the first instalment. Part 2 of "Scottish Reminiscences" will appear in next month's "Good Words."

EDITOR.



The professor faced round the moment the snowball struck him, and winding his gown around him, pelted away in return

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An Apostle of the Brush

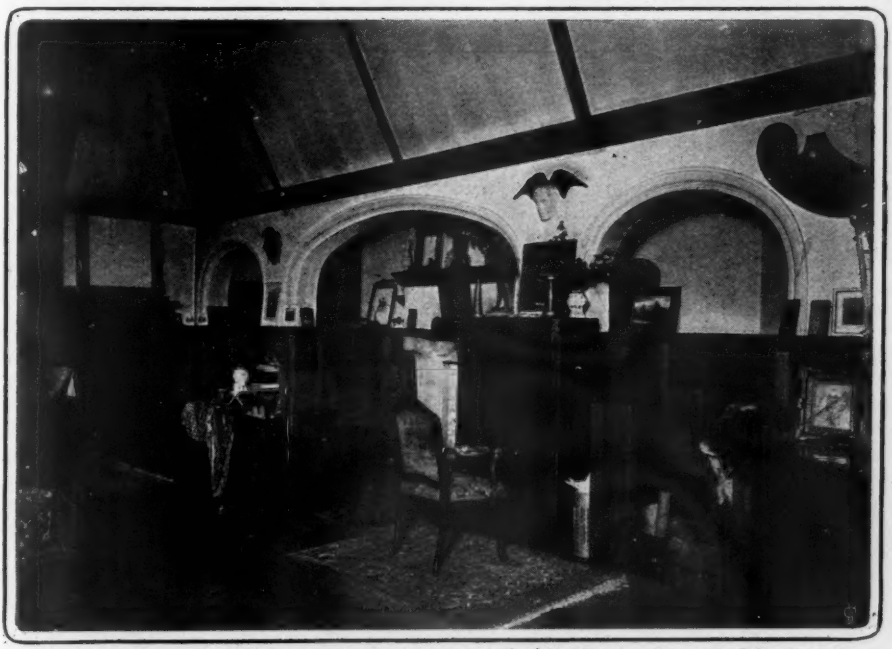
A Chat with Mr. Herbert Schmalz

IF an appreciation of Art is a sign of an advanced civilisation, then the present age cannot be so essentially materialistic as some critics would have us believe. To-day reproductions of famous pictures are to be found in the humblest homes, while books on art and artists are as numerous as the supply is unending.

"Show me how a man covers his wall-paper," said a student of human nature, "and I will tell you what kind of a man he is."

There is much truth in the statement, for he who has a noble character will not make companions of productions that degrade or are merely ephemeral. True art is the expression on canvas of our highest instincts.

What Gustave Doré was to a past generation Herbert Schmalz is to our own. But there is one obvious difference between the masters, for while the great Frenchman used his brush and his imagination almost exclusively for depicting sacred personalities and places, Mr. Schmalz covers a wider field. All that is beautiful and good in To-day appeals to him with as much force as the happenings of Yesterday. His pictures of fair women have been as well received as his Biblical subjects, although his name is invariably associated with those of religious interest, and rightly so, for while



The studio is a very delightful room, with a cosy little inglenook and antique furniture. Mr. Schmalz spends as many hours as possible in the studio every day

many artists can paint portraits, few have the double talent.

Mr. Schmalz was born in Northumberland, his father being the German Consul at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and a prosperous merchant; his mother was the daughter of James Wilson Carmichael the marine painter. This latter fact may account in some measure for her son's genius. It was only natural that his father should want him to become a business man, but against this young Schmalz resolutely turned his face. He wanted to paint, and not to figure in ledgers; to live and work in a studio rather than in a counting house.

He proved his case to the satisfaction of the family before long. In their home was a large oil-painting of two ships in search of Sir John Franklin in the Arctic, the work of his grandfather. The youth copied it in sepia, and his father at once realised that his son was right in his choice of a profession. Time has shown that neither was mistaken.

His first lessons were taken at the Newcastle School of Art, and he made such rapid progress that it was not long before he entered the Royal Academy Schools, from thence going to Antwerp to study under De Keyser, one of the most eminent teachers of the day.

When twenty-two years of age young Schmalz had his first picture accepted by the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy—no mean distinction when it is remembered that some students have scarcely learned how to mix colours at that time of life.

The promising novitiate came under the notice of Lord Leighton—then Sir Frederick Leighton—and of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, who not only encouraged him in his work, but took a keen interest in his career. From then on he rose steadily in the world of art, until a large work of historical interest, entitled "Where is my Lord, the King?" was hung on the line at Burlington House in the Exhibition of 1887.

The canvas, which is full of romance and life and power, represents the last scene in a warrior's life. And here let me say that pictures of events which took place in the long ago are infinitely more difficult to execute than modern incidents. An immense amount of research in order to ensure accuracy as regards costumes and other details is necessary to a correct rendering of the subject.

The work represents the return of warriors from battle bearing the helmet and sword of their chief. The Queen is putting the awful question to the Prince, who stands with bowed head before her. In the background is his affianced wife, reflecting in her face the awful news so ill-concealed in his own. The verse appearing beneath this fine conception was written by a friend to illustrate the picture, and fittingly describes the idea the artist has so well conveyed:

"Again she spoke: 'Where is my Lord, the King?'
And closing round a deeper silence seemed
To hold the host: 'Where is thy father, boy?'
Nor answered but the hoarse horns hardly blown
From shore to sea; and low before her bowed
His head the Prince, and all around stood dumb."

The picture was painted to hang over the fireplace in the Great Hall of Bramall Hall, Cheshire.

For some years Mr. Schmalz had been planning a great sacred picture, for, while some ideas flash across the mind in a sudden inspiration, others are nebulous at first, and have to be "built up" as it were. In an article entitled "A Painter's Pilgrimage in Palestine," speaking of "The Return from Calvary," he says:

"I had always felt that the idea of those dear to our Lord, returning to their homes after the awful event, contained in it more human interest of a pathetic character than any other scene of that eventful epoch, which worked, and still continues to work, so great a change in the lives and in the minds of the inhabitants of the greater part of the civilised world."

Mr. Schmalz is very conscientious in his work—indeed, he confessed to me during the course of a long chat that he

The Mount of Temptation.—*From the painting by Herbert Schmalz*

thought he used to pay too much attention to detail, and even still did sometimes.

He illustrated his point by showing me his latest canvas, in a portion of which is a small statue on a modelling stool.

"I painted this very realistically, with all the markings in the wood at first," he said, "but it did not harmonise with the rest of the picture, so I painted it out. I frequently do this sort of thing, because I find that my original idea develops as my work progresses.

"In 'St. Monica's Prayer,' which was exhibited at the New Gallery three years ago, I originally had an elaborate background behind the sleeping boy and his praying mother, but I found that it somewhat overpowered the figures. I therefore simplified the details considerably, with the result that St. Augustine and St. Monica are the centre of interest in the picture, as they are intended to be.

"I always had had a great fondness for St. Monica and St. Augustine, and had for years thought of painting them, but could not think of a subject, until one day this came into my head."

"The following lines describe the idea of the picture. They are taken from the 'Confessions of St. Augustine': 'It is known that in his student days at Carthage, St. Augustine's paganism and love of pleasure caused his mother much sorrow, and his conversion was the subject of her frequent and fervent prayer.'"

But to return to Mr. Schmalz's first religious picture. He has always been fond of travelling, and in order to ensure accuracy as regards local colour and the general "atmosphere" of his conception, he set out with his wife for the Holy Land. The adventures which followed are far from prosaic, and not a few were dangerous, although Mr. Schmalz smiles when he recalls them to memory.

On the voyage out they had an unpleasant experience, for it was necessary for them to change at Alexandria into a Russian ship bound for Jaffa. It was crowded with peasants on an Easter pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Cleanliness may be next to godliness in an Englishman's opinion, but the Russian begs to differ.

From Jaffa, where tradition has it that Noah's Ark was built, the artist and his wife went by road to Jerusalem, for the Holy Land had not then been invaded by the locomotive. Along the same road countless millions of pilgrims and Crusaders have walked—a Church militant in every sense of the word.

The Plain of Sharon; the Valley of Ajalon, where the Amorites were scattered by Joshua; Mizpeh, the burial-place of Samuel, and the highest point in Central Palestine; Ain-Karin, the birthplace of John the Baptist; and Kulonich, probably the Emmaus of Luke—all were passed by Mr. Schmalz and duly noted. Many a delightful little sketch in his portfolio bears witness to the fact that Palestine enchanted him with its rich colours and its sad ruins.

A curious coincidence in connection with "The Return from Calvary" is that on the first evening of the artist's stay in Jerusalem he observed a large and sombre cloud hanging over the city, almost identical to the one sketched in the pastel study he had executed before leaving London. This is all the more remarkable when it is known that Mr. Schmalz painted the cloud from imagination, and not from Nature.

The Franciscan monks at Casa Nova extended their hospitality to the travellers, and although the artist is about the last man in the world who would enter a monastery for life, he declares that he greatly appreciated their kindness and keenly enjoyed his stay.

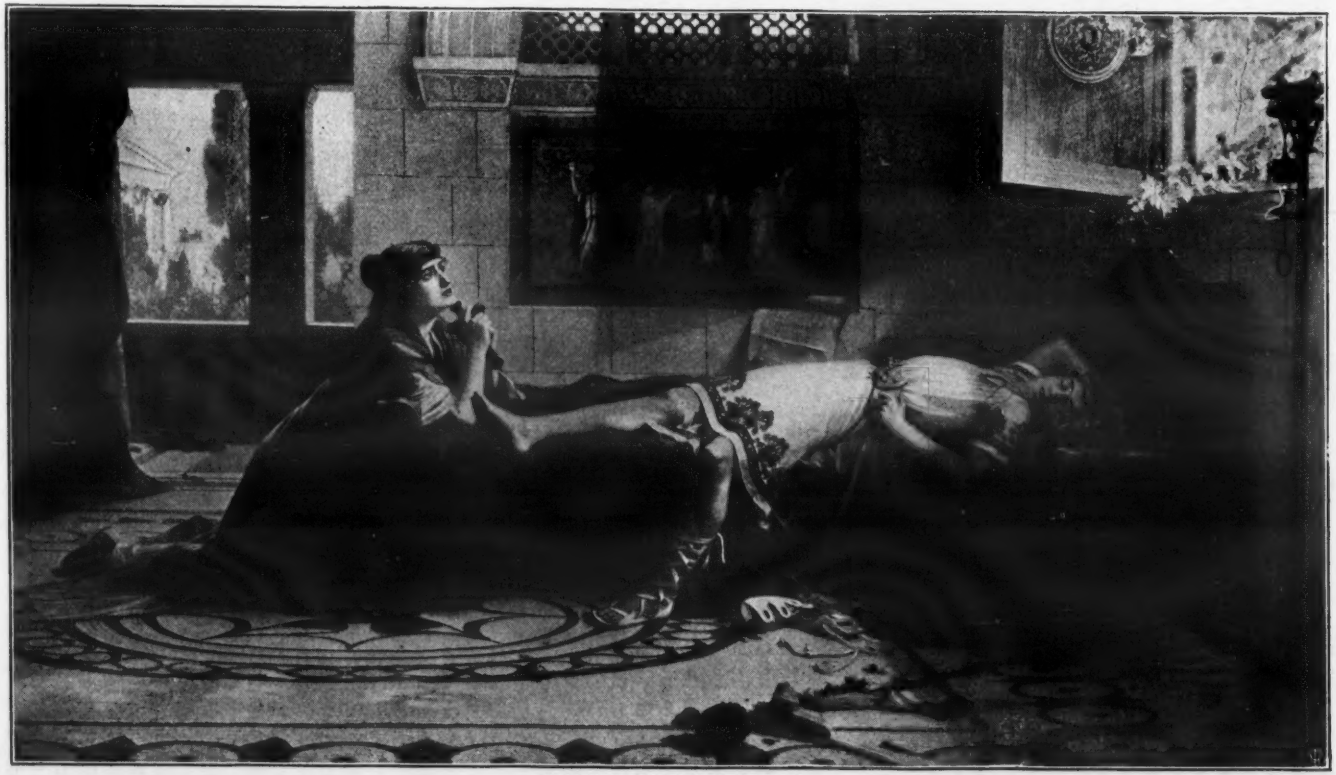
Mr. and Mrs. Schmalz saw all the chief sights and scenes in the Holy City. "The great interest of modern Jerusalem," he says, "lies in the variety of types to be found there, and the different religions which hold their sway within the narrow limits of the city walls, round the outside of which you can walk in less than an hour. One of the most impressive sights was a crowd of Mohammedan pilgrims returning from the traditional burial-place of Moses in the mountain of Moab, beyond Jordan. I was painting just outside St. Stephen's Gate at the time, and it seemed as if the people arranged themselves in order to get the best possible colour effects. There were broad masses of white and red and blue, like an army made up of many regiments all wearing distinct uniforms of different colours."

From Jerusalem excursions were made to Bethlehem, Bethany, Jericho, and Hebron. The mosque at the latter place stands over the cave of Machpelah, where Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, as well as Leah and Joseph, were buried.

Christians are not allowed within the sacred building, and have to content themselves with looking up the stairway leading to it. Nobody happened to be about at the moment, probably because that day the rain came down in torrents, and so Mr. Schmalz walked inside the large heavy doors, closed one side with the iron bar intended for that purpose, and began to paint, his wife standing beside him. He had made a fair start before he realised that he was the object of attention on the part of a small mob of people, who had quietly entered, and were now lining the walls. Every minute their number increased, and presently a pair of dusky hands came round the door and released the bar which Mr. Schmalz had so carefully put up.

It will thus be seen that the attention

St. Monica's Prayer



From the Painting by Herbert Schmalz

"It is known that in his student days at Carthage St. Augustine's paganism and love of pleasure caused his mother much sorrow, and his conversion was the subject of her frequent and fervent prayer."—"Confessions of St. Augustine"

bestowed upon artists at work outside the sacred precincts of their studio by the public is not confined to the English-speaking races only. The crowd grew more menacing, their angry faces looked angrier, and some of the men began to jostle the imperturbable worker. Carriers with dripping skins of water paid them more attention than was absolutely necessary, and Mr. and Mrs. Schmalz were given samples of the contents of these receptacles.

"They evidently considered we were violating the sacred precincts," says the artist, "and desecrating their sanctuary, not only by our Christian persons, but by my unhallowed occupation. Soon a lot of young men got very troublesome, and stood on the steps, spreading out their 'abbas' (cloaks) to intercept my view.

"Although we were partially under cover, it was cold and damp, and we experienced very thoroughly the feeling of being strangers in a strange land. Unfortunately, we were alone, as I had sent my servant with a lady who had accompanied us to a resting-place, which turned out to be a very long way off. Had he been there, things might have been otherwise.

"Finally, the atmosphere got so turbulent that we decided to evacuate our position; so I packed up, and we pushed our way through the howling crowd, and hurried on—not knowing whither we went, being followed by sundry stones from the hands of our tormentors. Happily, my helpful bump of locality guided us aright, and we were soon gladdened by the sight of Joseph, our man, coming down a narrow street towards us, very pale, with perspiration running down his face, as, knowing the character of the people, he feared for our safety, and had hurried back to us. We heard afterwards that a Christian had been stoned a few weeks before."

On his return Mr. Schmalz made good use of the sketch he had secured under such adverse conditions, and painted a very fine picture of the staircase.

In Jerusalem the artist engaged a dragoman and caravan, consisting of eight men, six horses, seven mules, two donkeys, and three tents, and the travellers rode across country to Damascus, living for three weeks under canvas, stopping en route at Samaria, Shechem, Nazareth, Mount Tabor, Tiberias, etc., crossing the Sea of Galilee, and on to Damascus, where they stayed some weeks. Here Mr. Schmalz did many studies which have since developed into pictures. Then Baalbec was visited, and the return journey was made by Cyprus, Smyrna, Athens, and Constantinople.

"The Return from Calvary" shows the disciple whom Jesus loved leading the Virgin Mary to his own home. St. John is taking a last look northwards, beyond the city which lies below, to the hill of Golgotha, where the awful tragedy is being enacted, while Mary Magdalene is at the other side of the Virgin, her whole attention concentrated in helping to support her, and assisting her weary body up the incline. It is a picture that brings a lump to the throat and makes the pulse beat a little faster, and that is a good test for any picture.

"The Mount of Temptation" is a unique rendering of a subject which has been the theme of artists for generations. It is a big work—it measures twelve feet by six feet—and the solitary Figure on the mountain, gazing over the plains below to the hills beyond, is wistfully appealing and lovable. Satan is not shown, but his spirit seems to brood over the whole picture.

The landscape represents the view from the traditional sight, the mountain Quadrantania, or Mount of Temptation, which overlooks Riha, the present name of the village which now stands where Jericho once stood. Below is seen the Plains of Jericho, and beyond the mountains of Moab, the highest point being Mount Nebo, from which Moses saw the Promised Land; the Jordan runs at the base of the mountains into the Dead Sea, which is seen behind the figure. The trees are "nubk," from which the crown of thorns is supposed to have been made, and which are very plentiful here.

Although Mr. Schmalz always has a model for the figure of Christ, the face is evolved from his brain, and, as he says,

"Where is my Lord, the King?"—*From the painting by Herbert Schmalz*

is the impression that has grown up with him since childhood. He purposely uses a model with no facial resemblance to the Saviour, as he does not wish to make it like any particular man.

A friend who was looking at his "Rabboni" remarked:

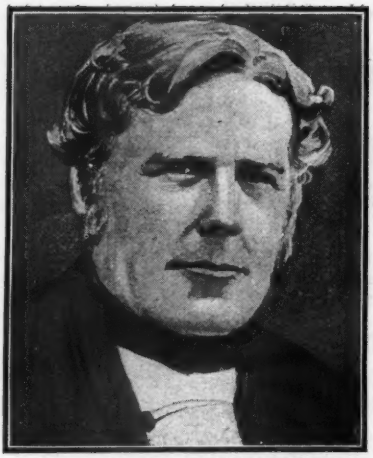
"I see you have gone in for the conventional Christ!"

"What would you have me do?" asked Mr. Schmalz. "It would be very easy to be original and make a dark, clean-shaven man, but I should not feel it were Christ; besides, I want to paint Christ so that the people who see the picture will know at once whom it is intended for."

Mr. Schmalz, like all imaginative painters, is a man of moods, but he does not give way to them. He declares that if he had not always fixed certain times for work, the periods when he did not feel absolutely craving to get to work might have become gradually dangerously frequent. Notwithstanding this, the artist usually produces four pictures a year at least, upon which the most careful attention is expended. Absolute quiet is not essential to him, and he enjoys hearing a friend read aloud while he is engaged on a canvas.

The creator of "Zenobia's Last Look on Palmyra," "Too Late," "Christianæ ad leones," "The King's Daughter," "A Gift for the Gods," and other important works, does not waste the daylight, but spends as many hours as possible in the studio. This is a very delightful room, with a cosy little inglenook and antique furniture, for Mr. Schmalz is a collector of the beautiful in carving just as he is a maker of the beautiful on canvas.

HAROLD F. B. WHEELER.



The Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ripon

I WOULD BE AN ANGEL.

BY THE BISHOP OF RIPON.

I HEARD one say—and she was young,
And smooth was her unclouded brow—
"Would I could be—beyond this world—
An angel among angels now!"

And one whose face bore many lines—
Marks of the graving-tool of Time—
Gazed for a while on her fair eyes,
Which with desire did heavenward climb.

And then he spoke in quiet tones:
"Your words are right, your wish is wrong,
They only can be angels there
Who first have learned the angel's song.

"That song is love which does God's will,
And everywhere may that be done;
Here on the earth in kindly deeds
Is angel work for everyone.

"Look round, not up, see duty near,
Set thoughtfulness upon your brow;
Let love possess both heart and will,
And you may be an angel now."

W. BOYD CARPENTER.

In the Hour of Flight

A Complete Story By a Popular Author

IT was a bitterly cold winter evening, and a white mist crept over the little country village of Rayland. Inside the vicarage all looked warm and cosy. A red lamp made a cheerful glow of light in the window of the bright drawing-room, where tea had been brought in.

The vicar, a tall, good-looking man, with grey hair and a wonderfully benign face, stood looking out at the grey, desolate scene.

"I wish your mother would come in," he said to his son, a young man who had inherited his father's good looks. "It's getting so foggy; I don't like her being out."

"She would go," replied Cecil. "I argued I was only here for a couple of days, and wanted to talk to her; but there was a sick child in the village, and wild horses would not stop her."

Cecil had scarcely finished speaking, when the vicar's wife entered the room. She looked excited, and burst in with a piece of news.

"Such a strange thing!" she said. "A motor-car has broken down at our gate, with a very pretty girl in it, all alone. She looks most pitiful and helpless. I am sure she does not understand the machinery in the least. It seems so odd that an incompetent woman should be driving such a large car. I entreated her to come in, and said we would send for assistance; but she begged me not to trouble, replying she hoped to put it right soon."

Cecil was already out in the hall on his way to assist beauty in distress. The vicar followed with equal speed, murmuring:

"We will certainly persuade her to come in for a cup of tea. What a night for a girl to be stranded! Really, one wonders nowadays what the gentler sex will do next—they are so independent."

The two men hurried towards the bright light of the car. As Cecil caught the first glimpse of the stranger's profile, he thought he had never seen a lovelier face. Her veil was thrown back; she wore a picturesque red silk hood and massive fur coat, which seemed in perfect harmony with the wintry scene. She appeared the predominating note of life and colour in the chill evening air, illuminated by the brilliant lamps of the refractory car. The small mouth had an imperious curve; the eyes were tragic and blue; while a cloud of fair hair framed the face in tender little curls like those of a child. Evidently she was strung up to the highest tension, for she started nervously at their approach.

"Can we help you?" asked Cecil eagerly.

His manner was so spontaneous and genuine that the girl felt instinctively soothed by his presence.

"Do you understand the works?" she asked, in rather a tremulous voice, pointing to the motor with a gesture of despair.

"No," confessed Cecil; "but I should suggest we sent someone into the village to find a man who does. Meanwhile, I hope you will come in and warm yourself. You can't sit out here alone; you will be frozen."

"The vicarage is at your service," added the clergyman courteously; "and my wife hopes you will join us at tea, while we send for assistance to repair your injured car."

"You are very kind," stammered the girl, hesitating, "but I shall be all right outside; I am well wrapped up."

She caught rather a hurt expression in the vicar's eyes, while Cecil looked openly disappointed. At the same time the

inviting glow of the red lamp in the window shook her resolve. She glanced longingly towards the house.

The fog had got into her throat, making her cough, and she pulled her large collar higher over her ears.

"The worst of it is," she continued, "I am sure I could put the thing right in a moment if I had a little more experience; but I am suffering from ignorance. I have never been out alone before."

"And soon you will be suffering from cold as well," added the vicar, "unless you consent to join us at our fireside for a cup of tea. Believe me, you will feel refreshed for your journey; and I really must refuse to take any excuses."

He spoke in such a kind, fatherly way, and smiled upon her with that benign expression which so endeared him to his parishioners, that all her shyness vanished, and, thanking him again, she abandoned her trust, accompanying her new friends into the house.

"Have you far to go to-night?" Cecil asked, as they sat down to tea.

"I don't know," replied the low, musical voice. "I shall go as far as I can."

"May I ask if you have come a great distance?" queried the vicar, who had a wonderful way of drawing out confidences, even when not intending to solicit them.

"I should think about thirty miles. I was very anxious all the way; it seemed so alarming to be alone. But it had to be done."

She gazed round at the friendly faces, as if suddenly yearning to let them into a secret. The trio in that cosy room looked so eminently worthy of trust, that a strong temptation came to speak out boldly—perhaps to seek the advice of the good clergyman and his wife, under whose roof she found herself.

"It's like this," she said abruptly, with a catch of her breath and a clasping of nervous hands. "I am running away from my home, from my father, who has been very cruel. I took the car, which is my own, and started off. I don't know where I am, and I don't mind at what place I find myself. He will be very frightened, and perhaps sorry, when he discovers I have gone. I don't care what becomes of me!"

Conflicting emotions rushed over the sensitive face, while unshed tears still hovered on the girl's long lashes.

"My poor child," said the vicar's wife, drawing nearer, and laying a gentle hand on the visitor's arm, "I can see you have suffered; but the step you are taking is a very serious one, and surely most unwise. Sometimes troubles seem insurmountable till we talk them over with other people. Can't you tell us what the grievance is which makes you feel so bitterly against your father?"

The girl turned her head away, replying in faltering tones:

"He will not let me marry the man I love, believing in the most absurd and false accusations which ignorant people make. I cannot stay at home to hear Aubrey abused when I have promised to be his wife."

Involuntarily Cecil's face fell. So this dream of loveliness had already lost her heart, and there was an Aubrey in the case!

"Would it not be better," said the vicar softly, "to stay at home and fight your lover's battles, than run away just at the crucial moment—when you are being tried, like gold, in the fire?"

"Oh, I see! You think I'm a coward?" she cried, a little hotly, looking from the vicar to Cecil, with supplicating eyes, as if to say to the younger man, "Do take my part!"

"No," continued the vicar. "On the contrary, I think you are exceedingly daring; and it's a pity such a brave spirit should be wasted on what appears an utterly rash enterprise. I gather you started out, with no thought for the future, in a moment of rebellion. Why not expend your energy on showing up the ignorance of the people who malign your lover?"

"Oh, most of the accusations were sent anonymously—such wicked letters! You see, I really know very little of Aubrey. I met him at a country house where I was staying, and we became secretly engaged. On my return, I told my father, and he was quite willing to

"Do you understand the works?" she asked, in rather a tremulous voice

sanction the marriage, all being well after making inquiries. Then misfortune followed misfortune; the inquiries proved fatal. Aubrey says there is some great scheme against him, and in time he will be able to prove he is not what his enemies would have us believe. Finally, my father wrote in confidence to the vicar of the parish where Aubrey lives; and—would you believe it?—he was as unchristian as the rest! I am afraid he must be a very narrow-minded man."

She sighed deeply, and in the long pause which followed appeared wrapped in melancholy.

"Would it be asking too much if I begged you to tell me the name of the clergyman to whom your father wrote?"

said the vicar, with increased interest. "I have a special reason for wishing to know."

The girl looked up frankly.

"I feel I can trust you," she replied, reading the absolute sincerity of the speaker's face. "The name will go no further, I am sure"—glancing at the interested circle. "The man who penned that cruel letter was the Rev. Henry Leigh, vicar of a village called Rayland."

The listeners started perceptibly.

"I thought as much," replied the vicar. "Then you are Miss Edith Moreton; and I must introduce myself as Henry Leigh. You are now in Rayland vicarage; and I am here at your service, ready to answer any charge you may have against me. I feel convinced this is no mere chance, but the direct will and guidance of a great Providence, which watches over His children."

It was the stranger's turn now to look bewildered. She sprang to her feet and stood before him, quivering, the blood rushing to her pale face, her head thrown back, her eyes dilating.

"Yes," she gasped, "Providence has been very good! Tell me what you have against Aubrey—why you tried to ruin my life? I thought when I found myself outside your gate that I had come forth for nothing; evidently I was mistaken. But you have been very kind to me. Only speak, and I am prepared to believe you."

Mrs. Leigh rose discreetly, and went over to where her son was sitting.

"Cecil," she whispered, "I am sure Miss Moreton would rather we went away."

The two slipped out of the room, followed by a grateful glance from the girl. The vicar begged her to be seated again, and she sank back exhaustedly into a chair.

"You are enduring," said Mr. Leigh, "one of those early troubles in life which must be faced and borne, and, if possible, overcome. With youth and everything in your favour, you don't want to ruin your career at the very outset. I have known Aubrey Alexander since he was a child here in Rayland He broke his mother's heart by his conduct, which was always reprehensible. He is a gambler, an idler, untruthful, and often not sober. He is our nearest neighbour, and only the other day there was a rumour in the place that handsome Aubrey was boasting he could marry money. We heard of the lady's fortune, but not of her beauty and charms. I wrote my honest opinion to her father, hoping she would not be sacrificed to a man of that type."

Edith Moreton's face grew stony.

"Even now," she gasped, "I can hardly credit you are not deceiving me. He seemed so different——"

She broke off shortly, for a servant entered the room with a card on a salver.

"Mr. Alexander wants to know if you can see him, sir?"

The vicar hesitated; then handed Aubrey's card to his visitor.

"What shall I say?"

"See him, and in here," answered Edith faintly.

The servant went with the message, and, before Mr. Leigh could stop her, Miss Moreton darted behind a heavy curtain which shrouded a side window. A second later and Aubrey Alexander came rather unsteadily into the vicar's presence.

"I've got a bone to pick with you," he said surlily. "It's come to my ears that you have been meddling in my affairs—trying to do me out of a good thing. There's a girl with money ready to marry me—worships the ground I tread on—and if I can find the people who have blackened her mind against me it will go hard with them."

He spoke in a thick, changed voice, advancing threateningly towards the vicar, who stood, tall and dignified, upon the hearthrug.

"You have been drinking again, Aubrey," said Mr. Leigh.

"Mind your own business!" came in rude, excited accents by way of reply. "I have had enough of being preached at, and I am here to talk of Edith Moreton, the woman I intend to marry."

"Do you think you are fit to marry?" asked the vicar.

"I don't know, and I don't care! I've a chance of being comfortably kept for life, and I should be a fool to miss

such an opportunity, even if the woman were as ugly as sin!"

"But she is not ugly, and you love her?"

Mr. Leigh spoke more gently, yet there was a note of terrible anxiety in his voice.

"Oh, love and all that kind of thing is rot!" growled Aubrey. "The money's what I'm going for, and I'll be hanged if I stand anyone putting a spoke in my wheel. How will it look, do you think, for the Vicar of Rayland to be had up for libel for defaming the character of his respected parishioner Aubrey Alexander?"

The young man laughed coarsely.

"Why," he added, in the same uncertain yet sneering tone, "I suppose I ought to be grateful to you for giving me the chance of posing as a martyr. The girl will be making a hero of me!"

Once more his ribald mirth broke forth, though his face looked red and angry.

"You see," he continued, "I happen to know you have written to her father—a nice, neighbourly action certainly, and one you shall regret to your dying day."

"I wrote the truth, and nothing but the truth," said the vicar gravely. "I told Mr. Moreton your true character. What would his daughter think of you now, if she could see you in this state? Would she love you still? Could even her eyes be blinded to your true self?"

"I tell you," answered Aubrey Alexander, "I am sick of this talk of love. Marriage is a business with some people, and I mean to make it my business to marry that woman."

"For mercenary motives?"

"If you like. That's my affair."

As he muttered the words, Edith drew back the curtain with a trembling hand and sprang to the vicar's side.

"Send him away—oh, please send him away!" she gasped. "I have heard enough, and I never want to see Aubrey Alexander again!"

Aubrey stared at Edith Moreton with dazed, stupid eyes, then dashed out of the room.

"And that was the object of my love!" she said, as if waking from a dream.

"My child, we sometimes love shadows. It takes experience to know the substance."

Cecil came in as his father spoke, to say the car had been easily put right. It simply needed petrol, and Smithson had volunteered to drive the lady back, since it hardly seemed safe for her to venture unescorted in the fog.

"I want you and yours to be my friends always from to-night," she murmured earnestly. "I can never forget your kindness. I came out a desperate woman. If I go back disillusioned, I am the better and the stronger for my pain."

Cecil watched her drive away into the night, with a fierce beating at his heart.

"Father," he said, "I wonder if the wound will heal, and if she really meant we were to be her friends?"

The vicar smiled, for he caught a look in his son's eye he had never seen there before. Instinctively he guessed the young man's thoughts.

. . . . . .

It was over a year since Aubrey Alexander boasted in Rayland of his engagement to an heiress when the news of young Cecil Leigh's marriage to Edith Moreton reached the village. The wedding had taken place quietly in London, the bride, a beautiful and wealthy girl, caring little for display. The vicar himself tied the knot, and assured his parishioners there was no sweeter woman in all England than his son's bride.

"A thorough love-match," he told the people, who thought much of "Mr. Cecil's" happiness, "with quite a romance attached to their first meeting."

The bride, he informed them, had sent a huge wedding-cake to the vicarage to be cut up and distributed in the parish in memory of the bridegroom, and with the compliments of Edith Leigh, née Moreton."

When, later on, Cecil's wife came to the village, her popularity was at once assured by her bright, unaffected manner.

"Had she ever been to Rayland before?" asked the old people in the cottages, to whom Rayland was the one all-important place in the world.

"Yes," replied young Mrs. Leigh. "I came here once in a fog. I little thought then I should find it again in sunshine."

WINIFRED GRAHAM.

Our Quiet Corner

Doing nothing at all is often the worst kind of wrong-doing. Simply failing to do what we ought to do may be more inexcusable than any mistake in our best methods of doing. If we see another by our side in peril, and fail to give him warning or help within our power, his blood is as clearly on our head as though we had stricken him down with a club or a knife.

What sentence of the Judge, in the great day of account, can be severer than, "Inasmuch as ye did it not, depart from Me"? Let us watch and strive against the righteous doom of not doing.

Never turn a blessing round to see whether it has a dark side to it.

Salvation is not putting a man into heaven, but putting heaven into a man. It is not putting a sinful man into a law-abiding community, but writing the law of God in his heart and mind. The real question is not what will we do under outward compulsion, but what will we do by inward choice?

Salvation is not the change of circumstances, but that central change in us, that change of the heart, of its attitude, its intentions, of its choices, which will make it the conqueror under all circumstances in life's battles.

Few people impair their eyesight by looking on the bright side of things.

It is said that a bomb weighing about seventy pounds explodes into a shower of twelve hundred pieces. A good many arguments have been shot off in the course of the intellectual battles of the ages which have soon burst into even a greater number of minute fragments.

Some hits have undoubtedly been made by these flying splinters of thought, and yet, proportionately to the total discharge of theories, the execution accomplished has been astonishingly limited.

"If we only had time," is our frequent thought. But we do have time. The Indian chief was correct when he said, "We have all the time there is." We have all the time there is, and we have time enough for the doing of whatever we have to do.

It is not our lack of time, but our neglect of time, or our failure to use time wisely, that is the cause of trouble

When prayer brings no solace to your weary heart, try praise.

We cannot know or enjoy, or love the world too much if God's will controls us.

Has a mother anything but joy in watching her little daughter's devotion to her doll? Not until the child is so absorbed that she cannot hear her mother's voice. Did anyone ever love the world more than Jesus did, yet was anyone ever so loyal to the Father's will?

Worldliness is not love of the world, but slavishness to it.

Thanksgiving is a good thing; thanks-living is better.

In looking at the stars through a great telescope, it is necessary first to put out every light until you are left in total darkness. Every light sets the air in motion, and disturbs the focus, and blurs the vision of the stars.

How often our vision of God is blurred and dimmed by the flames of self-consciousness and sordidness that float around us! How many times have we put out the light of self-seeking, earthly ambition, and false pride of position in order to look upward, and in the clear, still air to know whither God's lights are leading us, and what God will have us to do?

A Servian Religious Retreat

By John Foster Fraser

An Intimate View of Life in a Famous Monastery

DAWN crept over the back of the Servian hills, throwing the palest of green lights into a velvety sky, and the sky glistening with a myriad stars which seemed to have come nearer to earth than they do in other lands. It was four o'clock in the morning, and the monastery bell was clang-clang-clanging, sending forth its summons to prayer.

I rose from the simple bed the monks had given me, left my cell, and went on the broad, arched balcony. The air was crisp and stinging with life. From the gloom came the blusterous roar of the river hastening from the Turkish hills to the mighty stream of the Danube. The monastery cockerel raised his shrill voice heralding the morning. An unmonastic cockerel gave him challenge from a distance.

Across the grass, silent, like shadows, stole the black-cloaked monks. Taper lights, fitful and vagrant, appeared through the deep-recessed and dusky windows of the church. The clang of the bell ceased. Then sonorous, but muffled, came the intonation of the monks as, in the old Slavonic of their fathers, they began the day with obeisance to God.

Somehow, as I stood there in the chill of the morning, bathing my soul in peace, I felt I had slipped back through centuries. The clamour of great cities, the screech of trains, the conflicts of commerce, the maddening, deadening scramble for wealth—all such things were but a blurred dream from which I had just awakened. I knew it was not many days since I whizzed through the stifling London streets on the top of a motor-omnibus. But it was gracious, while watching the heavens blush with the new

The Archimandrite of Studenitza Monastery—the most famous in Servia

day, and listening to the prayers of the monks for us all, to let fancy rove wayward and picture that the simple life in a monastery—far from the track of rushing civilisation, not easy to reach, visited maybe by a single foreigner a year, where indeed the world stands still, the same to-day as four centuries ago—is really the life beautiful.

Without any priggish pretension to devoutness, the ordinary man who kicks about the world, is worldly, and knows what modern life means, can go to Studenitza Monastery and feel a little cleaner of heart for his few days' retreat from the outer world.

This monastery is the most famous in Servia. It is intimately associated with the history of the Serbs as a people. It is a shrine. The first crowned King of Servia sleeps there; the latest crowned king, Peter, came recently and kissed on the brow his predecessor of nigh six centuries ago.

From eight in the morning till hot afternoon I rode in a crawling, often halting, local train. A winding branch line pushed towards the hills. At a little town there was coffee to be sipped with officials, and haggling with a horse-owner for a carriage and horses. There followed an evening drive of forty miles toward the wilderness, the moon our only lantern. At midnight we rattled over the cobbles of the town of Kralievo, slept well at the inn, rose at five, were off at six, followed the swirling waters of the Ibar through the mountains, admired a big, square, ruined castle perched on the rocks—which did brave service against the Turks in the centuries that are nothing but rankling memories—fed beneath the trees, and slept beneath the trees, struck away up a ravine—surely the haunt of brigands, though so peaceful in the glow of fading afternoon—and, just as the Archimandrite had backed from the church door, bowed his head, and made the sign of the cross, disturbed him by our arrival. We smiled, and he bowed. Then, through my interpreter, I said nice things, and presented my note of introduction from the Prime Minister of Servia.

The Archimandrite was a tall, spare old man, with a visage like that of John Knox, but an old man who had lived amid the sanctity of these hills for forty-six years, away from the world, knowing little of the world. He had never been out of Servia. He had a beautiful smile. "I said to myself, nearly fifty years ago, when I came here that I must never regret. And I have never regretted. I am content. It is very quiet here—a very difficult place for a stranger from England to reach. I am honoured. Let me see to your room."

What a dear room it was! Absolutely severe. But there was refreshment in the thick walls, in the shadows, in the look through the narrow windows to the hills beyond. A peasant, in the white and cleanly garb of his race, was in attendance. There was welcome—first a little glass of liquor, made by the monks from plums, then several spoonfuls of preserved cherries, a long drink of icy water, and a tiny cup of Turkish coffee. And all the time the peasant stood like a wax figure, holding the tray before him. So began my rest at Studenitza Monastery.

High walls clasp the sanctuary. In the middle of the sloping sward stands the church, built of white marble from adjoining quarries. That was in the twelfth century, when the Serbs, who had wandered from the Volga, made a nation of themselves, with a bigger land than they have to-day.

Here Stephen, the first crowned king of Servia, was made ruler, and here rest his bones. The double coffin was opened for me to see the form of the sainted king—shrouded, and on his breast a golden cross containing in its centre a morsel of wood which tradition says, and the faithful believe, is part of the true cross. When the Archimandrite and I entered the church we were followed by several countrymen, who had travelled two days over the hills to attend a festival on the morrow. They stood back humbly, for the shrouded King Stephen is not for peasants' eyes. But when I had cast a curious gaze the chief of the monastery invited the peasants to come forward. They bent their heads; they crossed themselves; they kissed the edge of the

outer coffin; they kissed the cross; they kissed the covered forehead of the king; they crossed themselves again. Their rugged, sun-baked countenances were illumined with light, for a precious opportunity had been theirs.

I have mentioned two coffins. The first is of black wood inlaid with exquisite gold-and-silver design; the outer is a massive silver case, magnificently embossed, supported by silver angels, with a mighty silver cross resting on the crimson velvet lid; the interior is of blue satin, with three plaques representing incidents in the life of Stephen. But Stephen has not rested quietly. The vendetta between Servia's later rulers has been the cause of impious hustling, though surely he is a sufficiently far-off king for the rival Karageorgovitches and Obrenovitches to seek honour themselves in honouring him.

When the last Karageorgovitch was on the throne it was the mother of the present King Peter who hired the finest silversmiths of Vienna to make this gorgeous coffin. With reverence King Stephen was placed in it. But when murder brought the Obrenovitches to power it would never do to have the most honoured of all the Serb kings sleeping in a coffin presented by their enemies. So Stephen was removed, and lay uncomplaining in the old coffin which had served him for several hundreds of years. The silver coffin was hidden in a cellar. When Alexander and Draga visited Studenitza they saw nothing of the silver coffin. They presented the monastery with amazing golden robes and a golden Communion cup. When Alexander and Draga went their hurried way, and King Peter stepped to the throne, the silver coffin was brought out, polished up, and Stephen once more laid in it, to the appreciation of King Peter when he visited the monastery, though he saw nothing of the woven golden robes nor the golden Communion cup, which were safely out of sight in the cellar. Thus even the priests of Servia bow the knee to Mammon.

High walls clasp the sanctuary. In the middle of the sloping sward stands the church, built of white marble from adjoining quarries

The sacredness of Stephen's bones is part of the faith of the national Servian Church. No people have so sure a faith as the peasants of the mountain slopes. The poor, the ignorant, and the humble possess an exquisite advantage; they have

no religious doubts. It is left for those who are more civilised, who have garnered culture, who have trifled with the higher criticism and dabbled in comparative theology, to smile at the reverence bred from superstition. They can be condescending to those who have not yet learnt that it is all a mistake, though a beautiful mistake. But for such as these the simple faith of the peasants has its lessons. And the hallowed church—for surely where for five hundred years men and women have poured forth their souls, have felt the anguish, and found the hope, is hallowed—brings peace to the worldly man. The belief of others gives him a peep of something he lacks the quality to understand.

Now, the faith in the sacredness of the king's bones is shared by the devout and by others. Nothing is more firmly fixed in the peasant mind than that the possession of a piece of bone from King Stephen's skeleton is an absolute safeguard from death by bullet. And here I have a story to tell. Who is more in need of protection from bullets than the brigand, who must shift his abode often, and show alacrity in keeping beyond range of the rifles of the pursuing soldiery? The Archimandrite was one day honoured by a visit from the most notorious brigand in Servia. The priest's heart was glad; the robber had turned from his wickedness—he had repented! But he hadn't! That was very far from the mind of the brigand. His visit had a more practical purpose. He confessed that in following his avocation he was occasionally worried about what might be the consequences if a stray bullet came his way. Indeed, he had become nervous about bullets. He did not at all fancy death by a bullet. So he sought the kind assistance of the Archimandrite. Let him have a small portion of the saintly king's skeleton, no matter how tiny, and not only would he be infinitely obliged, but he would be able to follow his business without hesitation and without fear of a leaden check.

The reply he received was disappointing. The Archimandrite would not despoil the saintly king of a finger-nail, even to oblige the most distinguished of brigands. A few days later, however, the Archimandrite was thrown into a fluster. Though the monastery gates are locked nightly, somebody had surmounted the wall, smashed the church window, gained entrance, and wrenched open the coffin where lay the remains of King Stephen. The big toe had disappeared. It was well known who was the robber. Wonder prevailed whether carrying the saint's big toe as a charm was really efficacious in turning aside bullets.

More than a year later the brigand was captured. Knowing his fate was sealed, he confessed. It was quite true he rifled the coffin of the king's big toe. He carried it about with him, in a little bag strung round his neck. But after a time doubt troubled him. What if, after all, the big toe was no safeguard from a bullet? He decided to make an experiment. He fastened the charm to a lamb. Then he fired his gun. Just as he had dreaded, the lamb fell dead. So he did not think much of kings' big toes as charms. However, as he was about to be led out to be shot—sans toe—he returned the relic to the Archimandrite. The Archimandrite was joyed. He returned the big toe to be companion to the four little toes. And once more the skeleton of King Stephen is complete.

It is pleasant to idle the days in this monastic retreat—to lounge within the shadows of the trees, to gossip with black-haired, black-whiskered, black-gowned monks, genially happy, and with no greater ambition than to take their last sleep close to the walls of the old church, among the moss-flaked slabs that mark the cots where monks of ages past have their slumber.

There is a little inn beyond the monastery gates. Vine leaves straggle over crooked boughs, and in the warm breath of the lazy afternoon it is well to sit within their fretted shade and drink the native wine—tart, strong, cool, enough for six of us, several glasses each, at the price of tenpence. The bell sounds vespers, and the monks go off to pray for us all. Night comes tardily, and the lights flick eerily.

In the long dining-hall is set a simple

dinner. The Archimandrite mutters a blessing. I sit on his right, with my interpreter facing me, and in the gloom stand the peasant servants in clean linen garb, and with crude shoes removed. It is a time of fasting, and the Patriarch eats humbly of porridge and small cucumbers, vinegar soaked. For his guest is a better meal, but all the dishes are vinegar laden—a simple monkish device to check the warming of the blood. But there comes the wine. And what monastery is not proud of its wine? A great flagon of it, cool and delicious, is brought from the cellar—the real juice of the grape, grown and nurtured by monks, gathered by monks, pressed by monks, and drunk to bring sunshine into the heart. The old Archimandrite is proud of the wine of his monastery; he stands, a tall, dignified figure, smiling as he fills my glass once, twice, thrice—many times. He watches with curious eyes my first taste, the parley with the wine upon the tongue, the appreciative smack of the lips. Later he drinks my health, standing, his spare black figure bending over the table, his black eyes gleaming under his black, funnel-like hat, his grey hair tumbling about his shoulders.

"My heart is very glad," says he. "It is a bright day, for the son of the most enlightened of nations has travelled all this way to honour our humble monastery. I raise my glass to the distinguished Gospodin. I wish him a pleasant journey, and a quick return to Servia."

I have not the knack of pretty cross-table speeches.

"Say thanks," I mutter to my interpreter.

Says the interpreter, in free and elongated translation:

"The heart of the Gospodin is so touched with your kindness that his tongue cannot express all he feels."

The church, a medley of marble and whitewash, of precious relics and gewgaw decorations, has a chastened distinction. In its six hundred years of existence it has had batterings. Time has done something in disfigurement, but the Turk has done more. The grey marble pavement is cracked and uneven. Marble pillars which graced the inner sanctuary have been wrenched away. A group of apostles present only battered and unrecognisable features. The walls bear frescoes of saints painted in the garish Byzantine style. But years have softened the colouring. In places the frescoes have gone, and cheap plaster fills the cracks.

The Archimandrite and some of his monks outside the church in which King Stephen of Servia is buried

Turkish spears have smashed the painted faces of the saints, and a blodge of plaster has done the mending. There are the pictures of sainted kings famed in Servian history, but whom the foreigner never heard of, though he listens with the ears of a child to the story of their heroic deeds. The altar screen is ornate with sculptured scenes in the "Pilgrim's Progress" vein. About are heavy gold and silver ornaments. I see the robes worn on high festivals. A key opens a cupboard full of sacred books in old

Slavonic—all Russian gifts, from the time of Peter the Great. The Turks burned all the old Servian manuscript volumes.

There was celebrated the feast of St. Mary. Peasants had come two, even three days' journey. They were clean, stalwart, God-fearing people, picturesque in Balkan garb. Some came by horse, most had walked. The women, with their gay handkerchief head-coverings, sat in huddled groups. The men, in groups also, sauntered the monastery grounds. A few stayed at the adjoining inn, a few slept on the balcony of the cells, most slept beneath the trees. Quite a hundred arrived the afternoon before the festival.

At sundip they munched their black bread. With the coming of the night they wrapped their cloaks about them and slept beneath the stars, and with the burnished silver moon their lantern. At four in the morning, when the bell clanged, they crowded the church.

I attended one of the services. The church reeked with incense. The voices of the monks, chanting in old Slavonic, was sonorous, musical, impressive—only the voice of the Archimandrite had thinned with forty and more years of almost ceaseless praying. The peasants stood with bowed heads and clasped hands. Their womenfolk stood modestly aside and in corners.

The gilt doors of the Holy of Holies opened, and a monk, pale, with long raven hair, and wearing a robe of silver adornment, came swinging the censer. All the peasants knelt, and the intoning was loud and ardent. I dare say there was much that was bizarre in the scene. I have thought so since.

But just then I had eyes and ears only for the picture of reverent, humble folk, in an unknown corner of the world, giving heart thanks to the Giver of the good they knew.

JOHN FOSTER FRASER

Lake Como, the most beautiful lake in Northern Italy. It covers a total area of sixty square miles

The Giant and the Goatherd

A Complete Story for the Children

(Translated from the Swedish by Caroline Corner-Ohlmutz)

THERE was once a goatherd who, whilst wandering one day with his herd, came suddenly to the gates of a huge abode where dwelt a famous giant.

Now this giant was as ferocious in appearance as he was in character and reputation, so, on coming out to see who was the intruder, the boy took to his heels in great terror. But he was a clever boy, and on his return home, whilst watching his mother churning, a bright idea came to him. Taking a lump of the fresh butter, he rolled it in the ashes and hid it in his wallet. Next morning he took his goats out to pasture, as was his custom, and made his way again to the giant's dwelling.

When the giant again heard an intruder he grew very angry, and, taking up a huge stone, went out to greet him, saying :

" If you dare to come here again I will crush you as I now crush this stone ! " at the same time crushing the stone to a thousand pieces.

Although the goatherd was so little in comparison, he was full of pluck.

" And if you won't be good-tempered," said he, " I'll crush you as easily as I now crush *this* stone ! " Saying which he produced the ash-covered butter lump and crushed it so that the whey ran between his fingers and down on to the ground. When the giant saw this he himself was quite afraid, and, muttering something, turned and went in. Next day they again had a meeting, the goatherd having planned it so.

" Giant," said he, " are you willing to try your strength with me ? "

The giant growled a consent.

" I think it would be good to see whose arm is the strongest to hurl an axe farthest up into the sky. What say you ? "

The giant again consented, having the first try himself. Then the boy's turn came. Taking the axe, he, however, cunningly slipped it into his wallet, and in its stead took out a lark he had provided for the occasion. With a great sling of the arm he flung the bird into the air. So high it mounted it seemed to soar away quite out of sight. The giant was amazed.

" A wonderful lad," thought he ; " he might be of use to me. I'll take him into my service."

And he did.

Now, there was in the wood a large old oak-tree which the giant wanted for timber.

" Come," said he, " let us cut it down. Will you hold the branches, or fell ? "

" I will hold," said the boy, " because, being so little, I cannot reach so high. Perhaps you will bend the branches so that I can catch hold."

" Certainly," said the giant; and he did.

But as soon as the lad caught hold of the branch and the giant let go it swung back, carrying him with it ever so high, so that the giant stood there wondering what had become of his servant. However, he took the axe and commenced hacking away at the oak.

After a while the boy came down a-flop with the branch.

" Oh, it requires great courage to bound to the top of the tree as I did ! Would you do it ? " asked he.

The giant looked very reluctant, or at heart he was a great coward.

" Then," said the lad, " I would advise you to hold and fell at the same time, and you'll see how well it will go."

And so the giant did all the work himself. When the work was ended the timber had to be carried home.

" If you take the top I'll take the root," said the giant.

" Nay, master," answered the boy, " you take the top ; I am strong enough to carry the root."

Accordingly the giant took up the lighter end, thinking himself well off, while the boy from behind called to him to bring the trunk well forward, at the same time springing up and hiding himself amongst the foliage of the lesser branches.

In this way the giant, all unknowingly, carried home both tree and servant-boy. When they were about halfway the giant began to feel it a somewhat heavy load, and asked:

"Don't you feel tired?"

"Not at all," said the lad seated among the leaves. "I don't so easily tire."

The giant wondered, but not liking to admit his inferiority, went on and said no more. But on reaching home he felt half dead with fatigue. He threw down the tree, but not before the boy had slipped down and hustled the root on to his shoulders.

"And you are not tired?" asked his master.

"Tired? No! Why, I could have carried it all alone!" was the answer.

A wonderful servant indeed the giant thought he had got.

"We must be out threshing to-morrow morning," said he.

But when the morrow came the boy found the flail so monstrous and so heavy he was quite unable even to lift it. But there was a hazel-fork lying by. This he picked up and commenced beating the corn and making a great noise, so that his master thought him very industrious and had well earned his porridge when porridge-time came. After their morning meal they were to go ploughing.

On their return the giant told his servant to unyoke the oxen and put them in their stalls. But the giant's great dogs were stretched in the doorway, and fiercely growled when the servant would enter. The boy was puzzled. He must obey his master, who had in fact arranged this so as to test his courage still further. His courage failed him, though, at sight of those huge, ferocious dogs. All at once a thought entered his mind. He would goad the animals up on to the roof and drop them through the chimney. Capital! No sooner thought than done.

"Did you put the oxen back in their stall?" asked the giant.

"Certainly I did," replied the boy.

But the giant had his suspicions, and he held a parley with his wife.

"If you take my advice you will make away with him. I have had my suspicions all along. Take the flail and kill him while he sleeps," said the giantess.

Her husband thought the advice good, and promised to act upon it. Now, the boy was in hiding, and overheard the conversation, consequently that night he put the churn *in* his bed and lay *under* it himself. At midnight the giant got up, and coming to the boy's bedside, belaboured the churn until he was tired.

"I've got rid of you at last!" laughed the giant.

It was scarcely daylight, however, when the servant-boy got up and went to say "Good-morning" to the giant couple.

"What! Aren't you dead?" roared the giant. "Is it possible all that cudgelling did not put an end to you? My arm aches with it."

"Now I remember, I did feel a beetle kick me in the night," was the response.

His giant master was thunderstruck.

When they sat down to their porridge: "Now," said the lad, "let us see who can eat the most, you or I."

"Right you are!" said the giant, much amused, and the match commenced.

The boy had taken the precaution to sling his wallet round his waist, and when he put one spoonful into his mouth he dropped two into the bag.

"Stop!" exclaimed the giant. "I can't eat any more. How in the world is it that you who are so puny can eat so enormously?"

To this the boy replied:

"That's a secret; but I don't mind telling you. When I've eaten so much that I can't eat any more, I rip myself open—so!" He cut open the wallet, and the porridge fell out on the floor.

"Capital!" said the giant. "I will do the same."

But as soon as he plunged the knife into his huge body the blood flowed, and he fell to the ground from weakness, and in a few minutes was dead. Then the boy laid his hands on everything worth having and fled.

The boy took to his heels in great terror

AT WAR WITH A NATIONAL EVIL.

TWENTY years ago Mr. Hutton Dixon, who had left Scotland and settled as a chemist in Canada, sent out a medicine for sufferers from nervous exhaustion, with special instructions to abstain from alcohol while under treatment, as it neutralised the medicine's effect. But people came to him and said, "Why do you tell us that? While we are taking this medicine we don't feel we want alcohol. We don't need it."

This gave Mr. Dixon an idea. It was a great and a fine idea, and it was the beginning of the "Normyl Cure," which has done big things and is going to do bigger things still. It was in 1885 that Mr. Dixon set out to fight the disease of alcoholism, the parent evil of many other evil things. The Normyl Treatment Association of to-day—a purely philanthropic institution, which has taken the field against the drink evil in England, and has the Rev. H. B. Chapman as its honorary secretary, the Bishops of Chichester and Southwark on its committee—had its real birth in that year far back, when Mr. Dixon, in Toronto, set to work on an idea. There were then fifteen years to go before that idea should be well and truly finished. In his search for a real drink cure Mr. Dixon had many disappointments.

In 1887-1888 there were experiments and consultations with doctors. In test cases the craving for drink was killed for a time, but then returned. Its good effect did not last. Unsuccess. But later, in the Rocky Mountains, the searcher came across a plant the leaves of which were used by the Indians as an antidote to snake-bites. With this new thing the cure was more lasting.

Three times in other years there were alterations and additions, but in some cases of men and women who had brought themselves to great weakness through terrible drink excess Mr. Dixon withheld the cure.

In London, in 1900, with the advice and help of a prominent London doctor, the present formula of the Normyl Cure was made complete. It is now without any possibility of harm in any case at all. Well over a thousand people have spoken to its absolute success, out of their glad experience of redemption from a bitter bondage. There, sketched very roughly, with little word of Mr. Dixon's toiling, and his neglect during that searching time of business claims, which might have made for big profit, are those fifteen years.

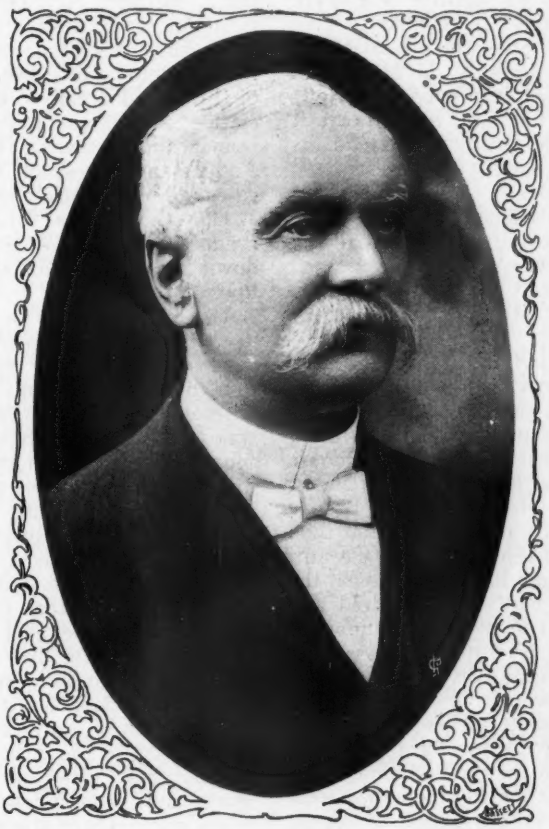
Many little tragedies Mr. Dixon met. The little tragedies are the greatest, after all. In the troopers of the vast drink army is no distinction of race or birth or class or brain. The weeping poor came to him, the wife crying release for her husband, the father for his son. Many cures found their way into shadowed homes without any payment, but with this reward, that Mr. Dixon pulled away the black cloak of hopelessness and showed the wearer sane again, at one with a clean, sane life.

It took me a long time to get Mr. Dixon

to talk about these things. "What could I do," he said to me once, "when people came for my cure on behalf of someone dear to them, and said they could not afford to pay me anything? There isn't a man on this earth who could have sent them away without it."

In 1900 Mrs. Alured Brooke, a lady engaged in philanthropic work in the East End of London, encountered many sorrowful instances of the misery caused by drink. In the West, chiefly, a thing kept secretly behind doors and talked of in low voices; in the East, an evil open and scarcely ashamed. She heard of Mr. Dixon's cure. It had by now been put to a public test, and the doctors of Canada, certain of its worth, had given their strong support.

Mrs. Brooke wrote to Mr. Dixon, telling him of the distress she had seen, and mentioning that his remedy was to be bestowed on poor people. Mr. Dixon sent over four cases of the cure as a gift. Mrs. Brooke distributed those four cases. They were quite successful, and she wrote again to the inventor, begging him to come to England, and promising him introductions. She persuaded him to come at last.



Photograph by *H. Hallier, Sydenham*

Mr. Hutton Dixon, the discoverer of the Normyl Treatment

The four years from then till 1904 record stories of distress removed, of shadows lifted, of a forgotten happiness brought to life again. Then these successes came to the notice of the Rev. Hugh Chapman, Vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, interested at that time in the case of a man of brilliant abilities who was fast drifting down to join the countless ranks of men who have made themselves of no account through drink. But this man was pulled back to his rightful place, his veiled intellect made clear once more.

Dreaming, as Mr. Dixon had done before him, of a fine, helpful thing, Mr. Chapman spent a year in procuring test cases, properly authenticated. At the end of the year he was convinced, and an enthusiast. In his own words: "I am now quite certain that not a single sufferer from alcoholism or the drug habit, who desires to be cured, need despair." A friend came forward with the money. Through the energy of Mr. Chapman an association was formed, Mr. Cecil Chapman — the Tower Bridge magistrate—as chairman, and on the committee the Archbishop of Westminster, the Bishops of Southwark and Chichester, Canon Scott-Holland, Lord Armstrong, Sir Arthur Wilson, Mr. Stephen Simson, and Major Knox, the Governor of Wandsworth Prison. As you go down Victoria Street to-day on the top of an omnibus,

you can see the offices of the Normyl Treatment Association, whose workers receive no salaries.

An article from Mr. Chapman's pen, telling the results of his inquiries, and setting forth his belief in the cure, appeared in the "Daily Mail," and on that day the Victoria Street offices were opened.

The cost of the cure has been reduced, and it is the intention of the association to use all profits for fighting the drink evil, and ultimately to be able to give free treatment to those who are unable to pay anything. Recently a branch of the association has been opened at Newcastle, and Mr. Chapman, whose portrait heads this article, wants to extend its influence to the Colonies and America.

He dreams, indeed, of the Normyl Treatment as a national thing. Only he wants funds. There is a part that the men with money can play.

Mrs. Brooke and Mr. Hutton Dixon told me stories; Mr. Chapman told me his dreams.

"I am a poet and an idealist," he said. "Drink is the most awful thing we have. It is the direct cause of so many other evils. I first heard of Normyl in a country house, then in London, in a house that held a sufferer from delirium tremens. I was very much interested. Mrs. Brooke gave me a quantity of evidence, and then I had my year of test cases. As a result, I believe absolutely in the efficacy of the cure. We have had seven hundred and eighty cases, and in over seven hundred of those we have been quite successful.

"But I want especially to get hold of the young men who have started on the drink habit. I want to get them before it is too late. I do not want people to come to me when they have become only derelict apologies for the men they were once. You can raise a wreck, of course. But it is a wreck still. You cannot re-create. Bear this in mind, too. There must be, on the part of the patient, a real desire to be his own man once more.

"I think that, in many cases, the drink habit is the outcome of the desire to escape from one's self. Therefore, even when cured, there must be some other vent for that desire—work, occupation of some sort, some energy for the mind, so that the mind does not go loafing and become weak once more. To an extent the patient himself must make complete his cure, and, of course, he plainly invites disaster if he touches alcohol again and wakes the old craving.

"I am a dreamer, and at times I may be too much in the clouds. One must mix one's dreams with living in this workaday world. But I am certain that, through Mr. Dixon's discovery, if anyone truly desires to be rid of the drink curse, it is altogether their own fault if they fail to become free. I am so certain of this that I dream of our Normyl Association as a great national thing, with branches in all the big cities of the earth. And I want homes, too, so that the worst cases may be carefully looked after."

Those homes that Mr. Chapman wants are in the clouds. Money can bring them down from the clouds and set them firm upon the earth.

These four lines are an appeal. And here a word in parenthesis about the Normyl Treatment itself. It consists of twenty-four tiny bottles. Daily a bottle is mixed with eight ounces of water, and every waking hour of each day, for twenty-four days, the patient takes a dose of the mixture. The simplicity of the treatment gave the cure its name. It can be taken in normal circumstances, without interruption of employment.

I saw Mr. Hutton Dixon in a wide old house near Kew, that used to stand in a park of its own before London clamoured for more room for her children and laid her hands on land beyond her boundaries. The windows looked out on to an autumn garden, and a grey London afternoon slid quickly to the dusk while he told me of the first idea and the subsequent work, and, after much persuading, went down side-roads of stories relating to men and women cured. It is a long way from Toronto to Victoria Street—over twenty years of time; and the telling was good. And it was good to listen to this man of sixty-seven, who, now that the work connected with the cure has been transferred from him, finds the days too long, and wishes to be working still. The story of the cure has been told. But just two incidents.

"My first bad case was a Canadian priest. He drank two bottles of whisky a day, and took a bottle to bed with him at night. 'I'll do anything you tell me,' he said, 'if you'll only help me.'

"He took away a treatment, and it cured him; but a year later he broke out, and came to me again. He begged for another treatment, and for a long time I would not give it to him.

"'You can't have it,' I told him. 'You've disgraced me and my treatment.' I did this to frighten him," said Mr. Dixon. "He had deliberately gone back to his old way. He had to understand that there must be some effort on his part. I let him have a treatment at last. He has not touched drink since then.

"There was a man out in Montana. He had a high position in the mines, and he had a fortune there if he could only keep sober; but he used to be drunk night after night. Well, he had a treatment, and one night, when they thought him drunk as usual, he heard some of his men talking over a plan to defraud him in a big way. He listened, got knowledge of their intention, and made things straight. A year after he travelled two thousand miles to see me, and put a hundred-pound note into my hands."

Before I said good-bye to Mr. Dixon there were other and different stories to these. Through most of them ran a note of tears, and they cannot be set down here. They concerned visits by night, eager entreaty, stumbling and ashamed confessions of great bitterness. They are sacred from the writing. And I have seen many letters from those who afterwards have gladly given thanks.

In our England are none who question the terrible extent of the drink evil. Yet many do not grasp this extent fully and with thought. Here is a little raw, hard-fact message from Judge Rentoul, K.C.:

"At my last full day at the Old Bailey I passed sentence in thirteen cases, ranging from seven years' penal servitude to three months' hard labour, and every single case happened through drink. Facts like that tend to make a man serious when he talks about temperance matters."

In the market, the office, the room of the brainworker, in the West and in the East, the drink army has its slaves. Not to the dweller in the West alone may you give the privilege of being bored with life, or of any excuse that the troopers of that vast army may put forward. The man in the West can express it to you. The dull man in the East cannot express it, perhaps, but that is all. East and West many fly, blind and careless, or of set desire, to the refuge which is their curse.

And the Rev. H. B. Chapman, the honorary secretary, and the other workers of the Normyl Association, are out to do this—to take away that curse, to pull away the craving, and to teach as well the doctrine of a vivid saving interest in work and life. That hideous country of them of no account, whose gate is Drink, the workers stand and guard, that no more enter in; and from that country itself they bring men often, back into a life without bondage.

The many hundred pens that have written against the drink evil have done their work. The man who had the thought which held him through disappointment and unsuccess did more.

Under the relentless dominance of the One Idea many fine and helpful things have been done, many beautiful dreams made real—not least the thing that came from the steadfast work of Mr. Dixon.

HERBERT SHAW.

My one desire and longing is to save the young man, more especially those belonging to the British Empire. Hugh B. Chapman

Queer, Quaint, and Curious

Pictures and Paragraphs from Far and Near

TO AN ARTIST'S MOTHER

One of the most beautiful memorials ever erected as a tribute of filial love is Professor Hubert Herkomer's "Mother Tower" in Southern Bavaria.

Although he has won such a proud position in the British art world, the professor never forgets the little town of Landsberg, near which he was born, and where his mother died, and it is here that the tower is erected. It adjoins the house in which his mother died, and took four years to build. Not only is the entire design the work of this devoted son, but he is also responsible for all the artistic decorations. This beautiful tower encloses a sanctuary dedicated to the artist's mother, in which, besides many treasured relics, is a portrait of the lady, which is considered to be one of the professor's finest productions.

Professor Hubert Herkomer's memorial to his mother.

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY

On the platform of one of the principal railway-stations in Shropshire the other day a young lady recognised a man who had insulted her in a railway carriage some months previously. She pointed him out to her friend, the vicar of a neighbouring parish, to whom she had already told her story. In reply to the vicar, the man admitted the truth of the lady's assertion. The vicar then gave the man a sound thrashing, handling his opponent so severely as to compel him to plead for mercy.

EARLY ALMANACS

The first almanacs—that is to say, the first histories—were of Arabian origin, and reflected the local genius of the people in a very striking way. They served as models in other countries for hundreds of years. The oldest known copy of such a work is preserved in the British Museum, and dates back to the time of Rameses the Great, of Egypt, who lived 1,200 years before the birth of Christ. It is written on papyrus, and covers a period of six years.

The entries relate to religious ceremonies, to the fate of children born on given days, and to the regulation of business enterprises in accordance with planetary influence. "Do nothing at all this day," is one of the warnings. "If thou seest anything at all this day it will be fortune," is another entry. "Look not at a rat this day," "Wash not with water this day," and "Go not out before daylight this day," are some of the additional cautions. This almanac was found in an old tomb.

Next after this in point of age among the existing specimens of ancient almanacs are some composed in the fourth century. They are Roman Church calendars, giving the dates of feasts, the names of the saints, and other religious information.

These were compiled by the priests, who zealously guarded their treasures from the prying eyes of the inquisitive public.

CUT IN CHALK

Travellers by the Great Northern Railway of France may have noticed, on the eastward range of hills between Calais and Boulogne, a gigantic inscription cut in the chalk formation, and reading "Gloire à Jesus Christ."

This remarkable inscription has been cut in the hillside by pious peasants living in the village nestling under the pleasant downs, and is visible for ten miles. It is easily read by the passengers on the express trains between Calais and Paris, and usually forms a topic for conversation and comment.

Landmarks on the hills may be seen in several places in England. Very few of these, however, have any religious significance. Sussex is famous for the huge "V" on the hills near Ditchling, built in the Jubilee Year of Queen Victoria. At Wilmington, near Eastbourne, a huge figure of a man holding a staff, known as the "Long Man of Wilmington," is cut on the downs.

Photo by *The South American Missionary Society*

A children's Christmas entertainment at Paraguay, South America. They have been acting "The House that Jack Built," and the "man all tattered and torn" is very evident

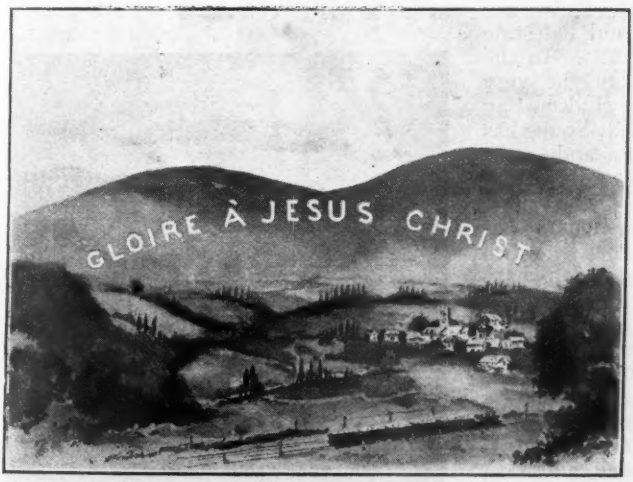
WINDMILLS AS MOURNING SIGNS

In Holland, births, marriages, and deaths, instead of being recorded in newspapers, are indicated by windmills.

When a miller gets married, he stops his mill with the arms of the wheel in a slanting position, and with the sails unfurled. His friends and guests frequently do likewise with their mills in token of the ceremony.

To indicate a birth, the wheel is stopped with the arms in a slanting position, but at a more acute angle than for a marriage, and with the two upper sails furled.

Should a miller die, the sails of his mill are all furled, and the wheel is turned round until the arms form an upright cross, in which position they are left until after the funeral has taken place. It is a pretty idea; and the miller friends of of the dead man stop their mills also, placing the sails in the same position.



A gigantic inscription cut in the chalk formation of a range of hills between Calais and Paris

Travelling on man-back in Sierra Leone

TRAVELLING ON MAN-BACK

There can be no profession, surely, that has so many strange and varied conditions as that of the missionary. He has to travel in any way possible to him; he has to penetrate to all kinds of places, roads or no roads. And a keen enthusiasm in his difficult work is his gift and spur at the same time.

The Rev. J. W. Ewing, M.A., has journeyed through Egypt and Palestine by the aid of horse and camel. In the Far North-West—romance in the very sound of the words!—in the Hudson Bay Territory, the Rev. Egerton R. Young has achieved many dangerous and swift adventurings in a sledge drawn by Esquimaux dogs.

In Sierra Leone the missionary has travelled in a man-power vehicle, which puts us in mind of the old sedan-chair. In the kind of sentry-box shown in our illustration, borne by a hardy native, the missionary in Sierra Leone has to go over some parts of his journey.

This method of getting about is very slow, and an uncomfortable business for both carrier and carried. It is, of course, resorted to only very seldom, and over short distances.

THE MOUTH OF TRUTH

It has always been one of the most difficult duties of a judge to decide whether a witness is telling the truth or not. Trial by ordeal was a favourite method of the past, but a far more curious practice obtained in ancient Rome.

The "Mouth of Truth," as it was called, was a marble disc, five feet across, with the features of a face carved roughly on it. Originally intended as the cover of a watercourse, it was used by the superstitious Romans for a very different purpose. Witnesses were required to place their hands in the mouth, and it was believed that all guilty of perjury would be bitten.

This curious relic of the past, of which we give a photograph below, is to-day one of the sights of modern Rome.

WAITING TO HEAR THE ANGELS

The children at Bethlehem are still told by their mothers that on Christmas Eve a choir of angels always sings above the place where Christ was born. Travellers say that on this evening scores, and sometimes hundreds, of children may be seen in the open air, looking up into the sky, waiting to hear the angels sing.

Sometimes they listen for hours before dispersing, a sad-faced and disappointed little crowd.

A silent judge—the Roman "Mouth of Truth"

THE ROMANCE OF BOOK-HUNTING

There have been many romances connected with the discovery of old and precious books. Even now, occasionally, the book-lover comes across a rare book in some out-of-the-way place, or in the "This lot threepence" box displayed outside a nondescript shop in a back street.

Not long ago a collector of books entered a tobacco shop in the East End of London. He had made his purchases, and was departing, when he looked up to see the man who had served him tearing the wrappers from a black letter book.

He snatched it from the man's hand. It was the "Goode Huswife's Jewell," a book published in Queen Elizabeth's time, of which very few copies are known to exist. He at once purchased the work, but two pages were missing. The book had made part of a quantity of waste-paper bought from an itinerant dealer, and the two pages had been used for wrapping up pennyworths of tobacco.

A hunt was set on foot. One missing page was recovered quickly. A navvy had the other, and the anxious owner of the mutilated treasure rescued it just in time.

It had been twisted into a spill, preparatory to lighting a pipeful of the tobacco it had contained.

A minute later and the rare old "Huswife's Jewell" would have been incomplete beyond remedy. It was an exciting afternoon for the purchaser.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL PROGRESS

A hundred years ago the number of Sunday scholars was somewhere about 300,000. Now it is about 23,000,000—an increase of over seventy-fold!

Our illustration is a picturesque way of representing this enormous growth. For every Sunday scholar that there was a hundred years ago there is now quite a large troop of children, and the army of young Christians is continually adding recruits to its ranks.

1805 1905

For every Sunday scholar that there was a hundred years ago there is now quite a large troop of children. The increase is over seventy-fold

WEAPONS AS MONUMENT

On the bare, wind-swept hills at the back of Penzance and Newlyn stands Paul Church, whose tall granite tower affords a welcome landmark to the mariners along the coast.

There is a curious monument in this building to a Sir William Godolphin, who died in 1689, and whose epitaph is written in the old Cornish language. Hanging from an iron bracket driven into the wall are the knight's morion and cuirass, with his broadsword; while from another bracket is supended his rapier.

MUSIC ON THE HOUSETOP

Every officer of the Church Army is expected to play a musical instrument, a good example being set by the Rev. Wilson Carlile, who plays the trombone.

A band practice in a house is not always either desirable or entertaining, accordingly, the young cadets go on to the housetop of the Home and make music to their hearts' content.

Cadets of the Church Army practising on the roof

BRANDING TIPPLERS

The Ashantees hold that drunkenness forms no excuse for crime; but, by way of preventing as far as possible any untoward results happening through intoxication, persons who imbibe have to streak their foreheads with dashes of red paint, which acts as a danger signal.

PICTURES IN MISSION WORK

At Port Said an Englishman has established one of the most curious businesses imaginable. He has an immense stock of coloured pictures, of all sizes, representing biblical scenes. The figures in the pictures are of all nationalities, from the pig-tailed Chinaman to the negro of Central Africa.

One subject, the return of the Prodigal Son, is drawn and coloured in thirty different ways. In one picture the figures are those of South Sea Islanders, in another of Chinese, in another of negroes, and so on, including Malays, Hindoos, Samoans, Dyaks, and many other races. These find purchasers in representatives of the various peoples they portray.

To the Readers of "Good Words"

Although GOOD WORDS *supplies you with eighty pages of high-class articles and stories every month, it does not take four weeks to read it. If you would like a companion publication to fill up the gap, you cannot do better than secure a copy of "The Sunday Magazine." The January issue, which is now on sale, contains many papers of special interest, including: "Round the Clock with the Bishop of London," "From Rags to Bibles," "Santa Claus and the G.P.O.," "Ant Farmers," "The Double-Edged Message of Christmas," and several short, complete stories. A carefully revised edition of that great work "When It Was Dark" is also appearing, and can be begun in this number. The contributors include the Bishop of Ripon, the Rev. T. Dinsdale Young, Bishop Barry, Winifred Graham, Arthur Birnage, the Rev. Theodore Wood, Henry Leach, William H. Render, &c., &c. The January "Sunday Magazine" is now on sale, price sixpence.*

Photograph by *A. Wallace, Sidmouth*

"East, West, Home's Best"

"My Faith looks up to Thee"

Exploring the Stars

A Chat with Sir William Huggins, K.C.B., O.M., F.R.S.

"THERE are still many celestial secrets, for each new discovery is like walking down a main road—you find many other roads branching from it which, perhaps, you had not thought of when you began your journey."

Thus Sir William Huggins, after having spent sixty years and more studying the stars. Notwithstanding the secrets he has wrested from the heavens, and the many brilliant discoveries he has made as to the nature of the heavenly hosts, he looks forward to the future with eagerness—a veritable Alexander of Astronomy sighing for new worlds to conquer.

The average man's knowledge of astronomy begins and ends with the little poem taught him at his mother's knee, commencing with "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder what you are." He begins wondering as soon as he can talk, and he continues to wonder to the end of the chapter. The very word "astronomy" to him is always followed by a mental interrogation mark.

And yet ever since the inspired writer of Genesis disposed of the creation of the solar system in five words, "He made the stars also"—surely the most perfect example of true modesty extant—men have spent their youth and old age in a splendid endeavour to catalogue them and find out how they came into existence. To-day the staffs of eighteen observatories are making an index of some four million stars, while thirty million appear on a chart of the sky which is also in preparation.

Sir William Huggins is the most modest of men; he prefers seclusion to publicity, and would rather deliver a lengthy lecture to a learned body than chat with an interviewer. On the rare occasions that he

Sir William Huggins in his observatory. The telescope he is using was lent to him by the Royal Society, of which he was President until quite recently

does consent to the modern inquisition he explains the most complex scientific thesis in the simple language of the most sympathetic schoolmaster.

"My special delight in my boyhood's days," said Sir William, "was making experiments in electricity. I began by making Leyden jars and other simple apparatus, for it must be remembered that the fundamental facts of the science were only then being established, although electric cars rush by within a few hundred yards of my observatory to-day. Biology next claimed my attention, and I took up the study of the microscope when that instrument was becoming increasingly prominent in that science. But biology requires dissection, and that does not appeal to me. I therefore forsook the microscope for the telescope—the minute for the colossal. You have a wider range in astronomy," added this Grand Old Man of Science, with just the suspicion of a smile.

And so the world lost a biologist and found a Huggins.

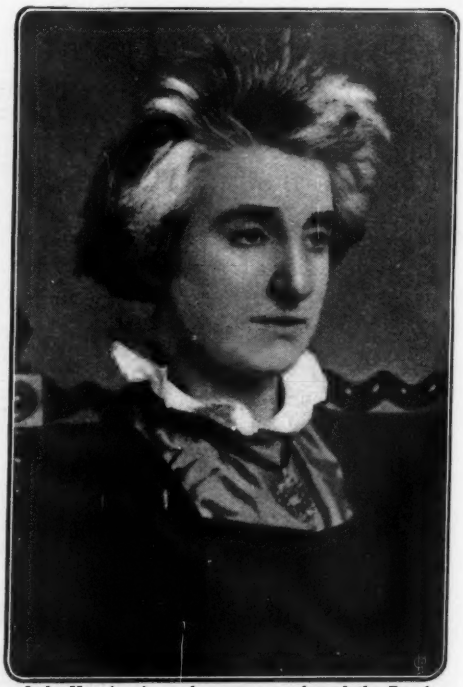
"In 1856 Tulse Hill was quite outside the radius of London," Sir William continued, "and farmhouses were more evident than villas and flats. Here I added an observatory to my house, and placed in it what was then considered a fairly big telescope, at a cost of over £200. I spent all the day and frequently half the night studying some of the great problems of the Universe."

It was to be his good fortune to solve not one, but many of them.

Young Huggins was longing after newer methods of observation, and a discovery made in Germany put him on the right track. He determined to utilise spectrum analysis, which had hitherto been applied to the sun only, to the other luminaries. In other words, the astronomer was about to attempt what Comte thought to be impossible, by endeavouring to ascertain the chemical composition and the physical condition of worlds millions of miles away by means of analysing the light given by them. As the light received at the earth from a first magnitude star, Vega, for instance, is only about the one forty-thousand-millionth part of that received from the sun, the difficulty of the project may be faintly imagined.

"As an illustration of minor troubles I had to arrange a spectroscope by filling a hollow prism with bisulphide of carbon. Unfortunately, there was a small leak in the apparatus, and the pungent smell was at times so bad that I had to leave the observatory to get a breath of fresh air."

He made his first experiment in company with his friend, the late Dr. W. Allen Miller, a Professor at King's College, London. In order to compare terrestrial with celestial chemistry no end of apparatus had to be brought into the observatory, until at last it looked as much like a laboratory as anything. Specimens of metals, bottles of chemicals,



Lady Huggins is an honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society, as was Caroline Herschel

batteries and other electrical contrivances found a place in an astronomical observatory for the first time. To-day they are recognised accessories.

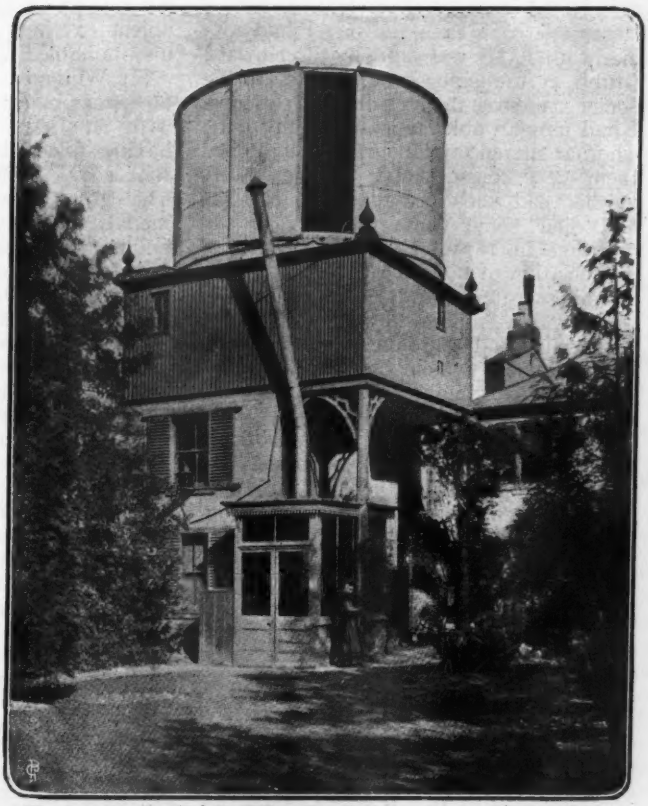
I will use Sir William's own words to explain what happened.

"The characteristic light-rays from

earthly hydrogen," he says, "shone side by side with the corresponding radiations from starry hydrogen, or else fell upon the dark lines due to the absorption of the hydrogen in Sirius or in Vega. Iron from our mines was line-matched, light for dark, with stellar iron from opposite parts of the celestial sphere. Sodium, which upon the earth is always present with us, was found to be widely diffused through the celestial spaces."

A new science—the science of astrophysics — was added to the knowledge of the world; it was destined to completely revolutionise astronomy.

Although Sir William fully appreciated the importance of his discovery, he felt that he had only unlocked the door of this new house of mysteries. He determined to fling it wider open, the camera being the "Open Sesame," although it was twelve years before he accomplished his design.



The observatory in which Sir William Huggins has made many of his wonderful discoveries

In the autumn of 1864 the astronomer, who was beginning to be talked about by workers in the same branch of learning, gave a good deal of attention to the nebulæ. Hitherto, astronomers had believed them to be parts of a fiery mist, "a shining fluid of a nature unknown to us," as the elder Herschel suggested, while others had believed them to be aggregations of stars. Sir William solved the riddle by discovering that a nebula was luminous gas at a very high temperature. Hydrogen was clearly present, as was also another substance which has not yet been identified on the earth, but which has been named Nebulum.

In a less scientific age comets were believed to portend some fearful calamity. Josephus states that one of the omens of the destruction of Jerusalem was "a star resembling a sword which stood over the city, and a comet that continued a whole year." From the days of Aristotle to those of Sir John Herschel star-gazers had debated among themselves as to the composition of the celestial wanderers. It was not until June, 1868, that the secret was revealed, when Sir William, after much patient observation — an astronomer is the incarnation of patience —proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that the principal part of their light was emitted by luminous vapour of carbon in some form.

"The following year I enlarged my observatory," Sir William told me, "for

the Royal Society had loaned me a larger telescope than the one I had formerly used. It was built by Sir Howard Grubb at the expense of a legacy to the Society, and was the first duplex telescope. I had now an able assistant in my wife, who has shared my labours, and lightened them very considerably. Formerly, my mother had been my all in all, but she had died some time previous to my marriage in 1875. I owe much to her appreciation of my work."

Ladies are not admitted as Fellows of the Royal Astronomical Society, but Mrs. Somerville and Caroline Herschel were made Honorary Members, a distinction shared by two members of the fair sex to-day—Lady Huggins and Miss Agnes Clerke.

"I now do a great deal of my work by photographic methods," continued Sir William, "for I find that looking through a telescope for five hours at a stretch is about as much as human nature can endure. While I am sleeping the photographic apparatus in my observatory is working. By means of a contrivance I invented some years ago the light of a star can be concentrated on a sensitive plate for hours at a time through a slit not more than the one three-hundredth of an inch in width."

Sir William Huggins is the most enthusiastic of enthusiasts.

"On one occasion," he told me, "I left a banquet at the Mansion House very early in order that I might photograph a bright comet which had made its appearance in the heavens. You can imagine my delight when I found, after an exposure of about an hour, that I had succeeded in obtaining an actual photograph of the object—a thing hitherto thought to be unobtainable."

Sir William's degrees and honours are almost as many as his years. He shares with Sir Isaac Newton the privilege of having filled the office of President of the Royal Society as an octogenarian. The great astronomer has more gold medals than my space will allow me to enumerate, while he is a Corresponding Member of almost every learned body of any importance in Europe.

Pointing to a huge pile of books and periodicals, the accumulation of a few posts only, he said:

"I have to go through those as soon as I can possibly spare time. They are the offerings of learned Societies and authors all over the world."

As I glanced at the observatory almost adjoining the book-lined study, I thought that most men resemble a match in comparison with the bonfire of such a genius as Sir William Huggins. I wondered if it would ever be the good fortune of an astronomer—perhaps in another age, when reader and writer are "in the long grass at the back of the meeting-house"—to invent a "homoscope" that would reveal the presence of humanity in other worlds than ours. For the word "impossible" is gradually being eliminated from the dictionaries of scientific savants, and the distinguished ex-President of the Royal Society has done as much as any man of his day and generation to erase "impossible" and insert in its place possible."

In Sir William's garden. Drawn by Lady Huggins

FELIX BAKER.

Superannuated

A Short Story. By E. Forster Marshall

THE church was quite hidden from the roar of the City streets—an old red-brick building, its tower, of the ugly Georgian period, so blackened with grime and smoke and fog that nothing of the original red seemed left. It was so tucked in behind warehouses that very few people even knew it was there. It had been added to in so many centuries that no part seemed to match with the other, but every pillar was warring with the architecture of the next.

The tombs were some fine, some hideous. One family of ancient lineage but uncertain taste had erected a kind of arch over their pew which matched with nothing else in the church. The organ was old and wheezy; the letters of the Commandments behind the plain altar were fading and almost obliterated. The little brown saint to whom the old church was dedicated shared in the general neglect. His statue, in a niche over the door, had a broken nose, and one arm entirely missing. Every now and then a solitary sparrow would fly up beside him, and chirrup with the cool impertinence of the London Cockney beside the cold stone face.

Very few people ever opened the lean-to door of faded green baize. On Sundays the congregation could be counted in sparse handfuls. Who goes to the City on Sunday? It was a city of the dead on one day of the week, when the roar of the wildest, maddest sea in the world retreats suddenly from its walls and bulwarks, only to surge up afresh with the dawn of Monday's light.

On this chill November day, when the trees in the Park were being stripped of their leaves, and seemed to wave long arms in melancholy protest, the baize door of St. Alphege-of-the-West swung to noiselessly, and two fashionably dressed Americans passed out from the clamour of the streets into the hush of the forgotten temple.

The light fell in softly from one good window over the altar, dim light was diffused over the hideous old pews and the yellow-white marble of the tombs.

"I love these dusty old, creepy places," a girl's voice said. "I guess there isn't any country but England that would suffer a place like this. Think of it in New York! We'd hustle round and clean it up, and have out those awful pews, and polish up the marble. Do look at this prim lady's coif and ruff! And her lord and master by her side, with the faithful hound. And the dear baby, in coif and ruff, too—bless its heart!—at her side! Marry come up, Lois! Look at her stomacher!"

"I wish you wouldn't say 'Marry come up!' even if it is Elizabethan and Shakespearean," a languid voice said. "What I want to know is, who preaches and prays here? And how did you come across the old backwater, Belle?"

"Mentioned in Baedeker, of course. There's a lot about the jumble of architecture and the tombs and a king—I forget which—who married a wife here. And Queen Mary said her prayers over there—'Bloody Mary,' you know—over in that aisle. There's a funny crest—a dove perched on a helmet! What a quaint inscription. Listen!

"'To the glory of God, and in loving memory of Athelstane Prideaux. A man of honour, a brave soldier, a humble Christian, and a gentleman. He lived to serve God, and to help his fellow-men——'

"I can't read the rest, it's so dark. I say, Belle——"

"I wish you wouldn't keep calling across the church. There's a door open, and the verger told me the vicar sometimes writes his sermons in the vestry," Belle said. "I asked the verger about him, and, as I expected, he's old—old as the tombs! Superannuated, or he'd never be here. It's like this stupid old country! I do think England's real played-out in every way. What's the use of a place like this? Given up to a few old ghosts and yellow marble effigies! I'd clear it out, and sell the ground——"

"For more warehouses? Set up Gog and Magog instead? I wonder who this tomb is to?"

The girls spoke clearly, but they paused just then. A voice from the shadows made them look up.

"May I answer your question?"

Both paused, for once rather at a loss.

An old man, a small, frail figure, shadowy and white-haired, stood on the chancel steps, looking down on them with mild, dark eyes. There was a curious vagueness in his look—a kind of apartness. He suited the church, and the yellow marble of the tombs, and the dark and the shadows, and the high old pews. His hair was long; he put out his hand gropingly as he approached.

"The Land's End!" ejaculated Lois. "Now, do you think he heard me?"

"I will gladly come round with you," the cultured English voice said. "I think you are from the great continent on the other side. This was where Queen Mary said her prayers. She was a poor woman, with a dreadful twist in her intellect, and her heart was broken. People with broken hearts are apt to be either martyrs or persecutors. This is the tomb of the Legurrières, who came over with the Conqueror. You see the dove on the helmet. And here is Dame Dinah de la Bière and her sons, Gerved and Geoffrey. The knight is behind her." The girls followed him round the church, and then he told them everything, and showed them the chained Bibles, musty and dirty; little stories about the families of the ladies in yellow marble; how this son had fought in the Crusades, and this one had been Wolsey's page. The knight with the dove had been killed in the wars of Charles I.

The vestry—the only modern part—was a bare little building, warmed by a small gas fire. The vicar led them there last of all. A few sheets of sermon-paper lay on the table. In the brighter light here they could see his surplice on a peg, an old Bible, a book or two beside the chair.

"My sight is failing fast," he said, still in the same soft voice. "Would one of you young ladies kindly use her bright eyes and see if my spectacles are there? One of my hands trembles a good deal. Thank you—thank you!"

Lois, who was the softer of the two, looked at him pitifully. She decided he had no wife nor child. She was sure of it. His collar was frayed, his coat was worn. A red thread was on his sleeve. Poor old man! Drifting down the end of the river to the sea, with no loving hand to guide him!

"I guess we'd like to know if you have any church fund, or restoration?" she began, as they turned away, opening her gold chain-purse. "We didn't see anything, but most churches beg for something—windows, or organs, or wholesale restorations."

"Thank you! No one thinks of restoring St. Alphege," he said mildly. "We are left stranded, as it were, in a little oasis. The tide has left us. On Sundays we are as quiet as the grave. But, if your kindness is not limited to restorations——"

"Is there anything?" Lois asked.

"I go to-night," he said, still in the same gentle, childlike way, "to an all-night refuge, where the poor people get soup and bread. We give them a little talk while they eat, and a prayer. Food for the soul as well as for the poor, starved body. It is a sad sight. We cannot take in all we would. A little help for that——"

"I'd be glad to," Lois said.

She put something on the table, and then, saying good-bye, and following her sister, the green baize door closed. The shadow of the persecuting queen, who was broken-hearted, and of Dame Dinah, and of the Royal bride and bridegroom, and

There was a curious vagueness in his look—a kind of apartness. He suited the church, and the yellow marble of the tombs, and the dark and the shadows, and the high old pews

the man of honour had the church to themselves once more.

Outside, the City roared on, and passing through the narrow close and the little dark strip of cemetery, where, in the dirty grass, iron railings, rust-encrusted, encircled the old table-tombs, the bright-eyed girls mingled in the stream, and were presently seeing London from the top of a 'bus.

Left in the vestry, the old man sat down. His face changed a little, and the eyes clouded. He took the pair of strong spectacles, and then a magnifying-glass, and drew towards him a red book—"Nuttall's Dictionary."

"Superannuated," he repeated to himself, half-vacantly. "Superannuated! Past work! I wonder what Nuttall gives?"

A pause—the frail, shaking hand turned the leaves, the old eyes peered and searched.

"SUPERANNUATE—to impair or disqualify by age or length of life."

He read the words over twice, then laid the book down. Perhaps he had never faced it before. And the day when the honest worker lays his work down is always bitter.

"It is true," he said to himself—"quite true. I do my bit of work, and Hamleigh is very good in letting me help. And one never knows who may be among the handful here on Sunday, what hungry soul. But I am old—old and spent. I don't grasp things. Voice and sight and hearing are worn out. We go back to the years of childhood when we are guarded—guarded. If I had had a wife and children it would not be so lonely. And the dark end of the long day is a little desolate."

He broke off then. A face, framed in soft, curling gold smiled at him tenderly. She never grew old. In heaven she would still be the child of seventeen, to whom the young Cambridge graduate plighted his troth, and who died.

He rose then, and felt for the gold the young American had left. Hamleigh would be pleased. Hamleigh, all youth and fire, and energy and work; all enthusiasm for humanity, full of his grand Browning optimism even here in London.

He went out and locked the vestry, and took the key, and made his way to his two rooms. It was not a rich charge, and he supported a brother's family. The rest went to Hamleigh. He needed so very, very little.

He spoke to the people in the refuge very earnestly that night—the poor people who sat round, grasping their hot bowls of soup, their bit of bread. It was 1 a.m. You are pretty hungry when you will wait outside till 1 a.m. for a bowl of soup and bit of bread. Something in his voice made even the hardest and the most bitter of the casuals look up to listen. Life was only a long, hard day, he said. We had to cling on to faith, to trust to God who made us, loved us, and somehow would bring us back to Himself. Some of us had to suffer, but suffering bravely borne was only one of the roads that led back. Then the old story, very simply told. It is better simply told, if people would only believe that.

"I am sure they listened well, sir," one of the attendants said, as the old man said good-night. He was looking down the long, long row of sin and sorrow-shadowed faces. Many had already fallen asleep, slipping forward into the blessed angel's arms, out of the street and the struggle for a little. The sacredness of sleep is never more pathetic than here. "It's a cold night; I wish I could walk back with you, sir."

"Thank you very much, but there is no necessity at all for that." He looked round vaguely, then put the American girl's half-sovereign into the man's hand. "From a young American lady to-day. Please give it to Mr. Hamleigh. Good-night!"

"Good-night, sir!"

Out in the wet mist, searching and raw, of the November night. He felt suddenly very tired and cold. He had been bothered all the time he was speaking by that bad palpitation.

"Heart superannuated, too," he said to himself, smiling.

Then he walked on.

He fell to dreaming then, and when he roused up, he found himself, oddly enough, standing by St. Alphege vestry door, and he put his hand mechanically into his pocket, drew out the key, and unlocked the door and went in. He quite forgot that he should be at home in the two shabby rooms. "So unnecessary for Uncle Basil to live there," the nephews said. He lit the candle and wandered out into the church, murmuring the stories as he had done that afternoon. How well he knew them all! He loved them all. The stiff marble figures, knight and lady, the tiny yellow marble baby in the coif and ruff, where Mary knelt, where the Royal pair clasped hands.

He stopped before the man of honour at last, and tried to read the inscription.

"He died in the prime of life; he didn't live to be superannuated," he said to himself. "But if one tries up to the very end, I think it does not matter. But it is the end. A new man like Hamleigh, he'd

think of other ways, he'd make them do something, he'd work the place up. I'll write to-morrow to the bishop, and retire. I could help Hamleigh, perhaps, at nights. I could live on my dear mother's fifty pounds a year. Yes, I'll write to the bishop. I'd like a letter from him. Perhaps he'll tell me I've been of some use, after all. Superannuated, my lord, superannuated!"

Well, if a man did his level best, and tried all he knew to help others, that was something, surely. The end of work must come, and a man grow weak and tired, of course. He had always known it would come; and he had never been jealous of the younger man.

"Superannuated!"

He smiled a little. He had sat down in one of the pews. He let his head rest back. Suddenly a strange thing happened. A light filled the church, and a strong hand took his—a very strong, kindly hand.

"Come!"

He thought he rose, with a strange sensation of strength and hope and joy, and followed the voice.

Shadows moved around him—the shadows of the dead. But he was young, and glad, and strong.

A dark gate, that fell back, was before him. Behind, the same compelling voice. Was this death?

The question pulsed through his semi-consciousness, and he lifted his head. The gates were ajar.

"That they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

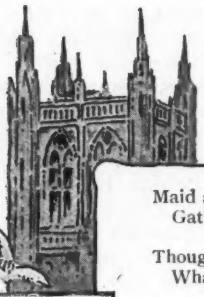
A feeling of rest and peace, an eager memory of the bright face of the girl of seventeen. His head fell back on the end of the old pew, smiling contentedly. And they found him there next day. The bishop required no letter of resignation.

THE END.

"And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them."—MARK X. 16

From the picture by Victor A. Searles

In The Minster



"*JESU, lover of my soul.*"
Through the minster, vast and dim,
From the voice of choir and crowd,
Swelled the music of the hymn.
Women fair, with high-born faces,
Hearts that scarce knew how to sigh,
Read the words, and sweetly chanted—
"*Let me to Thy bosom fly.*"

Maid and matron, husband, lover,
Gathered there this Sunday morn,
Thoughtlessly the verses uttered—
What knew they of stress or storm?
Life was flowing brightly by them,
And when earthly joys were past,
They could sing with placid pleading—
"*Oh, receive my soul at last!*"

But away in one dim corner,
Faint and lone and stricken sore,
One there was, storm-tossed and helpless,
Struggling now to reach the shore.
But she sang—and as she sang it
All her soul was in the cry—
"*Jesu, lover of my soul,*
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

Fierce life's storms had beaten on her;
Youth and hope and love were lost.
Now she listens to the singing,
Lonely, poor, and tempest-toss'd.
"*Other refuge have I none,*"
This her heart can fully own;
While it echoes back the prayer—
"*Leave, ah! leave me not alone!*"

Days of childhood's careless brightness
Pass before her vision dim,
While her heart nigh breaks with longing
As she hears the sweet old hymn:
"*Other refuge have I none.*"
Jesus! Saviour! Crucified!
For the past Thy cleansing pardon,
For the future Thou wilt guide.

Father, mother, loved ones' faces,
Now are fading one by one;
Still her heart is wildly pleading:
"Leave, ah! leave me not alone!"

Soft the music swells around her;
Fainter still her broken cry;
"*Jesu, lover of my soul,*
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

. . . . . .

And the Saviour in the glory
Heard the dying woman's moan;
Stooped, and closed her life's sad story
In the shelter of His home.

A. S. MULOCK.

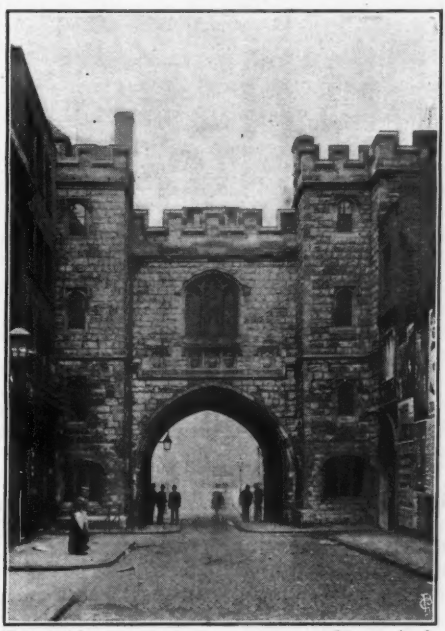
Knights of St. John

A Great Order of Chivalry

By G. A. Wade

WERE any ordinary person asked which is the most distinguished "Order of Chivalry" to-day, the reply would be, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, "The Order of the Garter." This answer would not be altogether satisfactory. For the famous Order of the Garter is confined to high social circles; its membership implies little or no special bravery of action or conduct; it is conferred with autocratic irregularity upon this person or that simply because he is highly born, without any other special reason for its bestowal.

But the "Order of St. John of Jerusalem" does not make its knights and members by such invidious selection alone. Every Briton has a chance of being enrolled a member of it. And it does not confine its membership to our own countrymen alone; it rewards even citizens of other lands if they are found worthy of the honour.



Photograph by Sparrow, London

St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, the Home of the Order

And what is the honour? Whence comes the worthiness? What is the "Order of St. John of Jerusalem?"

It was instituted in 1048; three hundred years later it emigrated to Rhodes; and in 1530 to Malta, where its knights were known as the Knights of Malta, and had for their sign a Maltese cross, which is the badge of the Order at this day.

Far back in the eleventh century it first began its work of charity in England, when, at the Priory of St. John, Clerkenwell, it was a charitable brotherhood for needy pilgrims to the Holy Land.

Its knights went out to do battle on the fields of Palestine during the Crusades. The soldiers, or fighting knights, of the famous Order wore a scarlet coat, on the back and front of which shone the plain cross. At the head of the Order was a personage of great importance named the Grand Master, and in each country his authority was repre-

Silver Medal awarded for Distinguished Bravery

Order settled down at Clerkenwell, as its headquarters. The old grey archway of the Priory, St. John's Gate, still stands in Clerkenwell, and dreams of the old romance. Kings and queens favoured the Order as they favour it now; and many a serious part it played in English history.

The Order passed through many vicissitudes and changes. It saw its Priory burnt, rebuilt, and burnt again. It passed from being a purely military Order to one helping largely the sick and distressed. And finally, in 1830 or so, this became its chief work, and it was reorganised in England for that purpose. It went along for nearly sixty years doing this great work until, in 1888, it was granted a new Royal charter by Queen Victoria, who put herself at the head of it as Sovereign and Patron; and since that time it has progressed in many directions by leaps and bounds, until everybody now knows that there is such a thing as a noble ambulance association that belongs to a famous Order, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem—for the St. John Ambulance Association was founded by the Order.

Over the old gate of St. John are the rooms devoted to the work of the greatest of all modern orders of chivalry. In the room over the old gate sits the Chapter of St. John, and there it conducts its business. Here is to be found the indefatigable secretary, Colonel Sir Herbert Perrott, Bart., guiding its destinies and directing its energies.

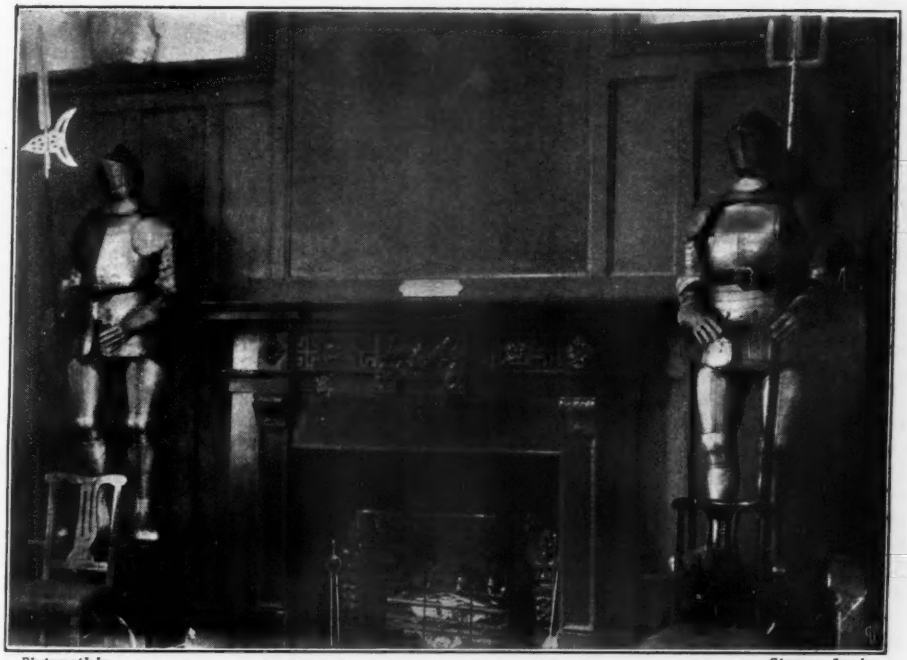
His Majesty the King is now the sovereign head and patron of the Order; and the Grand Prior is H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. He takes the very greatest interest in all its works and duties. The Order has its chaplains, its chapter, its knights, and its ladies of justice just as of old.

What are its functions? It tries to relieve sickness and distress in every form as best it can; it carries help to soldiers on the battlefield; it encourages brave and noble conduct on the part of all citizens in times of imminent danger to others; it institutes hospitals, and aids them in various places; it brings out its great reserve forces of skilled helpers at such times as State processions, Lord Mayor's Day, etc., when they are likely to be useful on the line of route. Had it done nothing else but institute the splendid

Photograph by *Sparrow, London*

Tablets in memory of deceased Knights of the Order

Obverse of Distinguished Bravery Medal



Photograph by *Sparrow, London*

In the Council Chamber, Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Here the Chapter sits and conducts its business

St. John Ambulance Association, it would be worthy of remembrance for long years to come; but when one recollects that it has also established the British Ophthalmic Hospital, that it has awarded over fifty silver medals, and twice as many bronze ones, to men and women for conspicuous bravery during the last twenty-five years, that it maintains parish nurses and helpers in many poor districts of our land, that it took no small part in promoting such institutions as the Victoria Hospital at Cairo, and the National Society for Aiding the Sick and Wounded in War, its great power and influence for good are shown.

In the Franco-German War many members of the Order were continuously engaged. When the South African War broke out the Ambulance Department sent out over two thousand men to the field and stationary hospitals. And sixty-two of the brigade obeyed the "last call" in the performance of their dangerous work.

Its rewards for conspicuous bravery are perhaps the least-known part of its work. There are several ways in which the Order rewards worthy men and women for noble deeds on land. For an exhibition of bravery of the very highest class the award takes the form of a silver medal, if of a lower class a bronze one is given. Certificates of honour are also given with the medals or separately. All cases have to be thoroughly genuine examples of self-denial, risk, or sacrifice on the part of the rescuer, and they are closely inquired into by the highest authorities of the Order. The recipient of a medal from the Order of St. John of Jerusalem may rest satisfied that he or she has earned it, and earned it nobly—the authorities see to that.

Hence its awards for gallantry are eagerly coveted by all classes of people. Scarcely any class has not been honoured with them for brave deeds—constables, miners, soldiers in times of peace, railwaymen, and workers in several other fields, have all won the distinguished honour.

The medal has on its obverse side the cross of the Order, an eight-pointed one, which is emblematic of the eight Beatitudes, and this is surrounded by the words, "For Service in the Cause of Humanity." On the reverse side there is the badge of the Order, the St. John's wort entwined with commemorative ribbon, which bears the names of the great branches of the Knights in the past upon it. This side is encircled by the words, "Awarded by the Grand Priory of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England," and on the ribbon from which the medal depends there is again a cross of the Order. This ribbon is black watered silk, and it is intended that the medal shall be worn upon all ceremonial occasions by the recipient.

It is impossible here to give one-tenth of the leading occasions when the silver medal has been conferred, or the bronze one. We may, however, be pardoned for bringing before the reader a few of the most striking ones.

Three women have been awarded the silver medal for bravery of the highest class. On the 23rd of July, 1890, the then Prince of Wales welcomed at Marlborough House Mrs. Margaret Irving, who rescued an old deaf man from what appeared certain death at Bagilt railway-station, Wales, in September the year previously. The old man, Jones, was crossing the line, deaf and infirm, just as an express mail train came dashing along. He must have inevitably been killed had not Mrs. Irving, who was on the platform, seen his peril. She jumped clean off the platform at the old man, and bore him back with the force of her spring, just as the express passed by. They had both fallen close by the side of the rails, and Mrs. Irving held the man down, at terrible risk, until the train was gone.

Mrs. Marion Smith, another possessor of the silver medal, was the wife of the bandmaster of the 94th Regiment, and during the Boer War of 1880 this devoted woman assisted the wounded under very heavy fire, tearing off her own dress in order to make bandages with which to wrap up their wounds!

And Miss Annie Loftus, one of Stockport's mill-hands, was the third brave woman who gained the silver medal. This girl, during a fierce fire at a house in Stockport, rescued another girl under circumstances of great personal peril, and was presented with the medal at a public meeting in Stockport in 1880, when the mayor and corporation were present. The shouting of the enthusiastic Cheshire men and women for the brave woman will not be readily forgotten by those who were there.

As to the brave deeds done by men who have been specially recognised by the Order of St. John of Jerusalem for them, we have much difficulty in choosing where there are so many grand examples. But one or two, widely diverse in their nature, may suffice.

William Bennett, a constable of the Birmingham police force, doing his rounds on the 13th of June, 1897, learned that three men in a cellar belonging to a tavern in Lawley Street were in a state of unconsciousness from the effects of poisonous gas generated by beer in the process of fermentation. At great risk to his own life from the poisonous atmosphere, he descended and brought out of the cellar all the three men one after another. He then used the methods for producing artificial respiration, and worked so well that, before the doctor arrived, the three men had been brought round. But for Bennett's bravery and coolness in every way, the men must have all been dead before he himself could have done anything for them.

At Yeovil Junction, in Somersetshire, there are still people who can give you an account of that day in January, 1897, when James Richard Maynard, the railway inspector, so splendidly saved a woman's life, though it so nearly cost his own. The woman was walking across the lines, and owing to some waggons standing on the siding she could not see round the curve to where the down express came thundering along, well on towards its sixty miles an hour. Mr. Maynard saw her, and instantly grasped the certainty that she would be killed on the spot unless immediate effort was made to save her. He jumped off the platform, and just caught her as the express came dashing along. With a great swing he

threw both her and himself into the six-foot way, a fraction dividing the two from death.

The railway inspector was a proud man that day when his Majesty the King, then Prince of Wales, sent for him to Marlborough House; but perhaps the Prince himself was as proud and glad as he wrung the hand of the recipient of the silver medal with a warm, hearty grasp.

John Kewley and Griffith Williams, her Majesty's Inspector of Mines, went down the Snaefell Mine in the Isle of Man, in May, 1897, to try and bring out twenty men who had been attacked by the terrible fumes of poisonous coal-gas. They brought up five men, though one died some time later from exhaustion. If ever men earned the medal those two did, the Manxman and the Welshman, for they literally carried their lives in their hands from the very first step into the mine. So the Order did not forget their act, and two silver tokens found their way to Laxey, Isle of Man.

The magnificent Ribbon and Diamond Star worn by the Head of the Order

Ellis Roberts saw that a man named Morris had fallen over a dangerous part of the slate quarries, and was in a precarious position owing to the sliding mass on which he stood. Roberts got a rope, descended it, and held Morris up until assistance could be obtained to relieve him from his curious and dangerous predicament. For this fine deed the slate quarryman was invited to meet H.R.H. the Grand Prior at his visit to Aberystwith, in 1896, and there he was presented with the silver medal amidst the plaudits of gallant little Wales.

There are dozens more of such grand acts of devotion and gallantry. But this is the kind of work the spirit of which the Order of St. John of Jerusalem is fostering so splendidly throughout our land. It is conquering realms and gaining worlds of which the old Crusaders never dreamed. It finds romance in the bravery of workers in time of peril, and crowns it with recognition.

The Order keeps up the memory of its prominent members by fine tablets erected in the chapter-hall at St. John's Gate. On another page are shown two that were put up in memory of the late Duke of Clarence and Prince Henry of Battenberg. No show or boasting words disfigure these memorials. They record simple facts of devotion to duty done by august members of the Order.

The chair of the Grand Prior is a very fine one, and well worthy of supporting the head of this noble body of knights. The walls of the chapter hall are hung round with trophies, pictures, and drawings of ancient deeds done by the Knights of St. John. Everything points to solid, substantial work through long ages of history.

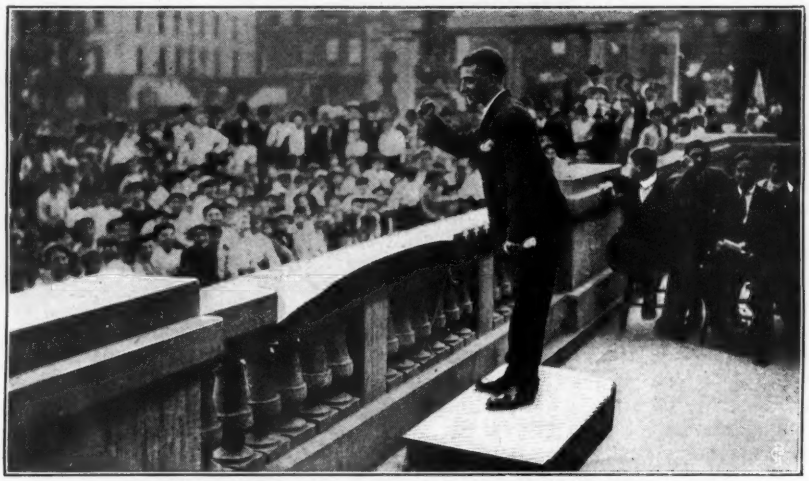
And to-day the work goes on more vigorously than ever. Brave men and brave women, the highest and the lowest of social ranks, mill-girl and princess, policeman and prince, labourer and queen, all are proud to be enrolled on the long list of members of the "Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England."

G. A. WADE.

Playground City

How Young Americans are Given a Lesson in Government

IN the heart of the district known as East Side, New York, stands Hamilton Park. It is a great open space surrounded by tenements, where live almost countless numbers of the poor; such tenements as are in many parts of London—north of Holborn, in Clerkenwell, and in places south of the Thames. Often in buildings such as these there is not much light, not a deal of comfort, or over-much joy in the living of a life which means only eternal struggle from day to day.



Mayor Kase making his inaugural speech to the electors of Playground City

Children and tenements always go together. Children swarm out of the London tenement houses into the streets, to play queer children's games on the pavements and in the roadways. One wishes that there were parks in every poor district—room for all the children of the city. Hamilton Park, New York, surrounded by its tall, grim buildings, stands where an open space is most needed. Through the gates into the park can come swiftly and easily the children of the tenements.

They have just re-christened Hamilton Park, and called it Playground City. An idea came to a man who knew the East End of New York well and thoroughly. Also, he knew children, and their ways of make-believe. No game is so good to children as the game of make-believe. Mr. Kelly, whose idea it was, gave the young citizens of New York's Whitechapel a lesson in government, and the country to be governed was Hamilton Park, re-named Playground City. Playground City must have a mayor and a council; the council must have a president and a controller; and as there are five borough presidents in the government of an American city, the new addition to the cities of the States must have five captains of teams for different games.

Mr. Kelly got the programme out; the boys of East Side formed two opposite parties and did the rest. They drew up registration lists. They organised the polls, and they made banners for parading purposes. There never was such a game

Mayor Kase surrounded by some of his youthful constituents

before; there never was such a time in East Side at night, when the day's work was over. They enlisted the services of the grown-ups, and the grown-ups caught the spirit of the thing, and gave up to electioneering what little spare time they had.

Many of the tenement dwellers are exiles from Russia and from Poland, and the registration lists show queer and foreign names. The rival candidates for mayoralty were Nathan Kase and Samuel Melitzer, and Nathan Kase was very keen on the coveted office. In the beginning of the excitement that marked the preparations for the election a girl—pioneer of the girls of East Side—suggested that girls ought to be allowed to vote. She made this daring suggestion to a boy at first. He laughed at her, and said that only men could be trusted to sensibly rule the city of a park—they didn't want girls to spoil things. Being a boy, he was properly sarcastic, and the little maiden went away weeping. You can imagine her seeking a place alone, and crying bitterly at her humiliation, with a vague sense of great injustice. Then, being a woman, she would have stamped her foot, and—drying the tears which would still come—say that she didn't care in the least about the silly park, after all.

But later, because she was a woman and a pioneer, an idea came to her.

Nearer election day, East Side became more and more excited. Kase and Melitzer, the would-be mayors, were very busy men. The excitement spread to the children's homes, and in the heat of partisanship there came the beginnings of quarrels, which, fortunately, were quickly checked. Among the boys themselves there were one or two hints of intimidation to secure a vote for one side or the other. Mr. Kelly, who kept a watchful eye on everything, promptly disfranchised any offenders in this respect. The proceedings were kept strictly in accord with election laws.

Candidate Samuel Melitzer arranged a great party demonstration for the day before the election. Not to be outdone, wideawake Kase arranged a demonstration of his party for the same day. Both demonstrations took place in the very country under dispute, for the park itself was lent for the purpose. The rival parties invaded the park with banners and badges and strange party calls. It was the high-water mark of enthusiasm prior to election day itself.

At the height of it all, a little girl marched boldly up to one of the park gates. This would not have been a matter of great importance, only that

she, too, carried a banner, and behind her thronged, orderly but full of purpose, no less than four thousand other little girls of the East Side.

It was the girl who had championed the girls' cause and been snubbed by a nameless little boy. But she did not intend to be snubbed again by the park-keeper, who realised the stupidity of resistance after a short parley, and allowed them to pass in.

And into the tumult of the two demonstrations came the far mightier demonstration of little girls who were also women, and had rallied to the cause of their sex.

In front of them the pioneer marched proudly, and carried a banner on high. These were the weighty words inscribed on the standard:

"Women has Rights.
We have rose in our Might.
The Hand that rocks the Cradle
Rules the World."

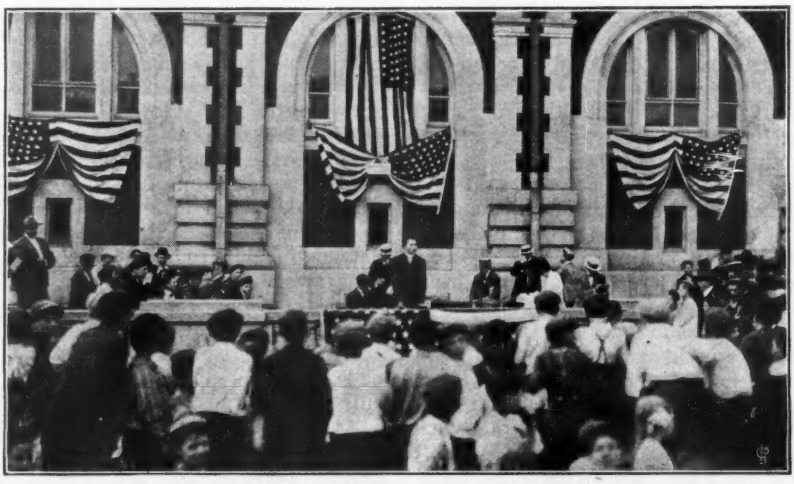
They marched round the park in silence. Half-way round, the grown-ups in the park cheered. And after a time the men of the two demonstrations cheered, although their importance had been somewhat eclipsed by the arrival of this unexpected army.

Election day itself was a little spoilt by the rain. To each party were three inspectors and two poll clerks, who had charge of the registration books, and saw that no man voted twice. To the credit of the boys it is stated that this trick was recorded only once. Mark Lewisohn came into the polling office and voted for Kase. Now, Lewisohn is only seven years old. In the afternoon came another to vote for Kase, giving his name as Myer Strauss. He was a very small boy indeed, and gave his age as fifteen. Inquiry brought the fact that it was Lewisohn's second appearance at the ballot-box. He was promptly dismissed, weeping.

All day the voting went on, and at eight o'clock huge crowds gathered in the park to hear the declaration of the poll. After anxious waiting it came at last—Kase's party held office by a majority of fifty-five, and Nathan Kase was mayor. After the cheering he was urged to make a speech, in which he promised to work for the promotion of good-fellowship and clean athletics. The election of Playground City was over.

But Mr. Kelly's idea was such a success that every city playground in America now wants to do the same, and elect a mayor and council, to govern well and truly each "Playground City."

WARWICK WRIGHT.



A speech by the Chief of Police to his fellow-citizens

The Rector's Mystery

A Serial Story of Deep Interest. By Ethel F. Heddle

CHAPTER XVI

AS ONE RISEN FROM THE DEAD

THE rector had caught a severe cold walking from one end of the parish to the other in a heavy rain, and on the day upon which Francis Oswald received Sally's note the doctor had ordered him to stay indoors, and, if possible, in one room. Magdalen, who had seemed to shrink from any private interview with him after Lord Denescourt's visit, had ordered the fire to be lit in the study, and there, about three o'clock, Maine, the lodge-keeper at the Hall, was shown.

His wife was worse, he said, and he had come to ask if the rector could kindly call and see her. The doctor could not be back till the evening, and he knew it would relieve her mind, as well as her malady, to see Mr. Nugent.

The rector hesitated a moment, looking out of the window, against which a bitter east wind was now driving a kind of sleety rain. He always hated to refuse a request like this; but the doctor had said—and just there he paused, for Magdalen had entered, and now she looked up at him half pleadingly, speaking in her usual low tones:

"Mr. Nugent, I do not think you should go out. It is very cold. If you will allow me to go in your stead, I could see Mrs. Maine. I know her. I have been to the lodge before."

"The lady would do very well, sir," Maine put in. "My wife, she said as maybe the rectory lady would come, if so be that you were out."

"Very well, if you will be sure to wrap up," Mr. Nugent said, in his usual earnest, kindly way.

And Magdalen needed no other permission. Very soon after the man had gone she was in the hall in her long blue cloak, and the rector came out to open the door. He did not look at her as he said:

"You are very good, though I feel rather guilty to let you go."

And Magdalen smiled, for the first time since the incident of the judge's visit.

"A wilful woman, you know," she said. "Will you please see that Luline has her tea, if I should be a little late?"

And then the slender figure and the pale, sweet face were gone; and the rector watched her walk down the wet gravel path, with a heavy sigh.

As long as their conversation kept in the safe boundaries of parish and local matters, she seemed much as she had been wont to be in manner. But he knew instinctively that he dared not reopen the tragedy of the past, or mention his love and longing. There was nothing but patience, and he did not know if patience would bring him hope.

Magdalen found Maine waiting in the little, bright kitchen of the lodge, and he told her his wife's cousin had gone into the village for some commissions, so that he would take her up to his wife at once.

Mrs. Maine greeted the rector's lady, as some of the people called her, with nervous pleasure. She was very ill still, and Magdalen's voice and touch were strangely soothing to the sick. For all physical and mental pain she had that strange and wonderful sympathy which only they who have suffered can fully appreciate; and as she sat down now, and asked for the sick woman's symptoms, Mrs. Maine brightened visibly.

"When I'm busy a bit, I'm rale content," she said, lapsing into her native Scotch dialect, as she always did when at home with anyone. "My cousin is here

frae London, and she's thrifty and capable, and economical, forbye. And Maggie is back at schule, and a' richt. But I'm fu' o' pain, Mrs. Sinclair, and pain gey ill to bear. It's real mysterious. I'm thinkin' whiles, as one should hae tae suffer sae muckle. The Lord could heal us, gin He would."

The old, old puzzle—the old, tired, human questioning!

"I think I asked the rector about that very thing," Magdalen said, putting her little, soft hand over the other's. "He said, I think, that pain was one of God's white-winged teachers as well as joy. Joy and relief will come 'in His hour appointed.' And then 'He knows the frailty of our frame.'"

"Ay; I've heard the rector on that in the pulpit." And Mary Ann sighed, and her voice sank lower, "I took gey ill wi' the English Kirk when first Maine married me—for the matter of that—I took gey ill wi the English theirsels; we think them a wee havering and feckless at first—but I like the rector fine! He's rale quality, and an awfu' fine preacher. But I miss our auld psalms and paraphrases. I lie wauking at nights whiles, just wishin' I could hear a verse o' the Auld Hundred, or 'God o' Bethel,' or 'Such pity as a father hath.' Eh, do ye ken that? They say ye're awfu' grand at singin'."

She had sat up on the pillow, her thin, pinched features and unnaturally brilliant eyes fixed upon Magdalen, and her visitor sat with her hands clasped in her lap, and her lips quivering. Yes, she knew "Such pity as a father hath"!

Long ago—ah, what æons of time away!—she had been wont to worship in a little, lonely, unknown Argyllshire church. There was no choir, no organ, no white-robed choristers, no stately liturgy; only a white-haired minister, who told God reverently and simply, and in the voice as of a little child asking for help and succour, of all the wants that brought these His children to His knee; and then the precentor began, in a rough and husky voice; and all the congregation, young and old—the young lassies in their gay prints, and the old women in their white "mutches" (caps), with a spray of apple "rengy" in their big Bibles, joined in; and they sang the wonderful, simple, pleading tune—the beautiful, trustful words of the Scottish version of the 103rd Psalm.

"Dae ye know it?"

For answer Magdalen sang:

"Such pity as a father hath
Unto His children dear;
Like pity shows the Lord to such
As worship Him in fear."

"Eh! I've no heard it for fifteen years come Martinmas. Eh, that's grand! Eh, it's music!"

She lay back contented, and then Magdalen rose.

"I have brought you a little soup," she said, "and I should like to heat it for you myself. May I go downstairs?"

"You're rale kind! You'll find a' thing there."

And then Magdalen opened the door and went down the narrow, creaking staircase. As she did so she heard a little movement in the kitchen. She supposed it was Maine returned.

The last light of day had faded, but the fire had evidently been poked into a blaze in the kitchen, and a tall woman stood beside it, looking eagerly and curiously towards the staircase which opened into the room.

"It's like her verra voice," she had been whispering—"like her verra voice! I've got doited like, thinkin' o' the past, till I could imagine—— Oh, God above us! Miss Maddie! Miss Maddie! My dearie! Oh, my dearie!"

The words came from her in a cry of terror, and yet of strange joy; she dropped the basket she held and took an eager step forward, and Magdalen, recognising her, half fell back against the wall.

"Sally!" she whispered, with dry lips. "Sally! Hush, hush! Take care!"

She shut the door hastily, Sally standing as if bewildered, and she advanced into the room and laid her hand eagerly on the other's arm.

"Where have you come from, Sally? I thought you were in America!"

"My darling! And I thought you were dead!"

"I know. I let them say I was dead," Magdalen whispered. "It was the lady with me who was drowned—dear, kind Etta Maynard. I went away with her after the—the trial. Sally, you—you are not staying here?"

Her voice was strangely eager; it had a ring of sudden fear.

"Yes, I am, Miss Maddie. I could never call you anything else," Sally cried, her voice full of tears. "I'm here with my cousin. My mother died in the States. I—never knew all that happened till I came back. Oh, my dear! How could you—how could you?"

"How could I what?"

She had grown very pale. She shook Sally's arm slightly; her eyes feverish.

"What are you talking of?"

"My dearie, I knew—I saw!"

"Saw what?"

"Why, dear heart, I thought you knew!" Sally cried. "You don't mean to tell me you thought it was an accident? And he to let you stand there and bear the blame! I liked Mr. Hugh, but I feel I hate him now. And I've seen him here!"

Magdalen's lips were white and dry. She pushed away the woman from her suddenly, speaking in a dry, cold voice.

"I don't understand. Mr. Hugh! What has he to do with it?"

The kitchen door leading to the porch was slightly ajar, but neither of them noticed the fact, and as Sally answered Molly Everton was passing through the gate, and now stopped to put down her umbrella, preparatory to asking for Mrs. Maine. And Sally's voice, bitter in its indignation, rang out into the porch.

"If you don't know, darling, I'll tell you," she said, "for he is well and rich, and living here under the name of Everton, and is the squire of the place. You know what happened on the day Mr. Paul struck the baby, and how I told Mr. Hugh, and he called out in his passion that Mr. Paul was killing you, too, by inches, and how he would like to shoot him like a dog?

"Well, Mr. Paul was sitting cleaning his pistols, for he and Mr. Francis had been shooting at a mark in the yard, and he had had too much to drink, and was just quarrelsome and ill-tempered, and half rated me all day, and you, too, poor darling! I let Mr. Hugh in, and I heard high words between them, and then—and then a shot.

"You hurried along to the room, and I heard your voice and his; and then I heard the door in the panelling open, and knew that he had got out into the garden by the old secret way that only you and I knew was there at all. And then the servants went running past me to look—and there you were in a faint on the floor!

"I never thought of them blaming you—never! never! And I was willing enough to hold my tongue when they said no one else was in the house. But when I saw Mr. Hugh with my own eyes, rich and well, riding through that gate yesterday, and calling himself Everton, and heard how he let you stand in his place for Mr. Paul's murder——"

"Sally! Sally!"

"I can't bear it! I hated him, and I said I'd be revenged on him for your sake, dead though I thought you were!"

"Hush! What was that?"

"Nothing, dear. Oh, Miss Maddie, how could you?"

"I loved him better than all the world," Magdalen cried, and her voice had a kind of wail. "He was all I had left. You know what Mr. Paul was. Poor Paul! I had grown to tell myself I hated him, Sally, when baby died of that blow.

"Oh, God, forgive him for that blow! And Hugh was mad with rage and grief when you told him that; and it seemed Paul had spoken lightly and rudely of me at the club in Edinburgh when not himself. His sin was all due to that, Sally—the demon drink, that is at the root of half the misery, and the sin, and the crime of this weary world! And when I saw Hugh standing there, and knew what a moment's passionate anger had done, I pushed him through the panel. I made him go. I knew they could not prove it against me when I could think—at first I did not think—and I resolved to stand my trial.

"I made Hugh allow me. I implored him on my knees, and he gave in. There was his wife and little Molly!

And, of course, if they had found me guilty, he would have spoken. Oh, if you could know his life—he has told me—his agonies of remorse, his burden of care and sorrow, and how the gulf of the secret between him and poor Mary killed her! And, but for Molly, he would fain speak even now.

"Sally, he is heartbroken—my poor Hugh! My poor brother! You will spare him, Sally, for my sake? You will go away, and never, never breathe this story to a living soul? Shall I have suffered in vain?"

She flung her arms round Sally's neck, the pleading eyes agonised; and the other shrank back.

"Miss Maddie! Miss Maddie! It's too late!"

"Too late! How? Oh, tell me!"

"I wrote to Mr. Francis Oswald, Mr. Paul's brother!" Sally cried, bursting into tears. "He told me he'd hunt Mr. Hugh down, and bring him to justice even yet. I wrote yesterday. Oh, forgive me! Don't shrink away from me! What are we to do? What can I do?"

Magdalen had shrunk back, pale, tearless, staring at the other, and just at that moment the kitchen-door opened slowly and gently. Molly, with a strange, wild, white face, looked in upon them, and then, with an air of unnatural self-possession, she raised her hand.

"Hush! here is Maine!"

"Molly, where is your father?"

"He went up to town this forenoon," Molly answered, still with her wonderfully cold and level voice, "and only returns to-morrow. I do not know his hotel. He will return here to-morrow—unwarned! When—when will Mr. Oswald hunt him down?"

Sally could not answer. Maine had entered; and Magdalen, shrinking from observation, caught Molly's hand in her cold one, and hurried her out into the night.

CHAPTER XVII

THE CLAIMS OF JUSTICE

"I HAVE lived all my life in a dream-world," Molly Everton cried; "and I have awakened at last!"

She and Magdalen stood in the avenue in the drenching rain, but neither noticed it. To Molly it only seemed part of her misery, part of the strange, sad, new world, which had seemed to open before her eyes, as Magdalen and Sally unwittingly told her all in the lodge kitchen.

"I thought the world was all sunshine!"

"Molly," Magdalen cried, as the girl's dreary voice ended, "he meant that you should think so! He suffered to keep you happy! Are you judging your poor father hardly, Molly? If you do——"

"Oh, I do not! I could not. I love him! But it is all very terrible, I had never thought of such misery. He, my father, to be accused, to stand his trial, for *that!* Oh, Mrs. Sinclair, can we not warn and save him? It would kill him!"

"We do not know what Francis Oswald will do. He is a hard man; but, then, he must have some pity!"

"And there is George!" Molly cried, in her hard, tearless voice. "I shall never look upon his face again—never, never! The horror of this thing will separate us for ever! Oh, how little did I guess what it was!"

They were talking on, almost mechanically, but at the door Magdalen paused, laying her hand on Molly's arm:

"I must return to the rectory, Molly; but I shall tell the rector you are alone, and ask leave to return."

"If he only knew," Molly cried, "I feel that he could help me. He is the best and wisest man I know. I always went to him with all my questioning. Promise to come back!"

"I promise."

And then the girl entered her desolate home. She felt as if all hope and light had vanished. Life stood revealed to her as life can stand; the Sphinx had answered her as in Mrs. Browning's matchless "Fourfold Aspect":

"Yes, the Sphinx of life stands pallid,
With her saddest secret told."

And Molly was too young to know that the best peace and the securest happiness may come, after all, when life's

The next moment a riderless horse dashed past the window and disappeared into the darkness of the park. It was Hugh Everton's horse! (*See page* 268)

irony and life's tragedy have been shot through their darkness by Divine light, and that it may be that the golden light of that love is never thoroughly understood or realised till we hold up our faces, and see it through the deep darkness of sorrow and loss, or of agonised remorse. We need to go down a dark well in the daylight to see the stars; perhaps we need to descend into the darkness in the daylight of life to know that the stars of God's mercy are always in His sky, though we have missed seeing them in our blindness.

. . . . . .

"I have already told you that you accompany me against my wishes and at your own risk," Francis Oswald said, as the two half-brothers stepped out of the train at Bishop's Thorpe in the afternoon of the next day.

"Will you not reconsider your determination, and go up to the rectory while I see this man?"

"No; I will come with you!"

Poor George looked ill and haggard and sleepy. All the journey he had buried his head in his newspaper, though the paragraphs might have been in Greek for all he saw of them, and he had left a whole sheaf of papers on the seat—Francis who abhorred waste, and was of a frugal mind, glancing at them with distinct disapproval.

He, Francis, read his "Standard" with apparent calmness. George had thought wildly that Francis would read his paper at the crack of doom. And now they stepped across the platform, and Francis hailed the solitary fly, and engaged it to drive them up to the Hall for half-a-crown.

The little village looked deserted, and wet and dismal, as they drove through it. There was the post-office, with Miss Gubbins's inquisitive face peering out of the window as they passed—George had seen Molly's sunny face there last, and he groaned in spirit; there was the baker's, empty, with Mrs. Green yawning behind her currant buns; there was the milliner's, a dreary spectacle of limp finery.

"What a place!" Francis Oswald observed, with a cold shrug; "and a man like Nugent buries himself here! No doubt it was a soft retreat for this man."

George said nothing; and they reached the Hall in silence. There the bell seemed to clang through the house, and then the maid answered it.

"Was Mr. Everton at home?"

"Her master was expected shortly," the girl replied; "but would they kindly step indoors? She had orders to admit them if they called."

Francis Oswald felt a little surprised at this permission, but he followed the girl towards the library, which faced the avenue and the wet sweep of gravel, and then he looked round, as a slender, black-gowned figure came from the inner room. He expected to see Molly.

But it was not Molly, this curiously calm face, white, and yet resolved; these wonderful and pathetic eyes were not Molly's; and he started back in evident amazement.

"Magdalen! You here—alive?"

"I was not drowned," Magdalen said calmly, remaining at the other side of the table, and not offering her hand to either.

"I allowed it to be reported—that was all. Another of my crimes, Francis Oswald—another crime to pronounce judgment upon! And I know your judgments!"

She spoke with intense bitterness. George scarcely recognised the usually sweet and rather tremulous voice, and she seemed not to notice his presence at all. And then she motioned them to seats, Francis taking his place on the hearthrug coolly.

"You know why I am here? That, at last, I know the truth!"

"Sally told me she had written to you; and you are here to track my brother? To accuse him—to give him up to the justice whose claims you pronounced so imperative when you directed my accusers to me ten years ago! You say you know the truth?—all the truth?"

She was leaning one hand on the table, her eyes, unnaturally large and bright, fixed on his face.

"Do you know the truth about my life, Francis Oswald?"

"I know, of course, that you said he was not all he should be. I know poor Paul drank a little. That was no excuse for——"

"Ah, it is easy to speak—to pronounce judgment!" she cried, as if the words were wrung from her. "I suppose it is true what the cynic says, that 'Other people's tragedies always seem little and sordid to us.' My tragedy seems very trivial and sordid to you—only a young girl's life chained to a man who knew neither honour, nor manliness, nor sobriety; only a wretched home, a perpetual scene of stormy rage and passion and degradation! Night after night to sit up and hear the shambling, drunken footsteps, to hear the drunken rage, to hear the idiotic drivel, to be insulted and sworn at, Francis Oswald, till the words passed over one's head!

"I hid it all. He was my husband; and there is no law in this great and just England for women like me and men like him! He could kill me by inches, and no one dare help me; because he did not kick me with hob-nailed boots, like an East End rough, but only made all my life an agony!

"Oh, God! Do men ever realise what a woman in my case can suffer and yet live?

"And then, when my baby was born—and, at two years old, he struck it! It had lifted its little face for a good-night kiss, and he pushed and struck it, and it fell on its temple, and died a week later!

"That froze my blood, that turned me to stone! In my agony I told Hugh all, and he vowed to shoot my husband like a dog! I got him pacified and away; but on that dreadful day he came in and found Paul sitting, not himself, cleaning his pistols. Paul had been at the club, and there had spoken insultingly of me; and they told Hugh, and he came out to the country where we were, with a wild rage in his heart.

"Paul refused to let me leave him, defied Hugh, and vowed he would 'tame my spirit, and bring me under.' I was his wife. All England, he said, could not take me out of his power. These words sealed his doom. You know the rest.

"Oh, I went in, to see Hugh standing there, pale and horror-stricken, and yet perfectly calm. He said I was free, and he would pay the penalty. I went on my knees and pleaded. I pushed him from the room. I reminded him of his delicate wife, whom this would kill—of Molly, whom this would shame!

"After, when they arrested me, I pleaded and agonised with him still. I said they could not prove it against me, and they did not; and he went to America and made a fortune.

"I am not justifying his mad and reckless deed—he was mad at the moment; but God, who knows the secret of all hearts, is his judge, not you; and God knows all he suffered in seeing me suffer! If you come, even now, and drag him away, he will go; but you will break the heart of the innocent girl who loves him! You will compass her death as surely as you compass his!"

George thrust his hands through his hair, his white face wild and fierce; but neither of them noticed him at all.

"You plead very well," Oswald said; "but justice—justice pure and simple—an abstract moral necessity, untouched by sentiment, is just the one thing one can never make a woman understand. Law and justice would never be satisfied, and the country would be in a state of anarchy, if lawyers listened to pleading like this!"

"Good heavens, Francis!" George burst forth. "Are you made of stone?"

"My brother was killed—was cruelly shot down in the prime of life," the other went on, as coolly as if he sat on the bench, and were stating a case in which he had only the usual cool professional interest, "and his murderer goes free! Looking at the story disinterestedly, it does not affect the claims of justice one tittle that Paul and his wife lived unhappily. As I say, that has something to do with the machinery of the law. The law must be satisfied. It shall! Justice should be as inevitable as death!"

Magdalen said no more—she was not

proof against that stony voice and face; but George spoke out impulsively.

"I don't care a jot for all that fine reasoning!" he cried. "Lawyers be hanged, I say! I look at the common elements of the case. This poor lady was tortured and tormented, her child killed, and her brother saw and knew it! You are mighty glib about justice and its 'claims'; but, if you come to that, were her wrongs to go unpunished? What about the baby her husband struck? You do not mention it, or its claims!"

"You talk like a fool!" Francis said.

"Who suffered most—him or her?" George continued. "You say he was not accountable; but, thank God, He gives us a will of our own, and He gives us power to pray to Him for help! If you prosecute Molly's father, I'll never touch your hand in friendship again; and I'll marry her, if she'll only have me, before all the world. Leave her father in God's justice, and let your own go."

Oswald shrugged his shoulders, his face like a mask.

"As I say, you talk like a fool! Such reasoning would not be heard in any law court in the kingdom. The law deals with facts. When do you expect your brother?"

Magdalen raised her head slowly. She had listened, strangely stirred by George's passion.

"This evening—any time!"

"Then I shall wait," Francis said; and he walked to the window.

The rain was pouring down, it lashed furiously against the panes, and Magdalen's heart beat heavily. She felt that she could fight no more! Hugh would never try to escape. And Molly——

"Hark!' George said at her ear. "What's that—a horse's hoofs? I'll go out and warn him!"

"Too late!" And Francis looked round coldly, overhearing. "He is here!"

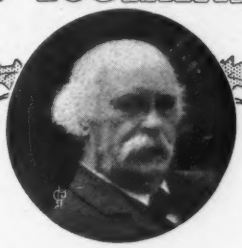
The next moment a riderless horse dashed past the window and disappeared into the darkness of the park. The three watching stood staring into each other's white faces. For the horse was Hugh Everton's!

(To be continued next month)

The average fisherman is very much like the 'bus driver, who usually takes his holiday on the top of an omnibus. When on land, he thinks and talks of nothing but the sea. The above picture of Deal fishermen discussing their boats and their luck is a clever example of Mr. Tom Browne's art

Scottish Reminiscences

BY THE REV. ARTHUR MURSELL.



SPECIAL NEW SERIES

No 2. THE BEADLE

THE Beadle, or "Beddle," is a time-honoured institution of Scottish ecclesiastical life. Time was when his function was no sinecure, since he had not only to keep awake himself, but to keep other people awake during an eight or ten hours' service.

This was, of course, before my time or yours, though I was one of about a hundred stalwarts out of fifteen hundred who sat out a discourse by the late Dr. Maclaggan, in the Free South Church of Aberdeen, which began at 7.15 and closed at 10.30!

The church was packed to hear the text, but more than decimated to hear the Benediction. I succeeded in carrying my bat, and remained till the close of the innings. To do the doctor justice, it may be said that this was not his normal habit. It was a sermon that had to be preached through, for some inscrutable reason which I have forgotten, and he pegged away quite unconcerned by the dispersal of the crowd at the close of every period. The sermon passed into the archives of some controversy or another, and is probably now embalmed among the classics.

My first personal contact with a beadle was on retiring from this protracted service, when he clapped me on the back, and said:

"Weel deane, young mon! I've had my e'e non ye; I didna think ye wad hae lastit! But ye'll hae your reward!"

I had, for I overslept myself the next morning, and received censure for lateness at my class, till I explained the reason.

"Oh," said the genial professor, "hearing Maclaggan, were ye? That's excuse enough. You ought to have a medal for coming out at all!"

I saw the beadle in his wrath next time. An Englishman, or, at least, an English boy, who sees the "mull" for the first time—if he has a grain of humour in him—is bound to smile.

The beadle of the Free West Kirk was a pale, hard-visaged Celt, whose features were carved in Aberdeen granite. He wore a black Geneva gown, all over "frogs," as though the second plague of Egypt had been rather hard upon him.

The mull is a horn snuffbox, with a curly tail and a cairngorm head, and it circulates freely during a long discourse. The aromatic contents are ladled into the nostrils of the worshipper with a bone saltspoon, and as this "aid to devotion" approached me, the novelty of the expedient evoked a smile.

Five minutes afterwards the granite figure of the beadle appeared at the pew door like a tombstone, and a ghostly finger beckoned to me. I rose, and followed.

Not till we reached the outer door did the oracle break silence, and it was in tones of solemn objurgation. The effect was marred by a suggestion about kicking me out; to which I replied, familiarly touching one of the "frogs":

"Froggie, are you married? Because, unless you want your wife to be a widow, you will let me out, and hold your tongue!"

In another moment I was free.

I soon grew "up to snuff," and took the mull seriously. But the first rehearsal was disastrous.

Sir Archibald Geikie, after quoting some well-worn "chestnuts" about the repose of congregations being disturbed by the snores of the more stertorous sleepers, gives the following racy epigram concerning Dr. South, two hundred years ago:

Old South, a witty Churchman reckoned,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second;
But too much serious for a Court
Who at all preaching made a sport.
He soon perceived his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.
The Doctor stopped; began to call:
"Pray wake the Earl of Lauderdale.
My Lord, why, 'tis a monstrous thing,
You snore so loud, you'll wake the King!"

There was a dear old beadle at a large parish church in Glasgow (to whom, through frequent visits, I became quite attached), whose name, I think, was Jamie Ker. At first I was afraid of him, being overawed by that obvious and half tolerant contempt in which the typical beadle holds, or was wont to hold, the mere "meenister."

He was much annoyed at first by my declining the "robes," and he evidently considered that when he had "taken up the buicks" the service was virtually over. But we grew to like one another by degrees, and one day I delighted him by saying:

"Mr. Ker, I have such a respect for you that I will put the gown on, if you like, if I may take it off when I get into the pulpit."

"Tak' it off—yes, sure ye may! An' ye may drap it ower the precentor's heed if ye like!"

The tenacity with which the orthodox beadle clings to the ceremony of "takin' up the buicks" is thoroughly characteristic, and every wise and kindly-natured minister humours him to the top of his bent.

I was once in the vestry with an English preacher, who had just settled at a Scottish church, and when the beadle came to perform this solemn function he said he would take up the books himself.

The scorn and rebellion which transfused his fossil physiognomy in a moment actually alarmed me, and when he found that it was seriously meant I thought he would have fainted.

Not take up the books! Why, he had mounted those stairs with Bible, Psalms, and Hymnal before this wee priestie was born! He knew how to do it better than anyone else in the trade!

First, the big Bible was placed upon the cushion, like a mother laying her firstborn in its crib. Then it was lifted up again lest David, or Moses, or a minor prophet might not feel comfortable. And then, "thirdly, and lastly," it was placed in position. Then the same process was observed with psalm-book and hymn-book, and then a glance around as much as to say, "Bless you, my children! Now the puir chiel may come an' haver off his screed, but the real worship is complete!"

But to be dispensed with as a superfluity, and set aside by a mere youth, who even left the "bibs" pressed like a dried flower in the middle of the 119th Psalm, was a bit too much!

He left the vestry with stern resolves rankling in his soul. And in two years' time that minister was seeking another sphere, where beadles cease from troubling and the Bible is at rest.

To thwart an innocent conceit is a fault in feeling as well as a mistake in judgment.

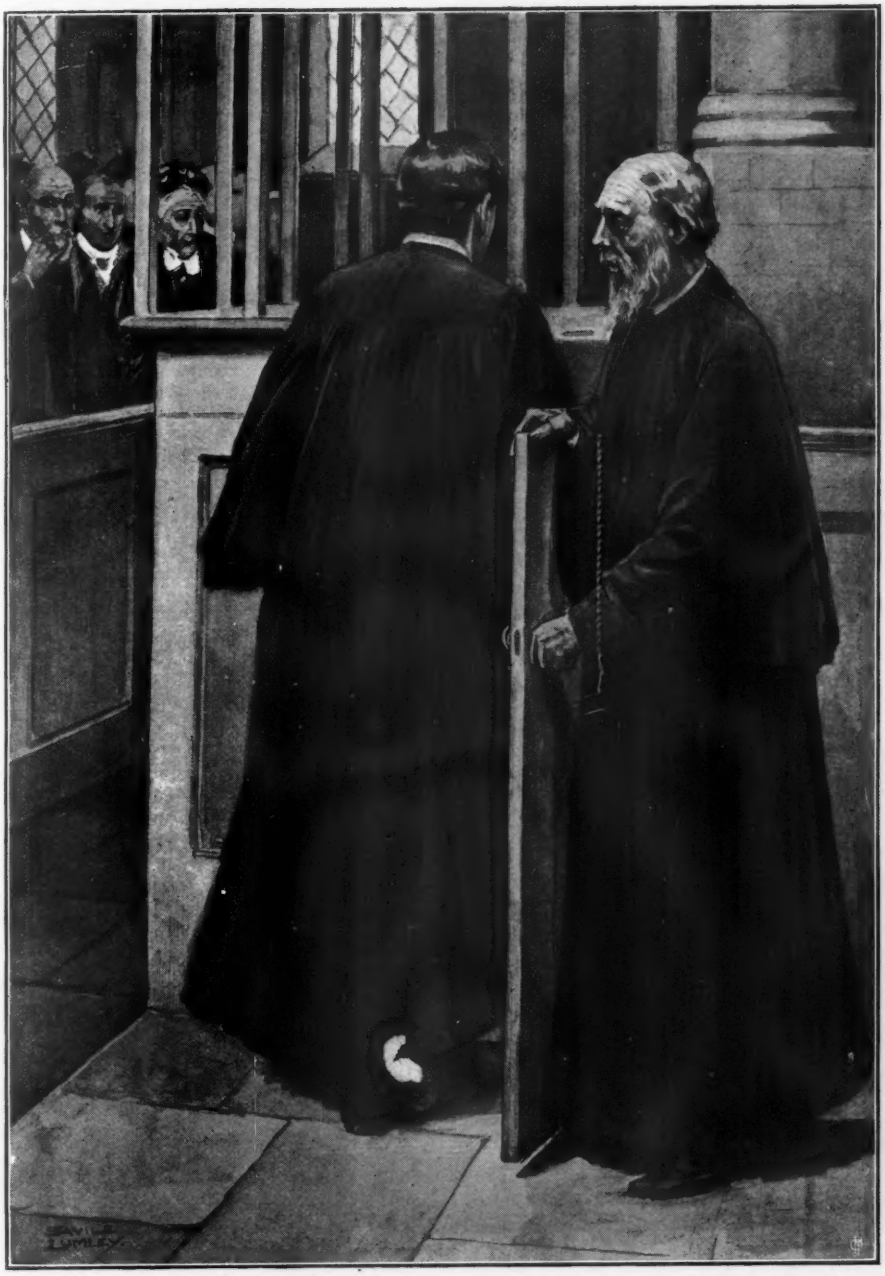
There are beadles extant still who like to comfort and reassure a nervous neophyte.

A trembling probationer was escorted to the pulpit by a veteran beadle, who cast his eye round the church as he opened the pulpit door, and, finding that several of the leaders of the congregation were absent, whispered paternally in the preacher's ear:

"Ye maun let yersel' go. There's naebody here for whom ye need care a straw!"

As recently as November, 1905, I was preaching in a populous suburb of Glasgow, and was very disconcerted at being told by the beadle that there was an "edict" to be read, which, when he showed it me, looked so ominously like an Act of Parliament that I was fain to seek a means of escape. It contained the names of five or six gentlemen who had been called to the eldership, and as each of the six names was polysyllabic, and the list occurred four or five times in the recital, I doubted my capacity for the task.

"I think I will just step into the pulpit and read this and then pronounce the Benediction. It will be time to go home by the time I have got through all these names!"



"Ye maun let yersel' go," whispered the beadle. "There's naebody here for whom ye need care a straw!"

The beadle made some guttural sound, but clearly did not see the point of my remark.

"Couldn't you read this?" I said, returning to the attack.

"Not I, faith!" was the laconic reply.

And I entered the pulpit with this huge enactment in my hand like a nightmare on my soul.

I felt I must get it off my mind at once, or devotion was out of the question. So I said:

"A copy of Magna Charta has been committed to my hands, with instructions to recite its provisions in extenso!"

I heard of a minister with an impediment in his speech, who found great difficulty while reading about the three Hebrew youths in Daniel with the names of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, especially the latter, into which his lingual infirmity introduced so many "beds" that the people feared he would never get up. So when he came a second and a third and a fourth time to these nominatives, he said: "The same three fellows over again!"

I was only deterred from this expedient by the remembrance that the recurring names on my manifesto in all probability belonged to gentlemen of character and position in the congregation, and I was covered with confusion at having to read out their Christian names, as "Alexander McCloskie," etc., without any titles or university degrees.

So four or five times I rapped out these respected names, and invoked any who had a word to say against them to turn up at the Sessions House at three of the clock on a given day or else for ever hold their peace.

But I told the beadle he was a degenerate descendant of Mr. Bumble, or he would have read it for me. But he said it was his duty "to tak' up the buicks!"

ARTHUR MURSELL.

(*These Reminiscences will be continued next month.*)

In Memory of a Pedlar

Visitors to our churches are often struck with the quaint stained-glass windows which are to be found. Frequently the scenes depicted on the windows are connected with scriptural history, while we often find representations of saints, or even living persons.

Our picture shows a small window in St. Mary's Church, Lambeth, representing a pedlar, or chapman, with his pack on his back. The dog in the forefront of the scene should also be specially noted.

The history of the pedlar and his dog is full of interest. The former was a celebrated character in the neighbourhood, and on his death bequeathed a considerable sum of money, the income from which was to be devoted to the poor of the parish.

The window was made in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and its present position is accounted for in the following manner:

About thirty years ago a fine four-light window, representing "The Seven Corporal Works of Charity," was placed in the church. To complete the eighth compartment the pedlar and his dog were again represented. In this way his kind remembrance of the poor of Lambeth is perpetuated at St. Mary's Church. It is fitting that the memory of a worthy though humble man should be honoured.

The Alne Sculptures

Humour in Stone

Grotesque Sculptures in Churches and Cathedrals

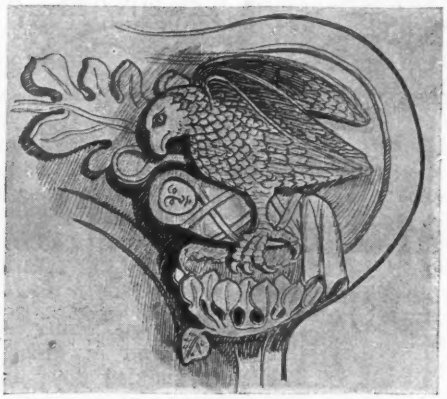
COMPARATIVELY few people know how rich a store of emblematic or grotesque carving exists in our ancient churches to hand down to us the history, the legends, or the manners and customs of our far-off ancestors.

Few old churches are so badly off for decoration that they cannot show a sculptured corbel or distorted gargoyle, which serves either to tell us what the costumes of olden times were like, or to hint that humour is not solely a modern discovery. Of course, there are many thousands of these sculptures throughout the country whose interest is wholly antiquarian. With these this article has no concern; but there are many others to which legends and stories belong, or whose humour renders them especially interesting, of which a selection is shown here.

The Piper's Wife in Horsepath Church, Oxfordshire, and the Headache and Toothache Saints in Bere Regis Church

Prominent among the carvings that have a legendary history are the two singular figures seen in the old tower of Horsepath Church, Oxfordshire, and known locally as the "piper and his wife." The story, handed down in that district for many generations past, is that the tower was built from the money left for that purpose by an old piper who, hundreds of years ago, lived in the neighbourhood and heaped up a fortune from the money given him. Accompanied by his wife, his effigy may still be seen on the tower; but local legend does not explain why his wife should carry the bagpipes, as seen here, nor has all the learning of the Oxfordshire Archæological Society been able to reduce the tradition to facts. Still, local legends must generally be treated with a certain amount of respect, for they are frequently found to be based on actual facts. It is, too, a singular circumstance that there are similar tower legends in different places, situated far apart from one another.

For instance, the handsome Early Sixteenth-century tower of Soberton Church, in Hampshire, is said to have been built with the money left by a



The Eagle and the Child on the Warden's Stall in Manchester Cathedral

butler and a dairymaid, whose heads, sculptured in stone, look down from the tower to this day. This legend is fully accepted in the neighbourhood, and is alluded to in the following inscription, on a modern brass, placed on the tower wall:

Above, upon the western cornice, are represented, according to tradition, a butler and a dairymaid of the old manor-house, who built this tower about 1525 A.D. It was restored in the year 1880 chiefly by the contributions of Hampshire butlers and their fellow servants, whose names are recorded with honour.

A somewhat similar, but much more modern, legend belongs to the church of Great Ponton, Lincolnshire, restored, according to the story, by an itinerant fiddler who, after having scraped more or less melodiously on his fiddle in all the sanded inn-parlours of the Lincolnshire fens, at length got together sufficient money to pay his way as a steerage passenger to America.

In the New World the poor fiddler amassed money, and in after years returned to his native Lincolnshire a wealthy man. At that time the church of Great Ponton was in a very dilapidated condition, and the ex-fiddler offered to bear the cost of restoring it providing that, instead of an ordinary weathercock, he should be allowed to place a vane on the roof in the likeness of his old fiddle, with the bow stretched across it. This explains the existence at the present time of this singular vane.

Little or nothing in the way of a story belongs to the two sculptured heads in the fine old village church of Bere Regis, Dorsetshire, illustrated here. They tell their own tales—of headache and toothache—eloquently enough. These curious sculptures belong to the transitional Norman period, and project oddly from the capitals of two pillars of the south nave arcade.

A long and interesting legend is referred to by the finely carved bench-end of the warden's stall in Manchester Cathedral. It was carved there at the desire of James Stanley, Bishop of Ely, three hundred years ago, and pictures the Stanley legend of the Eagle and Child, which is so favourite a subject for inn signs in that part of the country. The legend dates from about 1340, when Lord and Lady Lathom, of Lathom House, were an old and childless couple.

One day, according to the story, my lord was walking in Terlestave Wood when he saw a strange sight; nothing less, if you please, than an eagle who had brought her three eaglets a meal in the shape of "a goodly boy," swaddled in a red mantle. Lord Lathom rescued the child, and took it home, and he and his wife adopted it as their own. When the boy grew up to man's estate he became the father of an only child, Isabella Lathom. She married Sir John Stanley, the ancestor of the Earls of Derby, and these facts account for the Stanleys bearing to this day, as a crest, the eagle and child.

Carved to perpetuate the old "Church Ale" festival

Some of our church carvings, however, go back to a much more remote era than this. The exceedingly curious sculptures that still exist over

the south door of Alne Church, in Yorkshire, probably belong to the early part of the twelfth century. To illustrate the whole series from that door would be too lengthy a task; but here are some of the most curious. The especial note of the Alne sculptures is their religious symbolism. Other examples are to be found in this country, but these are generally admitted to be the finest. The same idea runs through them all, and it has accordingly been conjectured that they derive from the ancient symbolical "bestiaries," which conferred upon the animal creation a spiritual application well understood at that time by preachers and congregations.

In the first of the Alne sculptures, pictured on page 273, we have Vulpes, the fox, intended to symbolise the devil. The fox makes holes, the devil makes sin for people to fall into. Here we see the fox pretending to be dead, with two birds of some undetermined species looking on, just as we see the fox and geese represented in many mediæval miserere seats of our ancient collegiate churches.

The second panel represents the panther, which animal in old-time symbolism represented Christ. "The panther," we read in old records, "is a mild and gracious animal whose sweet breath draws animals and birds to him, in like manner as the meek Saviour attracts to Him all true Christians." Aquila, the eagle, also stood for the Saviour. "The eagle alone can gaze at the sun, even as our dear Lord alone may look upon the majesty of God." In the Alne carving, a portion of the word "Aquila" has decayed.

Another animal represented is the hyena, who stands for selfishness and gluttony, "which devoureth everything; yea, more than sufficeth for its needs; whose stinking breath affrighteth all creatures, and whose horrid voice proclaims the character of him afar." These carvings, in fact, stood to the unlettered people of those times very much in the same relation as picture-books do now to children who have not yet attained the art of reading, and formed homilies in stone that taught the villagers of that era the first principles of religion.

A custom long since decayed and forgotten by all save the antiquary is that of Church Ales. In most villages this annual festival was celebrated on the day of the saint to whom that particular church was dedicated; in others occasion was taken when the October brewings were on, and in some places this long-neglected festival coincided with the annual fair. At the celebration of "church ale," the clergyman received his tithes, and the church generally provided ale for all comers—not, perhaps,

A pleasantry in stone on St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich

a very serious undertaking when people rarely travelled outside their own parishes. Here, possibly, we see a very good reason for the custom having utterly died out, for ruin would have stared that rector in the face who should have dared to provide free drinks for all comers in times when travelling came in.

A singular carving still remains over the west doorway of Chalk Church, near Gravesend, which calls to mind these jollifications, held under the express sanction of the ecclesiastical authorities. It forms the supporting corbel of a niche, now empty, which, doubtless, once held some sacred effigy, and represents a jester with a peculiarly ill-favoured countenance holding in his hands a flagon of "church ale."

From humour to tragedy—from a sculpture representing an old English merry-making to another that hands down the memory of a kingly martyr. There stands in the north aisle of Ely's great cathedral what looks like a stone bench-end, but is said to be really a fragment of the thirteenth-century tomb of Bishop Northwode, ornamented with a carving intended to represent a wolf holding a man's head. This is a story in stone of the martyrdom of King Edmund, who,

A pig as organist, carved as a memorial of a Norwich musician named Bacon

defeated by the pagan Danes at Thetford, was captured by them, bound to a tree-trunk, and shot to death with arrows.

His head was severed from his body, and hidden, according to tradition, in Eglesden Wood. Here, the legend goes on to relate, it was discovered some time later by those of the King's friends who had survived the fight. In their search they lost one another, and, calling out among themselves, "Where are you?" were answered by the head, "Here, here!" When they were come to the spot they found a wolf guarding the head in a thicket of thorns. The wolf was quite tame, and allowed the sorrowing fugitives to remove the head and place it with the body, returning afterwards with doleful lamentations to the wood. The shrine of St. Edmund the King and Martyr was subsequently set up at the Suffolk town, which from this circumstance is still called Bury St. Edmunds.

The beautiful cathedral of Lincoln is world-famed for its angel choir, but locally the grotesque carvings that are to be found both within and without the building far outstrip the architectural merits of the "finest choir in England." One of these, known as "the devil looking over Lincoln," is to be seen on the summit of a buttress supporting the south porch, and is the subject of a legend which is as follows:

The wind one day wafted two imps to view the then new minster. Both were greatly impressed with the building, and one of them, impelled by a rash curiosity, slipped inside to see what was going on. What he saw within, however, so petrified him with astonishment that he was turned into stone, and so remains between two of the choir arches to this day!

His fellow sprite, who remained outside, mad with grief at the loss of his companion, flew round and round until, wearied out, he alighted unwittingly upon the shoulders of a witch who was viewing the scenery from this elevated point of view. The monk who said he saw them there is supposed to have sculptured these figments of his disordered imagination.

Westminster Abbey can show Londoners some excellent specimens of the ingenuity with which our forefathers were endowed. That they did not hesitate to perpetrate puns in sculptured stone is known to all observers of old church carvings; one can see in almost every cathedral some more or less far-fetched play upon names. Prior Hilton's name is represented by the rebus of a hill on a wine-tun; Prior Sugar's name is hinted at in three sculptured sugar-loaves; Bishop Beckynton's name is seen in a beck, or stream, flowing through a barrel, and Prior Bolton's patronymic is alluded to in the church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield, by an arrow (or "bolt") piercing a barrel, whence derives the old inn-sign of the Bolt-in-Tun.

Perhaps the most ingenious of all these rebuses is that which is to be seen in Bishop Islip's Chapel in Westminster

Two of the grotesque carvings of Lincoln Cathedral. The upper figures are on the summit of a buttress, while the other is between two of the choir arches

Abbey, where a man, slipping from a tree which has a sculptured eye in its branches, forms a pun on the bishop's name. There have been several modern attempts at these pleasantries in stone. The best of them may be seen on either side of the south door leading into St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich. The old Hall, some thirty years ago, happened upon evil days, and was fast falling into ruin, when a local movement was set afoot for a thorough restoration. All the inhabitants of Norwich were agreed that restoration was desirable, but they disagreed in the manner of it. Some wanted this thing, some that, and a third faction desired something else. But however they disagreed, they all united against a certain Mr. Bacon, a prominent musician of that period, who wrote voluminously to the papers as to his own views on the matter.

The factions, having at length composed their differences, proceeded to restore the building, and to celebrate the event they caused two satirical bosses to be carved, one on either side of the door mentioned above.

They are designed in the true mediæval spirit, and show a pig playing upon some ancient form of musical instrument in one example, while in the other he is giving a kind of organ recital to a group of demons, who are apparently hugely enjoying themselves, while one of their number blows the bellows. In the "pig" one, of course, recognises the eminent Bacon, the musician whose restoration plans were defeated.

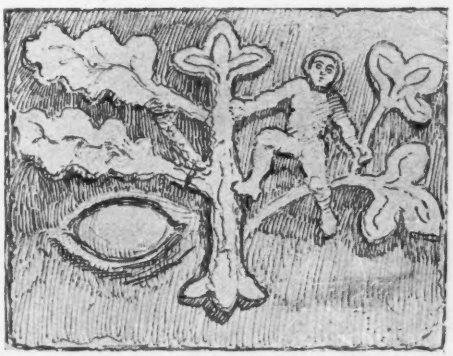
Effigies of the Evil One adorn the roofs and towers of not a few churches. Usually they are made to serve a useful purpose, and are placed at the end of gutters as gargoyles.

One of the most remarkable can be seen at St. Mary's Church, Chard. It represents the devil in a very grotesque form, and his character as the enemy of mankind is aptly indicated by the victim which he holds in his ruthless claws. The image has very large teeth, which are exposed to the observer. One of these is missing, and the opening thus formed makes an outlet for the water.

One ear resembles a donkey's, and the other that of a man.

The ancient stalls, bench-ends, and miserere-seats in the choir of Beverley Minster are justly celebrated, both for their exquisite workmanship and for their quaint design. One of the oldest of these is the miserere that bears the whimsical carving of a blacksmith having a change from his usual occupation of shoeing horses by fixing a shoe to the foot of a goose. The bird appears to be enduring the ordeal with resignation, if not, indeed, with a sense of the humour of the situation, as shown by the weird smile which the sculptor has given him.

G. C. HARPER.



A man slipping from a tree which has a sculptured eye in its branches. The pun perpetrated is on Bishop Islip's name

£200 FOR A STORY

For 'Good Words' or 'The Sunday Magazine.'

THE Editor of GOOD WORDS and THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE requires a story of 75,000 words in length, and in order to obtain a high-class work of fiction he is prepared to give the large sum of £200 for the best story received.

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Every story submitted for this prize must be absolutely original, of high moral tone, full of incident and movement, capable of gripping the reader from the first chapter to the last.

It must also be typewritten. We expect so many manuscripts, that a vast amount of time would be wasted by our readers if manuscripts were submitted in longhand. In these days Editors have no time to waste, so that all stories should be sent in typewritten, packed flat, and the title-page must have, not only the name of the story, but the number of words the story contains, together with the name or nom de plume and address of the writer. Stamps must also be affixed to the manuscript in order that the stories which are not required may be returned.

While promising, however, to take every possible care of the manuscripts submitted, the Editor will not hold himself responsible for their loss in transmission through the post, or while they are in his possession.

The Editor's decision of the prize must be considered as absolutely final, and writers can only take part on this condition. All stories must deal with the present day.

Writers who do not obtain the £200 prize may find that their labour has not been in vain, as all stories which are considered suitable for these magazines will be purchased on terms to be agreed upon.

This Competition closes on March 1st. All MSS. should be addressed to:

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Seventy Years Before the Easel

The Art of Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A.

FOR seventy years Mr. W. P. Frith has been painting, and on the day I went to see him he was working with all the zest and enthusiasm of a new student at an art school.

"I work from early morning until the daylight fades," he said cheerily. "No artist can work longer unless he wants to paint bad pictures, and go half blind. I work because I like it better than anything else."

I had expected to find that Mr. Frith had given up painting, and spent most of the day either in reading or being read to, for at eighty-six a man deserves to rest. Yet the creator of "Derby Day," "The Railway Station," and other works of art of international repute, was girded with palette and brushes for further victories—victories of which the world may never know, for Mr. Frith paints because he must paint. Having worked for distinguished patrons most of his life, he now works to please himself.

"I began my career as an artist when I was about seventeen," he told me. "I went to the school in Bloomsbury kept by Sass, who was nothing if not thorough. Millais, whose works I greatly admire, was also one of his pupils."

"Do you think Art is advancing or going backward?" I queried, as a mental picture of Turner's glorious masterpiece "The Fighting Téméraire" came to my mind.

"I think that the exhibitions of some years ago were far better than those of the present day. Such men as Landseer, Wilkie, and Turner have no successors. Young artists should remember that

Photograph by *Bunnet, London, W.*

"I work from early morning until the daylight fades," Mr. Frith said cheerily

they cannot paint well unless they draw well; good drawing is the foundation of the whole concern. Even if a student can do a passable outline, he may have no eye for colour.

"Let me tell you how we worked at Sass's school. I remember my first sketch was an outline of Juno's eye, and after that had been satisfactorily accomplished I was allowed to copy antique figures. I had to draw for a year before I was allowed to touch a paint-box."

Mr. Frith pointed to a beautiful drawing on the wall of his studio as an example of the kind of work he did under Sass.

"Then, again," continued Mr. Frith, "Nature should be the foundation of everything. You very seldom get the exact model you wish, and you have to use your imagination, of course, but let Nature be your guide in all things."

I asked the veteran artist what he thought of the famous "Venus and Cupid" of Velasquez, for which an appeal for funds in order to purchase it for the nation had just been made, the price being £40,000.

"It is unquestionably a fine picture," he replied; I never saw anything finer from the brush of the great master, but I do not consider it altogether a desirable picture for exhibition in the National Gallery.

"I remember some years ago a similar appeal was made for the purchase of a Titian, and no less than £30,000 passed between the vendor and the purchasers. I have still great doubts as to the genuineness of the picture. The mass of people are very ignorant about Art, and imagine that anything old is worth untold gold."

I had some difficulty in persuading Mr. Frith to tell me which was his favourite picture of his own creation.

"I should say 'The Last Sunday of Charles I.,'" he confided. "The scene is taken from a passage in Evelyn's 'Diary.' He says he could never forget the profaneness and wickedness of a certain Sunday at Whitehall." The King is talking to his favourites with witty nonchalance, courtiers are gambling and quarrelling, licentiousness and wickedness are in the very atmosphere of the picture—and a week later the sceptre had been lain aside for ever, and the Court was broken up and scattered.

But of all Mr. Frith's numerous pictures, the one which will always be associated most intimately with his name is "Derby Day." It was painted in 1858, and was left to the nation by Mr. Jacob Bell, the druggist, who purchased it of the artist. Go when you will to the Tate Gallery, there is always a little crowd of people admiring the work.

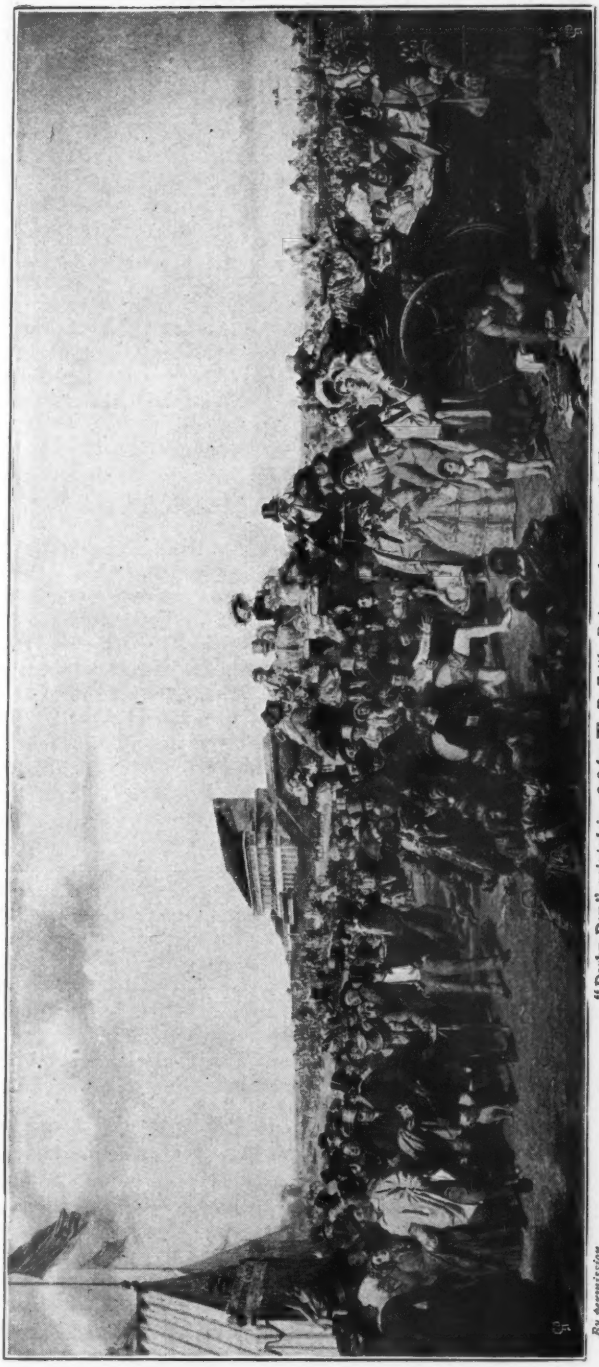
"I was at the Derby once only," said Mr. Frith, "when I saw all the characters and incidents depicted in the picture. As I walked into a refreshment tent with a friend, I saw a man at the opposite end of the table take up a knife and cut his throat. I suppose the poor fellow had lost a considerable sum of money on the race; at any rate, I am never likely to forget the tragedy. The man recovered, although his injuries were nearly fatal.

"'The Railway Station' occupied more time in painting than any other of my works. It took me nearly a year to complete. It is the elaboration of your idea that takes time—there are so many odds and ends to be finished before the composition is off your hands and ready for the frame-maker."

Mr. Frith is the oldest Royal Academician, and during the course of a long and busy life has met many eminent people whose names are now but memories. Here is a little reminiscence of Turner, the greatest landscape painter who ever put brush to canvas:

"One varnishing-day at the Academy I was putting the finishing touches to my exhibit, and although I had concentrated all my energy the entire morning on the figure of a stooping woman, I could not get the waist-line correct—she seemed to be stunted and unnatural.

"Up came Turner, and in his abrupt but kindly way asked, 'Is that woman supposed to be listening?' On my answering in the affirmative, he said, 'Well, you haven't made her stoop right,' and taking up a brush he added a few touches which made the attitude quite correct. This is remarkable when you reflect that all Turner's human figures were grotesque.



"Derby Day," painted in 1858 by W. P. Frith, R.A., and now in the Tate Gallery

By permission of the Artist

"On another occasion, when I was only an Associate of the Royal Academy, I was exhibiting 'An Old English Merry-making,' which took Turner's fancy. He sent a message to me with reference to the picture. 'It is beautifully drawn,' he said, 'admirably composed, and beautifully coloured.' Turner was always ready to give praise where he thought it was worthy.

"Let me tell you a little story about the master's wonderful picture called 'The Burial of Wilkie.' He was buried at sea, of course, and the artist had purposely painted the sails of the ship very dark While he was putting the finishing touches to it, C. Stanfield, R.A., came up and said, 'Who ever saw sails so dark as that before?' Turner answered never a word, but taking up a brush made them darker than ever. He believed in carrying out his ideas despite criticism.

"The Duke of Wellington frequently attended the Academy banquet. He was there the year Turner exhibited his eccentric picture entitled, 'Wind, Steam, and Speed,' the maddest thing he ever did. Underneath it he had inscribed a verse about the fallacies of hope, which was as peculiar as his picture. After dinner I happened to see the Iron Duke studying the work very carefully, then he turned away with a grunt, and, 'Oh, poetry!'

"On another occasion I saw the Duke riding on horseback towards the Horse Guards. A dirty little boy was running along by his side, and every now and again he had a good look at the vanquisher of Napoleon. Eventually the Duke got tired of this silent admirer, and pulled up short.

"'What do you want?' he asked.

"'I want to see where you are going,' answered the youngster.

"'I'm going there about my business,' replied the Duke, pointing to the Horse Guards; 'now go about your business!'"

Mr. Frith was commissioned by Queen Victoria to paint a picture of our present King's wedding. Although he was present at the ceremony in order to get rough details as to the general effect and position of the various Royal personages, he had to get them to sit for their portraits one by one afterwards.

"Of all the little Turks that ever breathed it was the present German Emperor," he reflected. "He was six years old at the time, and during the wedding he managed to loosen the cairngorm on his Highland costume by picking at it with a little dagger, and the stone fell out and was never found. Consequently, I anticipated trouble with my youthful model when his turn came to be painted. I was not deceived.

"I had a special room set apart for my use at Windsor Castle, and the young Prince was left in charge of a German governess, who found it an impossible task to keep him still. He simply romped all over the place. Fortunately, a good idea struck me when I was almost despairing.

"The canvas was fixed on the usual stretcher. 'Now, look here,' I said, 'come and paint a picture. As soon as you have finished using one colour you must stand quite still and let me have a good look at you. Then I will give you another brush to work with.'

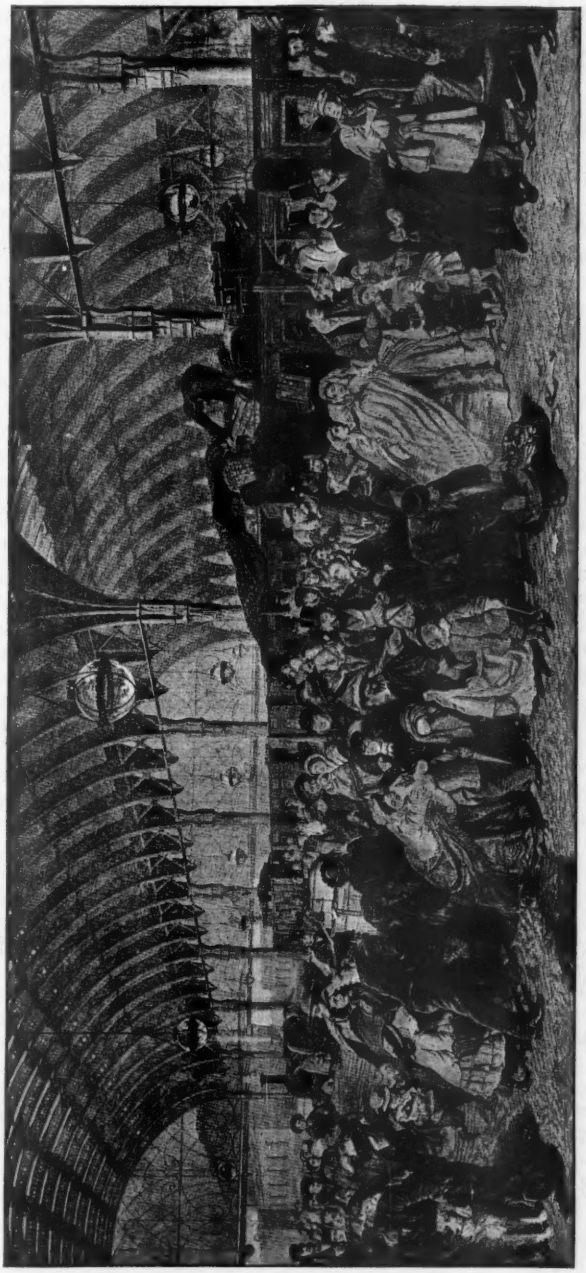
"This pleased him immensely for a time, and I was so engrossed in my work that I did not take particular notice of what my rival was doing. Suddenly I found that he had disappeared. Presently he emerged from behind the canvas with a face like a Maori. He had painted it in all the colours of the rainbow!

"I had no little difficulty in assuring his governess that no harm would befall her charge. Then I got some turpentine and a clean piece of rag and began to scrub him. He howled so loudly that I felt sure the Crown Princess would think I was attempting his life. I afterwards found that the child had a sore spot on his face, and I no longer blamed him for letting me know that my method of washing him was somewhat unsatisfactory. He seems to have altered very much in features since that day, for his portraits show few traces of his youthful appearance. He spoke English without the slightest trace of foreign accent."

A picture which created much interest when it was first exhibited was "Ramsgate Sands." The King is so fond of it that when he came to the Throne he gave instructions for the painting to be taken down from the apartment in which it was then hung at Osborne, and placed in his bedroom at Windsor Castle. His Majesty has always shown a kindly interest in Mr. Frith's work, and the artist recalls his interviews with the then Prince of Wales with much pleasure. As he says, "King Edward is the most genial of men."

Of Landseer's works Mr. Frith has nothing to say but praise, and I have just a suspicion that it is partly because the great painter was a perfect gentleman as well as a perfect delineator of animal life. "He was modesty personified," to use Mr. Frith's own words. "Could anybody who was an egotist say, as Landseer said to me: 'If people knew as much about painting as I do they would never buy a painting of mine.'!" He made the remark when he was completing 'There is Life in the Old Dog Yet!' Landseer was not a good business man. His 'Dignity and Impudence'—now a great National Gallery favourite—was sold to the gentleman who purchased my 'Derby Day' for £50."

In reply to my question as to the best price he himself had received for a picture of his own, the veteran artist told me that



"The Railway Station," which took Mr. Frith nearly a year to complete

By permission of the Artist.

"Supper at Boswell's Lodging" was sold to Agnew for 1,200 guineas, and was put up to auction some years afterwards and sold for 4,567 guineas. "I have an idea I received some 2,500 guineas for 'The Last Sunday of Charles I.,' but I am not absolutely certain of the exact sum. Messrs. Lloyd purchased 'Ramsgate Sands' for £1,000, and subsequently sold it to Queen Victoria for the same sum, but not before the Art Union had paid them £3,000 for the engraved plate of it. The lowest amount I ever took was a nimble sixpence given to me by my father to show his appreciation of the drawing of a dog I copied when I was twelve years old. My first real commission was to paint the portrait of an old gentleman who lived in Lincolnshire. I was offered a £5-note for the finished product, and eagerly seized the opportunity of becoming wealthy.

"I was once offered £10,000 for a series of pictures of London street scenes, but I got no further than making rough sketches of 'Morning,' 'Noon,' and 'Night,' photographs of which are hanging in my hall. While I was busily engaged in working the scheme out, I received the Queen's command for

the 'Marriage of the Prince of Wales' picture, so my order died a natural, or rather unnatural, death. Landseer, by the way, told me he would not undertake the work for all the money in the world.

"My first picture to be well hung in the Academy was the scene from the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' in which Mrs. Primrose makes her daughter and Squire Thornhill stand back to back for the purpose of seeing who is the taller. I was twenty-one when I painted that canvas, and it sold for a hundred guineas to Mr. Zouch Troughton.

"Charles Dickens was another celebrity with whom I was well acquainted. He used to attend at my studio, but I went to his house in Tavistock Hill after I had completed the portrait, because I wanted to represent him sitting at work in his study. He had just begun to write 'A Tale of Two Cities,' and he would pass over the newly-added portion of his manuscript for me to read every time I appeared. He was altogether a charming man, but he never seemed to be satisfied with what he had committed to paper. He would pace up and down his room, and pulling his beard as though it helped him to think.

"Dickens was very fond of bright colours, and on his first appearance at my studio wore a blue overcoat with flaming red cuffs. Although he was anxious for me to paint him just as he was, I succeeded, without much difficulty, in getting him to abandon his many-hued garment, which was a veritable nineteenth-century Joseph's coat of many colours.

"It was a year before the late Queen's Accession that I first met Millais, who was a perfect genius, and must have been born with a brush in his mouth in place of the proverbial spoon. At that time I was a student at the Royal Academy school, and although Millais was only eleven then, he came and began to work with the biggest of us. We were all very much amused; but the smile was on his side when we found that he took all the prizes.

"In later years, I remember, he was engaged on a portrait of Carlyle, who was not at all enamoured of the luxurious house, or perhaps I ought to say palace, in which the man who was to become President of the Royal Academy lived. It was almost, if not quite, as beautiful as the late Lord Leighton's mansion in Holland Park. Well, after the littérateur had paid several visits to the studio, and Millais was accompanying his patron downstairs, Carlyle suddenly said, in his usual abrupt manner: 'Does all this come out of your trade?' 'Oh, yes!' replied Millais. 'Oh, what fools people are!' commented the burly Scotsman, and beat a hasty retreat. It was the last sitting he ever gave to my distinguished friend."

Of the ways of Hanging Committees Mr. Frith tells many stories. He was a member of the Selecting Council many years ago, when a small landscape was brought in for examination. No one seemed enamoured of it, and its rejection seemed certain. "That's a poor thing!" said one of the critics. "It's beastly bad!—cross it!" said another. At that moment Constable, who was one of the inquisitors, burst out: "That picture," he cried, "was painted by me. I had a notion some of you didn't like my work, and this is a pretty convincing proof. I am very much obliged to you!"

The picture was already on its way to the room of defeated hopes when the President called out: "Bring it back! It must be admitted, of course." "No, it must not!" replied Constable, adding consternation to the already apologetic group. "Out it goes!" It was never exhibited at the Academy, although it is now in the South Kensington Gallery.

It must not be thought that because Mr. Frith is an octogenarian and has written his reminiscences that he lives in the past. He has as extensive a knowledge of matters in the Art world as he had half a century ago, and the frequency with which one meets engravings of his beautiful works in British homes testifies that the public still appreciates the work of its old and honoured servant, the painter of "Derby Day" and "The Railway Station."

HAROLD F. B. WHEELER

Bethesda Chapel

A Series of Short Stories

By the Rev. Charles Leach, D.D.

CHAPTER I

HOW WE BUILT OUR NEW CHAPEL

A special meeting of Bethesda congregation was called for Wednesday evening, at seven o'clock.

Bethesda was commonly known as "Top-o'-th'-Taan Chapel," and was seldom called by any other name. I suppose it received this title because it happened to be placed near the upper part of our village.

It was a queer little building. But it had done good service as a place of worship, and not a few had been led to the Saviour of the world within its walls. It was always crowded on Sundays—at both morning and evening service—for the modern fashion of once-a-day worship had not come into practice at Layland.

Layland itself was a remarkable spot, situated in the Calder Vale, some dozen miles or more from Todmorden. It was one of a group of places on the banks of the Calder, many of which have now become towns of considerable importance.

Layland was too big to be called a village, but hardly considerable enough to be styled a town, except by its own inhabitants, and they always spoke of it as such. Its inhabitants were farmers, shopkeepers, mill-hands, and a few middle-class people. The soil was free—that is to say, the greater part of it had long passed out of the possession of the lord of the manor. We had a large number of freeholders, and though we were not millionaires, we were as sturdy and independent as if we had been.

We were, for the most part, religious men, rigidly orthodox, rather Calvinistic and hard in our theology, though we believed ourselves to be among the best and tenderest of the Lord's people.

Our little Bethel was overcrowded. For some time there had been a desire among the younger officers and members for a new chapel. We had often talked about it and all it might mean to us. At length action was taken.

One Sunday morning we were all startled by the following announcement:

"All yo' 'at are members of this 'ere congregation are to tak notice that there is to be a special meeting at 7 o'clock next Wednesday neet. We're baan to tolk abaat a new chapel. An yo're all to come, whether you can or net."

Whilst the next hymn was being given out there was a slight buzz all round the chapel. But when the service was over there was a rather exciting meeting in the chapel yard.

The night of the special meeting arrived, and with it a very considerable company of men and women of varying ages. Many a long day had passed since a special meeting had been announced before. We were old-fashioned people at Layland, with a strong dislike of change, and especially in matters religious. It always took us a long time to understand that anything good enough for our ancestors would not do for us.

There sat the officers in a little group near the table. Venerable men all of them. There was Daniel Crawshaw, a blacksmith; Eli Crosthwaite, a mechanic; Jonah Gaukrodger, a slubber in one of the mills; Peter Greenhalgh, an overlooker; William Tucker, a shoemaker; and John Farraker, a mill-owner. The floor of the chapel was full of men and women.

On the stroke of seven o'clock Daniel Crawshaw said:

"Brothers and sisters, I think we sud start this meeting by axin God's blessing

on it. Nowt can be done rait baat by Him. Brother Farraker will lead us."

All the men stood up, and all the women knelt down. We never thought of sitting when prayer was being offered in our chapel.

When prayer was over, Daniel once more became our spokesman.

"I move Jonah Gaukrodger for t'chairman o' this meeting. I do this becos he's nother for it nor agean it. And we want a chap of that sort to gide this meeting."

Though he did not say whether he meant that Mr. Gaukrodger was neither for nor against the meeting or the new church, we all knew what he meant, and so we carried the resolution. On taking the chair he said:

"Fellow-members of Bethesda, yo all no I'm nuan mich of a horator, and I caan't do mich i' th' toking line. Ar Betsy says I can toke as well as onnybody when I'm blowing her and childer up. But that's up another street. I caan't do mich on it here. I can do a bit of slubbin as weel as ony on yo. But yo doan't want that to-neet. But, for all that, I recon some on yo 'ell have to do a bit on't, or else o' summat else, afore yo get all t'brass yo'll want for t'new chapel."

There was a little applause when he sat down. But no one knew at the time whether the applause was for his speech or his sly remark about the money for the new building.

William Tucker rose, and addressed the meeting as follows:

"Mr. Cheerman, I want to make a motion. Everybody i' this meeting nah knows as well as can be 'at we need a new chapel."

"Nowt at sort!" yelled one man at the end of the room.

"I tell thee, we do," said Mr. Tucker; "an' if tha ses we doan't tha knaws nowt abaat it."

"What are tha toking abaat, lumphead?" said the man at the back. "I know moor abaat it nor tha does. Get on with thee motion, and then sit thee daan aat ut ruad."

"Then I move," said Tucker, "that we want a new chapel, an' we ought to hev it soin, so as to make moor raam for us all. We haven't elbow-raam i' this place as it is. An't sooner we get a new building an't better."

"I second that," said a brother in the body of the chapel. "An' I hoap 'at yo'll get a reight-un wol you're at it.'

At this there was general applause, and it became evident that there was a strong feeling in favour of the new building.

When the applause had stopped, Jeremiah Fielding came forward and said:

"Mr. Cheerman, I'm guing to be agean this motion, and move another. To my mind t'owd chapel's guid enough for onnybody. It did for ar fathers afore us, an' it ought to do for us."

"Sit thee daan!" bawled one of the members—"sit thee daan! Tha't olus agean everything. Tha'd object to be hanged, I believe!"

After this interruption, Jeremiah, who had a slight deafness, imagined or real—and many said the former—turned to the chairman and said:

"Mr. Cheerman, I haven't 'eard a word that brother said, but I know he's rang! I wor saying t'owd building is guid enough for us. Every stuan and every brick e t'owd place is dear to me. I wor born here, I wor kursaned here, an I want to dee here, an to be buried here an all. An it wiln't be long afore nawther. I move we let it aloon."

Daniel Crawshaw now rose and said:

"Mr. Cheerman, I 'ope nubbody will take onny nuatice of Jeremiah Fielding. He's allus toking abaat deeing soon, but, like a chap 'at wants to get drink an caan't, he never gets onny forarder. If he'd nobbut get on an' dee just once—to show us 'at he means what he says—we mite begin to believe 'im. As it is, he tokes abaat it at every meeting, an' never does it.

"To my mind it isn't t'owd place he cares so mich abaat; it's 'is brass he's thinking on. Yo' all no if we go on with this 'ere job weest at to have some brass, an' it's an owd trick of Jeremiah's to save 'is pocket."

At this there was a great cheer, as we all knew how true Daniel's words were. Jeremiah was not without a few pounds—indeed, a good many pounds—but there was nothing in this world with which he parted so unwillingly as with money, and

yet, curiously enough, he wanted the reputation for generosity, and believed that he deserved it.

He felt very keenly Daniel's sting, and jumped to his feet; but Daniel would not give way, and the meeting wanted to hear Daniel. After a little noise, which we youngsters enjoyed, Daniel proceeded:

"Reight enugh, this 'ere chapel is very deer to a lot on us. I worn't born here—as Jeremiah says he wore—but I had mi second birth here. I can remember the time as weel as if it were nobbut yesterday.

"T'praicher that day said, 'Ev'ry man 'at ever lived i' this world wor born once, except old father Adam. An' ev'ry one deed once, except Moses and Elijah. An' them 'at wor nobbut born once, all deed twice. An' them at wor born twice, nobbut deed once.'

"Yo' no that made me think a bit. Afore that I didn't like praichers 'at made me think. I wanted to be kwite. I thought a bit, an' I saw what he meant. I didn't want to dee twice. I doan't want to dee once, but I can't help that. But t'second death—to be banished from God an' heaven, an' mi father an' mi mother—made me tremel."

At this point Jeremiah Fielding shouted:

"What has thi tremling to do we't new chapel, I sud like to no?"

"If tha'll shut up and odd tha din abit tha'll soon see," said Daniel. "I'm noan toking abaat t'new chapel na; I'm on abaat t'owd un.

"That Sunday I went aat to t'penitent form, and I war converted reight off. Naah tha sees, Jeremiah, I war born agean in this owd chapel. It wor 'ere 'at God, 'for His sake,' pardoned all mi sins. An' does tha think I can ever forget it? Never as long as I'm right i' me 'ead.

"But this owd building is precious to me for somat else. It wor there i' 'at singing pew 'at I first saw Sally Murgatroyd, t'bonniest less at ever stepped i' shoe leather, owther i' Layland, or t'West Ridin', or onywhere else. An' you all know it. It wor there 'at I fan aat 'at somat can come to a chap as makes 'im like another man's sister better nor 'is own. It wor there at front of this railing 'at shu and me were made one."

There was perfect silence now in the meeting as the old man proceeded, for everybody present knew and loved him much. So he was permitted to go on.

"An' when that long, coud winter coom, an' her cough wor so bad an' shu couldn't get up, an' t'doctor coom to her an' shuke 'is 'ead an' said nowt, yo' no what happened.

"One day shu said to me, 'Daniel, my lad, we've been a happy couple, haven't we? It's monny a yer sin tha wed me. Dos tha remember t'day? Tha telled me then 'at tha liked me, an' tha'ud do all tha cud to make me happy. An' tha's don it like a man, and like a Christian.'

"I said to her, 'Nay, Sally, doun't talk like that. He'd be a rum chap at wodn't be guid to thee.'

"Then shu said to me, 'Coom, sit daan aside on me, Daniel. That's it, put thi arm raand mi neck, and put thee 'ead on to t'bolster.'

"An' after 'at she didn't say mich for a bit. An' then she said, 'Tha sees, lad, I've nearly done i' this world. My pilgrimage is ommost over. I sal suin change this bed for a throne, and this nightdress for a robe of righteousness, an' this skinny hand will grasp a sceptre, an' a crown of life will be gi'en to me up there i' that better land. There'll be no coughing there, no pain, nor sleepless neets. Tha believes all this, Daniel, doesn't tha? I no tha does, for it's all true. T'praicher 'as often telled us soa, and t'owd Book says it, and I feel somha ut it's all true.

"'But, Daniel, my lad, there's one thing I want thee to do when I'm goan. Tha mun let um tak my coffin into t'owd chapel an' put it daan i' t'front of singing pew, an' get all t'singers to go into their pew and sing:

> "Jerusalem, my happy home,
> Name ever dear to me;
> When shall my labours have an end
> In joy and peace and thee?"

"'Tha mun bury me i' t'chapel yard. Some day thaal be coming 'oom too. Tha knows I sall be waiting an' watching for thee. Stick to t'owd chapel, Daniel. Net so mich for mi sake, as for His sake. Tha knows it wor there tha were brought in.'"

There were not many in that meeting whose eyes were dry when the old blacksmith had reached this part of his speech. It was homely, telling, touching, and very pathetic, and though up to this point it did not seem to have much to do with the question of the new chapel, all were eager that Daniel should be allowed to proceed in his own way. So, encouraged by the exclamations and pious ejaculations of sympathy—we were a noisy people both when expressing approval and disapproval—he went on to his conclusion.

Daniel wiped his eyes, cleared his throat, and then turned his face to the chairman for a moment, and said :

" Mr. Cheerman, is ther onybody i' this place 'at 'as more reason to love this owd chapel nor I have ? If ther is, let 'im get up and say so. But, for all that, I'm going to vote for t'new chapel. An', if I haven't been too long toking, I want to tell yo' me reasons for it."

" Go on ! go on ! " shouted a score of enthusiasts for the new chapel.

" Well, you see, Mr. Cheerman, it's i' this way. We moant live i' th' past. Arr chapel's full. Lots of folk caan't get in. We mun 'ave a bigger place for um. There's a lot o' yung uns growing up i' arr Sunday-school, an we're bun to make room for um. If we doan't the devil will. He's ollus ready for um. But we munant let um goa. We mun show arr love for them 'at's goan afore us here by making room for ther childer and ther gronchilder."

When Daniel resumed his seat, no one dared to rise in opposition. And the chairman rose and said :

" I'm going to put it to t'vote. All you 'at want a new chapel put up one 'and."

Up went a forest of hands, and it was but little use asking for the contrary.

" Na, then," said the chairman, " what abaat t'brass to build it wee ? You caan't make it aat o' noght. I read i' t'owd Book abaat New Jerusalem, t' heavenly city, coming down aat o' t'claads. And I ollus thowt it must be very nice to see a whole taan coming daan ready made. But I doan't think 'at Top-o'-th'-Taan new chapel will come to us that way. If it did we sud be flaid o' using it lest we sud break it or spoil it. We'd better get agate and find some brass to build it wi'."

John Farraker, the mill-owner, rose to address the meeting. He was the richest man in the whole church, or, at least, it was thought so. His father before him had owned the woollen mills, and employed large numbers of the hand-loom weavers, of whom there were many in Layland and on the hill-sides around. At his death all his fortune passed to his son. And the son, like the father before him, was greatly attached to the chapel, and, though educated far beyond the rest of the members, he greatly loved them, and was happy among them, though many of them were his own work-people.

Addressing the chairman, he proceeded to say :

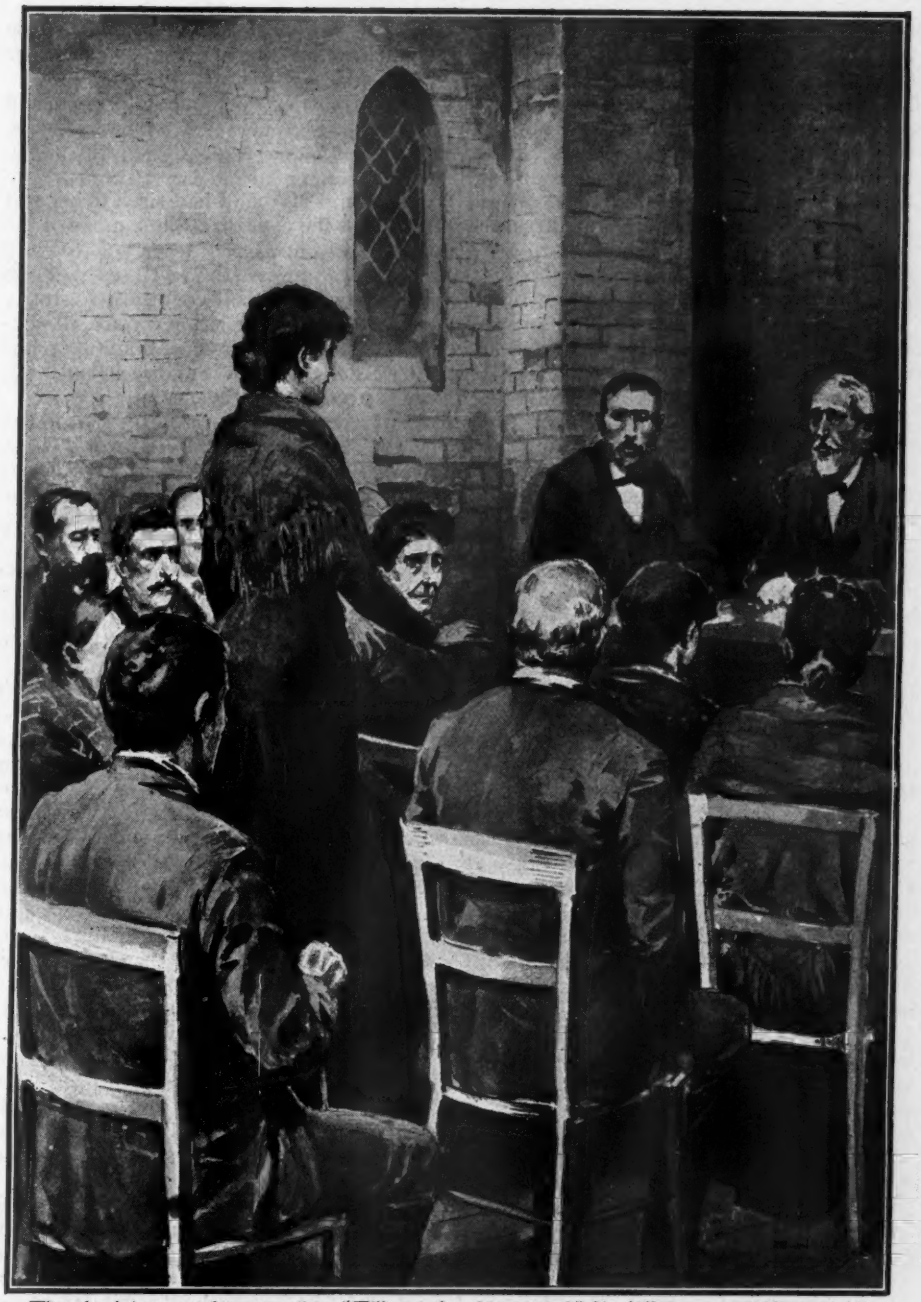
" I am glad to be present at this meeting, and rejoice that you have decided to have a new chapel.

" The serious question now for us is to consider ways and means. We can't build without money, unless we get into debt, and that is not pleasant to us. At Layland we have not been accustomed to have things for which we cannot pay, and I do not think we shall get our new building on trust.

" I think we ought to begin in this meeting. Everyone here should promise to do something. You know that when the Tabernacle was to be erected in the olden times an appeal was made to all the people. All did something. Some gave money, others gave time, and not a few gave their labour. You remember how willing the people were, and soon the command to stop bringing further offerings had to be given. If we all help according to our means, we shall soon have enough.

" I suppose we shall have to find a meeting-place for some months. In order to save expense, I will fit up a room in my warehouse in which we can worship until the new chapel is finished, and that will cost you nothing. And, in order to get the thing going, I suggest, Mr. Chairman, that every man here present should make his promise of help.

" Let us all remember the blessings



When the chairman sat down, repeating, "Will any other sister get up?" his challenge was speedily accepted. A young woman, a singer in the choir, rose to her feet (*See page 291*)

God has given to us. If we have passed from death unto life, and love Jesus Christ, let us make our gifts to God's house as generous as we can. We must give, not to please one another, but for His sake—His sake who gave us all we have. I will gladly give £500, and a further donation of ten per cent. on all the promises honestly made at this meeting."

A very hearty burst of applause greeted this speech, for Mr. Farraker was held in universal respect for his well-known goodness of life and heart, as well as for his generosity.

When the cheering had subsided the chairman rose, and said :

" Brothers and sisters, John Farraker is afore me this time. I ment to 'a been afore 'im. But he's licked me for once. Yo' see, I'm nobbut a slubber, and I doan't get mich brass. I caan't offer yo' a regular dollup like 'im. But I'm baan to give summat.

" God's been very guid t' me. For a long time He's blest me wi' first-rate 'ealth, a guid wife, 'ealthy childer, and plenty o' wark, an' I sud be a sad un if I didn't do summat ' for His sake.' I'll gi' yo' fifty paand, but it's on one condition.

" Yo' see, arr Betsy 'as helped me to get what bit I 'ave. I've haddled it, and shu's saved it. Yo' know one o' t' praichers we had one Sunday said 'at Solomon declared ' if a man wanted to get rich, he'd 'ave to ax his wife.'

" Na, arr Betsy sed shu cudn't find them words i' t'buke of Proverbs. But I sed to her, ' Tha sees, lass, Solomon wor a vary wise chap, an' sed lots o' things 'at worn't written daan i' t'buke, an 'appen that wor one on um.'

" ' Well,' shu says, ' 'appen it wor so. Onyway, 'e ought to know.'

" I sed nought to 'er when shu sed that. But I'm forgetting me condition. It is this : Yo mun put mi promise daan i' this ruad, ' Jonah and Betsy Gaukrodger, £50.' "

As he resumed his seat many eyes were turned in the direction in which Betsy Gaukrodger was sitting. Her face had suddenly become as red as a rose. The kind reference to herself which her " old man," as she always called him, had made in such tender terms had touched her heart, and she was a happy woman.

But attention was immediately arrested by the shrill tones of a woman's voice, that was heard from the back of the meeting.

Elizabeth Marshall had risen to her feet to address the meeting. She was one of the mothers in our Israel, in a very real and true sense. Elizabeth was the mother of a somewhat large family of healthy, sturdy sons and daughters. They were all connected with Bethesda. Some in the choir, some in the Sunday-school, but all connected with the chapel.

And then she was one of our mothers in the Church. In all its work, both spiritual and material, she took an active part. She was a woman of the true Yorkshire type, sagacious, industrious, outspoken, and pious.

Many people sought advice and counsel of Elizabeth. On one occasion, when a young man was leaving Layland to become an itinerant minister, Elizabeth said to him :

" God bless thee, mi lad, and make thee useful. But when tha gets away and wears a white tie raand thee neck, and a long black coit on thee back, doan't thee be puffed up and forget t'owd folk at Layland. We sal often think about thee, and hold thee up wi' arr prayers. Na, thaa knows I'm nobbut an owd woman, but let me gi' thee one word of advice : ' Allus try to make friends we that uts nowt, and that uts scmmat will never hurt thee.' Guid-bye, lad, and I 'ope thaa'l try to save souls."

Elizabeth was now on her feet, and said :

" Mr. Cheerman, I want to have a finger i' this pie. I axed my felly afore this meeting what 'e wur baan to turn aat over this job. I telled 'im at we'd been gettin' on first-rate lately, an we wer bun to do summat for His sake, who had geen as so mich prosperity.

" He sed, ' Thaat's reit, lass, things do luk first-rate wi' us. Rait enough, we've towed hard and tried hard to get on. An' we han getten on. Tha knows when I first began doin' a bit for mesen, an' for thee an' childer, I'd nobbut one pair o' engines. Na, tha knows I have

four pair, and we're allas kept as thrang as ever we can be.'

" An' I sed to 'im, ' To be sure, lad, to be sure, and we shall get on.' T'owd buke says, ' 'Im 'at honours Me, I will honour.' And we promised 'at if God prospered us wee'd do sommat for t' Lord's cause.

" He then sed to me, ' I caan't go t'meeting, but tha can tell um 'at Sam Marshall wants to be in at this du. Tell um to put a hundred paand daan for thee and me, an' ten paand apiece for each of arr lads, an' five paand apiece for each o' arr lasses.' "

And as there were five sons and four daughters, this was a most respectable promise.

The excitement was now very great indeed. The chairman looked very happy, and as soon as there was silence he said :

" Wod ony other sister like to get up and say sommat ? If so, naa's your time. Follow t'guid example Sister Marshall has set us. We mun all on us honour t' Lord with arr substance. If we doan't, He may take it all away thru us."

There was no need for this exhortation on the score of willinghood, for all in that meeting meant to do something. Even Jeremiah Fielding was debating with himself whether his promise should be fifty pounds or fifty guineas. But it gave breathing space for a moment. And when the chairman sat down, repeating, " Will any other sister get up ? " his challenge was speedily accepted.

A young woman, a singer in the choir, rose to her feet. Her name was Maria Ransome, a mill girl, and a member of one of the poorest families of our Bethesda. Addressing the chairman, she said :

" This is my birthday. When I wakkened this mornin' I were one-and-twenty yer owd."

The chairman, interrupting her, said :

" I wish thee monny 'appy returns ov the day, Maria—hundreds on um, and may I be there to see."

" This morning at breakfast-time my brother Jack sed to me, " ' Maria, isn't this thi birthday ? '

" ' Yos, it is,' I sed to 'im.

" Then he sed, ' Well, see thee, Maria, I've saved a paand aat me wage this month, an' I'm baan to give it thee to bi a new frock wi.'

" But I said to him, ' Now, Jack, I doan't want a new frock yet—at least, I can do baat one for a while. But we're baan to 'ave a new chapel, and tha mun give me t'sovereign so as I can give it to fund. A paand isn't mich, tha sees, Jack, but it's better nor nowt.' "

This statement greatly excited the meeting, and was an example of the deep love of God's cause which prevailed among our people at Layland.

But Maria was still standing up, though she was blushing very greatly. When silence was restored, she went on :

" Then arr Jack sed to me, ' Maria, th'art a brick of a lass. Tha shall 'ave t'brass, and if tha likes tha can give another paand for me. I dar say I can save as mich next month, an' I think I sud like to have a brick or two—or a stone or two—i' that new Bethesda. Tha knows arr mother's buried i' t'chapel yard. Shu wor a member, and shu allus said shu hoped thee and me wod be members some day. An tha knows, Maria, I think we shall be afore long.' "

And thus the meeting went to the end. Some who could not promise money offered to give time and labour. They could dig and delve, and do anything that required to be done.

Within two months of that meeting the old building was demolished and work for the new one commenced. It was a sight to be remembered to see the members digging, wheeling, labouring at the work of building up God's house.

That was how we built our chapel, and those were the people who did it. The introduction of Board-schools and the general spread of education has introduced a measure of refinement into our village life which makes our younger people of to-day smile at the roughness and quaintness of their forefathers. But I earnestly hope that the people of to-day may have the same grip of Divine truth, and be as faithful to the principles of religious freedom, as were their fathers of whom I write.

Another story of this interesting series will appear next month

The Children Who Lost Their Way

A Charming Story for the Bairns

Translated from the Swedish by Caroline Corner-Ohlmütz

THERE was once a poor farmer who lived in the heart of the forest. He had two children—a boy and a girl. One day these two went into the forest to cut firs to strew the floors. But they wandered so far that they lost their way, and the girl grew anxious and frightened, and began to cry.

"Don't cry," said her brother, who was full of pluck and resource. "I'll build a shelter for you for the night, and to-morrow we will find our way home."

So he set about building a sort of hut of the fir branches, while his sister dried her eyes and cheered up. But next day came, and, though they tried their best, they could not find their way home.

"I can't walk any more, I'm so hungry," sobbed the girl.

"Keep up your spirits—it's some time yet before the sun sets, and I'll go and bring you some food."

With this he set out, walking as fast as he could for most of an hour, when, to his great delight, he came to a house whose roof was thatched with sausages. How his heart bounded at the sight only the very hungry can imagine! Nearer and nearer he came. All was so silent that he dared to climb right up on to the roof. Looking down the chimney, he espied a Giant seated by the fire with his wife.

"What is that on the roof, wife?" the Giant exclaimed angrily, for he disliked to be disturbed.

The boy replied in a piping little voice:

"Only a tiny little bird, twit-twit!'

"Ho, ho!" said the Giant; "then you can't do much harm."

Immediately the boy pulled off a string of sausages, slid down, and ran back to his sister as fast as his legs could carry him.

Thus a day or two passed. But for all their wandering they could not find their way home. When their larder was emptied, the boy went again, and the same thing happened. On the third occasion his sister begged so hard to be allowed to accompany him that her brother had to give in.

When the Giant shouted, "Who makes a noise on my roof?" and the boy answered, "Only a tiny little bird—twit-twit!" his sister began to laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha!

It was too funny!

"Hush, hush!" said her brother, turning to make a sign of warning. But in doing so he slipped and fell headlong down the chimney.

"Ha, ha! Now I see what sort of little bird you are!" roared the Giant. Then to his wife: "There, take the lad and grill him well, so that we can have a really good feast. Feed him up first. though."

The Giantess forthwith obeyed her husband, shutting the boy up in a cupboard with plenty of nuts and good new milk.

In a couple of days or so the Giant thought he would see if the boy were fat enough, so he went to the cupboard and called to the boy to put out his finger through the keyhole. But the boy suspected mischief, and put out a stick instead. The Giant felt the stick, and thought the boy must be very thin, his flesh felt so withered and hard.

Returning to his wife, he ordered her to give the boy double the quantity to eat.

In a few days he went again, and asked the boy to put out a finger. Again a stick was thrust out. Now was the Giant quite angry with his wife, who, however, assured him she had doubled the food.

"Then it's no use, he won't fatten.

"Ha, ha! Now I see what sort of little bird you are!" roared the giant

I'll go and invite our guests while you kill and prepare the joint."

With this he saddled his horse and set out. Now, the Giantess made up a tremendous fire in order to get the oven as hot as possible. Bringing the boy from the cupboard, she placed him on the bread-shovel to shoot him into the oven. But the boy was aware of the danger, and as soon as she raised the handle he slid off.

This made the Giantess very angry, and she scolded him for his stupidity. The boy whimpered, and said :

"If you will only show me how to sit still on the shovel, I will do so."

"Why, it's easy enough, stupid ; do like this," said she, seating herself.

Quick as lightning the boy caught the handle, and shovelled the woman into the hot oven.

Now, whilst the Giantess was baking, the boy collected all the food he could find, and ran off with it in search of his sister.

Imagine her joy at the sight of her lost brother !

In the meantime the Giant returned from his journey. He wondered, though, why his wife did not come to meet him, as was her habit.

"Ah, I know !" he chuckled. "She is too busy preparing the grand feast."

And his huge nostrils expanded at the thought, and he licked his great red lips. But when he entered the house she was still not to be seen—neither did she answer his calls.

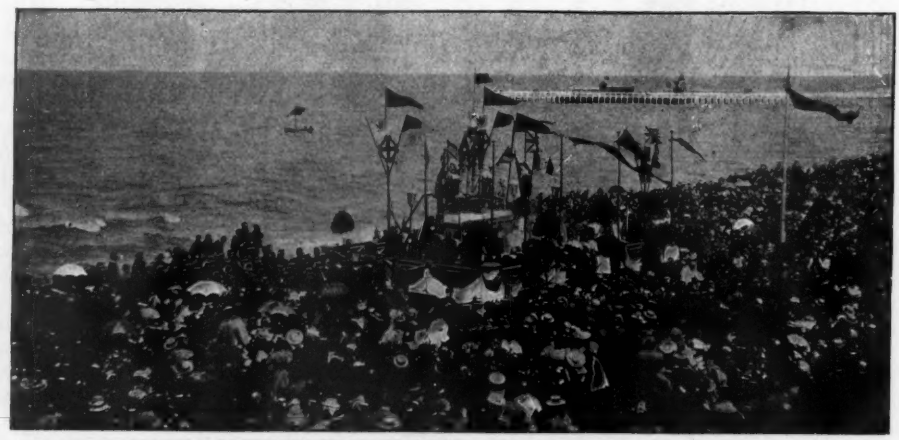
"Ho, ho! I know," said he to himself. "She has gone into the forest for more wood What a dinner we shall have ! I should just like to peep and see how the joint's getting on."

With this he opened the oven door, and beheld, not the boy, but his own wife—baked to death ! Now he saw through it all, and so full of wrath was he that he trembled like an earthquake, and, not being able to stop, he fell into the great fire, where he burnt until there was nothing of him left but a huge cinder.

And presently both the boy and his sister returned for more food, and found this great cinder. But other things besides they found—gold and gems in abundance, and, what was best of all, they found their way home.

After this I can tell you no more of them.

THE END.



The ceremony know as the "Benediction de la Mer"—the Blessing of the Sea—is held at Ostend every year. The actual service is short. It is completed by the priest raising his hands in the act of benediction, and the booming of guns away on the pier. The reason of this custom is, of course, to be found in the very sad fact that of those who go down to the sea in ships many never return, meeting their death suddenly, and perhaps when least expecting it, and finding a grave in the unconsecrated bed of the restless ocean. And it is for these that the sea is blessed each year

Hymns and Their Singers

Hymns Ancient and Modern

A MINISTER'S pulpit is sometimes called by disputatious people a "coward's castle." I fear I have sometimes used it as such, by watching the faces of the people at the time of general praise.

There is a spare, thin, gentlemanly man, whose scrupulous make-up suggests the Bank of England. If you did not know his address, you would instinctively put "Lothbury" on the envelope, and feel certain of the letter reaching him. Those fingers which are so daintily turning "Hymns Ancient and Modern" were specially tapered for the manipulation of banknotes. But the seventh day, being the Sabbath, is a day of rest to him, and when the chink of coin as it trickles into the proffered bag reaches his ears, the tune-book is lifted to shut out the sordid sight, and he sings, with musical correctness and devout abstraction, "Not a mite would I withhold" till the traitor and his bag have vanished.

There is a lady whom good temper and good fare have brought to an embonpoint which has run into a series of several chins, a countenance of many dimples, and a bewildering contour. She shows a perception of the fitness of things somewhat unusual, for I have observed her open her fan, close her hymnbook, and resume her seat when the sentiment of the hymn required her to render "We fade away like flowers in the sun."

Mr. Bellows, whose fighting weight is nineteen stone odd, does not appear to have so keen a perception, since, after shaking hands with the pale widow by his side, his waistcoat expands to a blast of Christian gratitude to Mr. Sankey's cheering assurance. "In some way or other the Lord will provide."

The henpecked little grocer in the gallery was seen to quit the church with great precipitation at the sound of the voice of his better half exclaiming, in a rich contralto, "O for a thousand tongues to sing!" When his eldest son overtook him in the portico, and said, "What is it, father?" he only cried, "Oh, Charlie, my boy, your mother—a thousand tongues—only think of it!" And the family on their return found him in the back parlour with a contusion on his head, having knocked down a stack of fig-boxes in the dark shop as he was seeking shelter.

"I am so glad that salvation is free"

"We fade away like flowers in the sun"

Such incidents, which might be indefinitely multiplied, read us the obvious moral to associate sense with sound. I remember, in my younger days, preaching in a Glasgow church which was packed with people, after having given the precentor carte blanche to choose his own hymns. I took the list which he had drawn up without looking at it into the pulpit, whose stairs became crowded with people as soon as I was securely confined in the rostrum. Having announced the number, I began to read the hymn till I stumbled on a petition for a blessing on—

"What on earth hath now been done
That these twain be joined in one."

Of course, this would not do, and I turned to another. But the precentor was humming and tuning-forking in the good old-fashioned way, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the vagrant warbler became amenable to the bird-lime of restraint.

Music demands an educated mind, as well as a technical training. And hymn-singing, instead of being regarded as a low or common type of music, should be lifted to the highest. "Miles's Lane," neither by its name nor by its notation, suggests the deepest subtleties or the highest melodies of art. Yet there is an inspiration in it which is redolent of genuine praise.

How many of the leather-lunged basses or top-note hoydens who shout, "Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him!" from our choirs strike a spark of loyalty into the song? The discussions which ensue are all about how it "went," and whether the tenors did not "come in" half a bar too late, or the altos half a something else too soon. (I know "legato" and "staccato," but that is all the technical terminology I have acquired, so my blunders may be at once acknowledged before the baton is broken on my head.) But what it seems necessary seriously to suggest is, that a rehearsal of the heart, soul, and mind is of primary importance to a rehearsal in the orchestra; and that it were better to shock the conductor by a flat note than grieve the angels with a flippant spirit.

Praise is the essence of worship, and to dilute it with indifference is sacrilege. Yet I hardly deemed it sacrilege when, halting for a few moments under the Salvation Army's flag—always an attraction to me—I found myself standing alongside of a huge fellow-creature of the Bill Sikes build, and with something hard in his pocket which bore a strong resemblance to a "jemmy," roaring in a stentorian basso, "I myself would gentle be."

If some popular cartoonist would help me to a sketch which should depict the self-satisfied heir-at-law in his pew at church the day after the probate of the

"In some way or other the Lord will provide"

will, I should account for the contented pathos of his countenance by the line, "Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee." The effusiveness of the meagre spinster is accentuated, perhaps unconsciously, by the sentiment of the sacred poet who declares:

'For love I sigh, for love I pine."

A weedy little Mr. Twemlow, stiffening up his apologetic collar to declaim:

"Soldiers of Christ, arise!"

is not a real anomaly; but the singer hardly seems to "look the part" as thoroughly as the actor who used to black himself all over for his rendering of Othello. And in a moral point of view the discrepancy may be more apparent than real in the case of the matron of short stature, but of lateral amplitude who emphasises the strain,

"While in my mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode."

The fact is, our hymns, by the sentiment they carry, commit us to a corresponding pose and poise of spirit which few make any effort to acquire. We approach certain hymns with a degree of prejudice which puts us on bad terms with them before we have sung a note. The petulance with which the genial Dr. David Thomas, of "Homilist" celebrity, threw down a selection

"Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold"

"There is sunshine in my heart to-day"

of hymns from which he had been reading,

"How pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,"

and so on, is a grotesque memory with me still.

"Conceited hymn, I call that. Who cares whether 'I' was pleased and blest? Why can't the fellow worship God?" It did not appease the irate critic when I ventured to remind him in my calmest way that it was but a paraphrase of the 122nd Psalm, written as a vehicle for a particular tune.

"Ah! P'r'aps so. But fancy chopping a psalm to mincemeat to help some cranky crotchet-monger to strum out what he is pleased to call a 'tune'! Why should he interfere with the Psalm at all?"

And I have heard of a portly gentleman who sat down in his seat and dropped into heavy sleep while the congregation were busily singing,

"We shall sleep, but not for ever."

After all, it requires a sense of fitness, and a process of personal preparation, to help us to praise God with the heart and with the understanding also.

ARTHUR MURSELL

Our Quiet Corner

ARMCHAIR philosophy is no good. Isn't it easy to sit by a red fire and set the world to rights? Isn't it easy to "feel sorry," to get that vague sympathy for all people less fortunate than ourselves?

But it's not worth anything. There's no fight in it. It's very fine to dream great dreams. You can put the world quite straight and everything right in five minutes or less of dreaming.

But when you come out of your dream the world is just the same. Nothing good was ever accomplished by a dream alone. You have to add personal energy, work, and effort—the using of yourself.

Let your good thoughts get into your hands.

There is one thing which is, perhaps, easier even than dreaming—talking about other people. This is supposed to be the monopoly of women, but it must have been a man who first suggested that it was so. Men gossipers are quite common. And when it is disparaging talk about somebody it runs easier than ever. That sort of talk, somehow, makes people feel that they themselves are not so bad after all—their own faults seem justified.

Study your own back pages in preference to those of others.

The world values a man not so much by what he has been as by what he is. His present serviceableness is the gauge and test of his importance and standing. It is his to-day that counts.

This is the uncompromising and practical part of our busy, eager age. It may be out of harmony with the easy-going and sentimental side of things, but it is hard sense. He cannot afford to recline upon his laurels, but must do his best day by day. The moment he lags behind he falls out of the race.

Life calls for the largest and most testing exertions.

"Learn to labour and to wait" is a good motto; but it is well to note that the more you labour the shorter will be your waiting.

There are cheap styles of Christianity just as there are cheap houses and cheap clothes. It takes very little to pay for a secondhand coat, and very little to pay for cheap piety. Real Christianity is the most expensive that is in the market. If we could be constituted a follower of Christ by a simple deposit of ten pounds, there are not many people who would not make the deposit.

A great deal of money that is given in the Church along what we call religious lines is a process of purchasing Christianity on the instalment plan. But becoming a Christian in the complete sense of the word involves the paying over of whatever we by nature hold dearest to ourselves. And money is not the thing we hold dearest—at least, not often.

No human heart ever turned away with a sneer or a laugh from any man or woman who was actually living Christ.

The prizes of life are not won in a moment. What is worth most costs the longest toil and waiting. The Christian's race is not a dash that is finished in a few minutes. The warfare against evil is not a brief campaign. The rewards are for those who do not leave the course till the end, and they are worth all the struggle and endurance that must be given for them.

Strength sometimes seems ready to fail through weariness, and hearts grow sick through hopes deferred. But new courage and patience come with thoughts of a God Who has had long patience with the world and with us, and in Whose sight a thousand years are as a day.

One sin bears many seeds.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

By the Rev. C. F. Aked, D.D.

"The morning cometh, and also the night"

SUPPOSE Christianity were true! Suppose that one night, while we slept, the Christ-spirit stole insensibly into our spirits and blended with our own, expelled, with infinitely sweet violence, the old, self-regarding instincts, with all their rivalries, jealousies, greeds, and passions, and left us as Christ Himself, save for His Cross and Passion, for which there would be no need! We know what would happen. There would be peace by every hearth. There would be joy in every human heart. Every home would be heaven, lit by Love's own mystical light. From soul to soul would flow the stream of pure affection. The race would be no longer to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Man would care for his fellow-man, and the kindly earth rejoice in the happiness of all her children.

The Solution of Every Problem

We know what would happen. All social bitterness would disappear. Privilege and the proletariat would be words which stood only for the half-forgotten facts of ancient history. There would be no problem of the unemployed. There would be no army of miserable men knocking at the workhouse doors for a mouthful of bread, crying out to the churches for a handful of pity. There would be no famine-stricken millions in India, no rubber slaves dying under the lash in the forests of the Upper Congo, no fires of blood-red hate blazing from one end of Russia to the other, no throned tyrannies, no malignant despotisms, no drink-sodden brains inflamed to madness. Every prophet-dream would be fulfilled. Every great hope that has burst enraptured from the poet's soul would be the plain prose of the world's life. Love would be truly lord of all.

Our Business in Life

"If we are here," says Emerson, "the Powers that govern the universe have put us here, and for a purpose." The purpose is that we shall make Christianity true, first for ourselves, and then, so far as our influence may reach, over all the earth. Our business in life is to do God's will, and to help to get His will done, as in heaven, so in the broad fields of international life. True as beautiful was the vision of one of the Church's noblest sons:

The Unaccomplished Mission

"The work which Christian societies have to do in the days that are to come is not inferior to any work which has lain before them at any epoch in their history. For the air is charged with thunder and the times that are coming may be times of storm. There are phenomena beneath the surface of society of which it would be hardly possible to overrate the significance. There is a widening separation of class from class. There is a growing social strain; there is a disturbance of the political equilibrium; there is the rise of an educated proletariat.

"To the problems which these phenomena suggest Christianity has the key. Its unaccomplished mission is to reconstruct society on the basis of brotherhood.

To you and me and men like ourselves is committed, in these anxious days, that which is at once an awful responsibility and a splendid destiny—to transform this modern world into a Christian society, to change the socialism which is based on the assumption of clashing interests into the socialism which is based on the sense of spiritual union, and to gather together the scattered forces of a divided Christendom into a confederation in which organisation will be of less account than fellowship with one spirit and faith in one Lord—into a communion wide as human life, and deep as human need—into a Church which shall outshine even the golden glory of its dawn by the splendour of its eternal noon."*

How much of the vision is being realised? What of the night? How much of the night is passed? Alas, if the morning cometh, cometh also the night!

Why the Russian Revolution was Needed

The Revolution has sent us back to our Carlyle. It is not history we are in search of, it is glowing prophecy. We are no longer permitted to think of a prophet as one who wrote history beforehand. We think of him as one who saw into the hearts of things, read their essential meaning, set facts in the light of everlasting truth, and proclaimed for men and nations the Word and will of God. "Will not one French Revolution be enough?" Carlyle demanded, "or must there be another? There will be another if it is needed. There will be just as many as are needed."

The Russian Revolution was "needed," in this deep, eternal sense, and it has come. In its processes we may see it extend over several years. From the storming of the Bastille to the "whiff of grapeshot," from July, 1789, to October, 1795, through six years of torment, agony, and blood, the French Revolution dragged on its way, doing the things whereunto it was sent, burning up the chaff in unquenchable fire. The Russian Revolution began on July 28th, 1904. That day the monster Plehve, Minister of the Interior, was murdered in utter hate. The Revolution had begun.

* Dr. Hatch, "Organisation of the Earthly Church."

Exit Tsardom

Each subsequent hour went to the making of European history; each hour was crowded with events. On October 30th, 1905, the Russian autocracy came to an end. By his own act the Tsar laid down once and for ever absolute rule. He announced his determination of calling the nation to his council. A real Parliament was to be established. It should have control over the administration. It should be supreme in law-making power. Conscience was to be free. The Press was declared free. Liberty of speech and of association were to be secured to all the subjects of the great Tsar, autocrat no longer! All that men associate with the hated name of Tsardom was to be cut away in the light of representative government and constitutional rule.

The Frankensteins of the great world find it easier to make their monster than to unmake him. It is easier to loose the devil than to chain him up. When the sense of injustice becomes intolerable, it sharpens into daggers and gathers into dynamite. The concessions of the Tsar will not put out the flames. Count Witte cannot ride this whirlwind nor control the storm.

The Revolution will Continue

The Revolution will go on. Whether the counsels of peace will prevail, a constitution be agreed upon and accepted, and the people's liberty worked out by evolutionary steps, while the Russian Throne remains, but—like our own—broad-based upon the people's will; or whether the Throne itself is destined to go crumbling into dust, amid red ruin and the breaking up of laws, until at last the military dictator comes, and through more violence new and nobler law emerges, no man can tell.

What is certain, and what the British people should know, is that while furious and anarchic passions contribute their full share to the terrors which are seething round the feet of the Tsar, blind passion is not the only element which has to be considered, nor, indeed, the most dangerous.

Some of the finest minds in Europe are behind the Revolution, working, planning, out of sight. A strong blind man more than once in history has pulled down a temple. But these are no blind leaders of the blind, raving madmen howling to their fellows. Organisation, wealth, culture are theirs; best of all, a clear purpose and directing mind.

It is more to our purpose to ask—through all the terror may we not still believe in God? When He rends the heavens and comes down; when the mountains flow down at His presence; when He makes the great winds His chariots and the lightnings His sword—shall we not be the more, and not the less, confident of His appearing? Shall we not, then, be very sure that if clouds and darkness are round about Him, yet righteousness and judgment are the foundations of His throne? Shall we not rest perfectly assured that light is sown for the righteous and gladness for the upright in heart?

My Interview with Mr. George Kennan

Twelve years ago the writer of these lines crossed the Atlantic with Mr. George Kennan, one of the clear-sighted men of our time, the intrepid man whose revelations of the horrors of Siberian exile had just then thrilled the heart of Europe. At night, our spirits lulled to dreamy meditation by the long roll of the great waves beneath us, yet stirred to something of poetry and more of devotion by the witching beauty of the starlit sky, we talked of Russia. And Mr. Kennan said:

"If I thought that this could go on for ever, and nothing happen, it would be impossible for me to believe in God—at least"—correcting himself—"in a God who was any good!"

The faith of men in God's eternal justice is vindicated. We are living in a time when He has visibly appeared. He has pronounced His righteous sentence. These moments are the punctuating points in human history.

The Story of Katherine Breshkovsky

It was Mr. Kennan who first gave to the world the story of Katherine Breshkovsky. This lady was the daughter of a nobleman. She married a Liberal landowner. When she was twenty-six years old she joined a revolutionary circle. Dressed as a peasant, she went from village to village gathering as many as would listen to her into the poor peasant huts, and preaching to them a gospel of humanity and liberty.

Exiled for Life

She was arrested, and for two years she lay in prison awaiting her trial. She was sentenced to five years' penal servitude in Siberia, and exile for life. After four years she made an attempt to escape. She was captured, and sentenced to four years' more hard labour and forty strokes of the lash. The sentence of flogging was not carried out. She took part in repeated "hunger strikes."

In a wretched Siberian village beyond Lake Baikal, in the extreme corner of the land near to the Chinese frontier, Mr. Kennan met her, in 1885. She appeared to him, so he said, a lady of about thirty-five years of age, a woman of much cultivation, speaking French, German and English, and a fine musician. Her face bore traces of much suffering, and her thick, dark, wavy hair—which had been cut short in prison at the mines—was streaked here and there with grey. But neither hardship, nor exile, nor penal servitude, had been able to break her brave, finely-tempered spirit, or to shake her convictions of honour and duty. Almost the last words she spoke to him, when he bade her farewell, were these:

"Mr. Kennan, we may die in exile, and our children may die in exile, and our children's children may die in exile, but something must come of it at last!"

Only a Woman, but——

Mr. Kennan said that he had never seen nor heard of Madame Breshkovsky since that day. She had passed out of his life. But he went on:

"I cannot recall her last words to me without feeling conscious that all my standards of courage and heroic self-sacrifice have been raised for all time by the hand of a woman."

To-day we are able to supplement Mr. Kennan's story by facts which are

nothing less than a gleam of light and joy and inspiration out of the black, dark night.

Twenty-one years after her arrest, after such isolation and suffering as Mr. Kennan described, Madame Breshkovsky was permitted to return to European Russia.

Again her indomitable spirit asserted itself. She rejoined the Revolutionary party. Again she went from village to village preaching her gospel of brotherhood. More than once she narrowly escaped capture. And then she heard a call to pass out into the broad life of the nations, telling the story of the wrongs of the Russian poor.

At this moment she is in America, carrying on by pen and voice the crusade for liberty. And Mr. Perris, to whom we are indebted for this cheering word, adds:

"If the progress of the next few years equals that of the last, she may yet see the substantial victory of the movement which seemed to have been extinguished when the American traveller found her in her place of punishment."

Katherine Breshkovsky, and the brave men and women who have worked with her and suffered with her, illustrate for us one of the great, ill-understood sayings of our Lord. They do here and now sit on thrones, judging the tribes and races of men. They have given to the world examples of idealism, fidelity to principle, belief in the ultimate triumph of justice upon this earth, which have not been excelled in the far-shining annals of martyrdom.

The world can never be the same as it was before they poured their blood out for the truth. All the oligarchies and despotisms of all time cannot call back the past again. The past is deaf to their prayers, but Katherine Breshkovsky, Hope Sigida, Sophie Perovsky, Stepniak, Felix Volkhovsky, and a host of others, of whom Russia has not been worthy, will sit on thrones, judging the generations and the centuries which are yet to come.

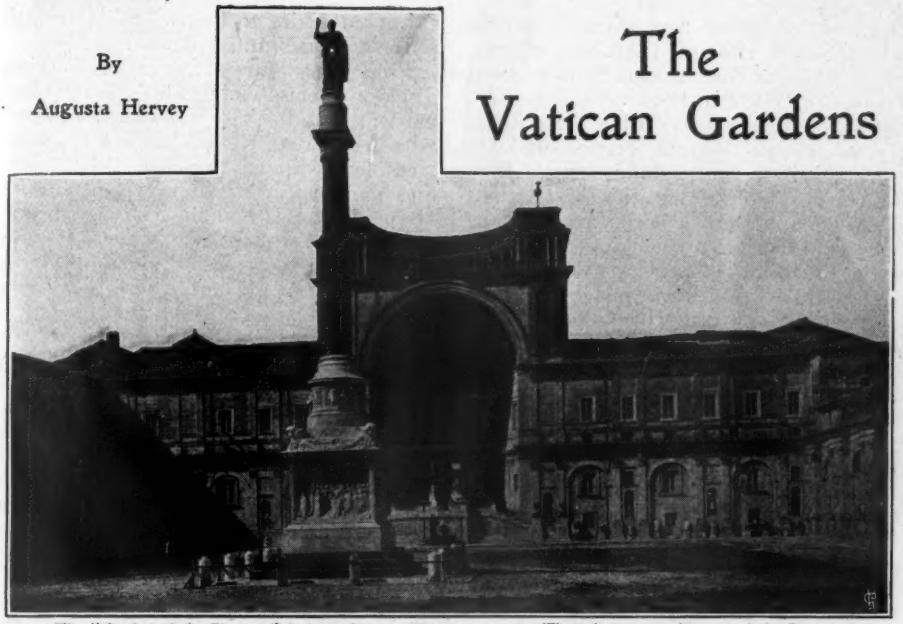
C. F. AKED.

The Crematorium in the club-room of the Cigar Makers' Union, New York.

The nineteen urns shown above contain the ashes of former members of the Cigar Makers' Union of New York. The labels on each set forth whose remains it contains. Each year the number of applicants for club mortuary honours increases, and the members meet in this unique club-room frequently

The Vatican Gardens

By
Augusta Hervey



The "Garden of the Fir-cone" is in reality a vast square court. The column was dug out of the Emporio Tiberino, where it had lain buried for hundreds of years

THE Vatican is the largest palace in the world. Though the gardens attached to it cannot claim to be of unrivalled size, they are yet of considerable extent, and full of interest and charm. They lie under the shadow of St. Peter's, behind the stately edifice that has been the dwelling of Sovereign Pontiffs for so many centuries; and thus, shut off from the breath of change and progress that has swept over modern Rome, they seem to belong to a past age, and to hold that spirit of peace and restfulness which is so rare in the twentieth century.

The way from the palace into the gardens is through a beautiful vestibule built by Simonetti in the time of Pius VI., which opens into the Giardino della Pigna. This "garden of the fir-cone" is merely a vast square court with three fine façades, designed by Bramante Lazzari, and its only claim to the name of garden lies in the four grass plots that are stretched at the foot of its central column.

There is a curious history belonging to this ancient pillar. In the reign of Pius IX. it was dug out of the Emporio Tiberino, where it had lain buried for hundreds of years, badly damaged and broken in three pieces. Finding it most beautifully carved, the Pope had it mended and polished and taken to St. Pietro, in Montorio, to be set up as a memorial of the Vatican Council. But when the Italian troops entered Rome on the famous 20th of September, 1870, and the standard of revolt from Papal authority was borne through the city, the Council was perforce suspended, and the pillar was forgotten. For ten years it remained prostrate behind the church where its foundations had been carefully prepared, and it was not till 1881 that Leo XIII. decided to bring it to the Vatican and have it erected in the Giardino della Pigna.

The colossal fir-cone, from which this garden takes its name, stands before a deep alcove in the middle of the principal façade. A double staircase with a stone balustrade ascends to the alcove, and on the top of the parapet the huge cone is

enthroned between two bronze peacocks which once ornamented Adrian's Mausoleum. The fir-cone is said to have been taken from the Pantheon.

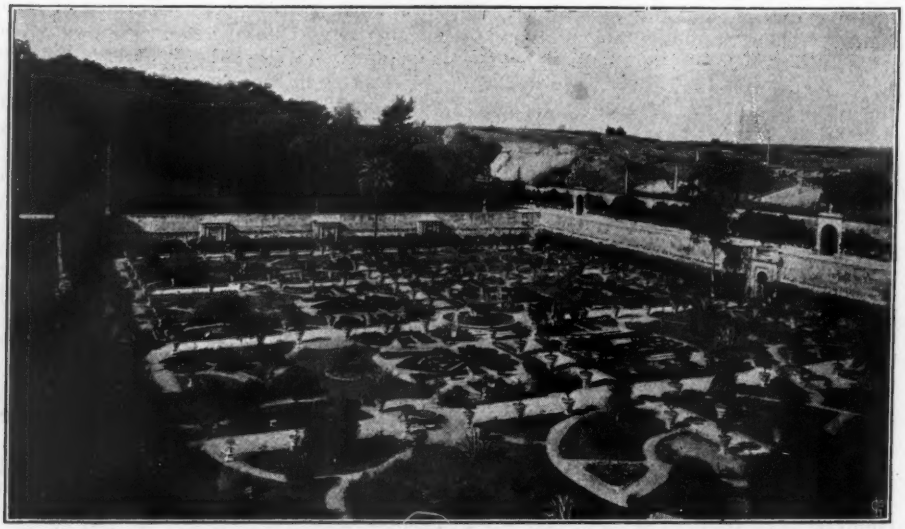
Passing from the Giardino della Pigna to the grounds beyond, one is suddenly transported to a woodland scene. It is difficult to believe that this vast extent of avenue and sylvan bower is not in the open country instead of lying within the walls of Rome. There are long alleys enclosed between huge hedges of ilex, box, laurel, and other evergreens, which grow to an immense height, and in their leafy thickness stand impenetrable as a wall. Wide carriage-drives wander through a succession of groves and glades, offering in their boundary of about three kilometres a wonderful variety of pleasant spots and beautiful vistas.

The first of these is a large parterre garden, with a fountain in the centre, and innumerable beds of many-shaded foliage bordered with orange and bay trees in handsome terra-cotta vases. On one side of the fountain some carefully-clipped devices show the Papal arms in dark-green against the light gravel walks. Although this parterre is well cared for, it is formal and uninteresting, and inspires no desire to linger among its stiff patterns and stunted shrubs.

Proceeding further, new attractions disclose themselves. There are orange gardens, and little walled enclosures with fruit trees. A fine avenue of plane-trees leads up a steep rise to a wilder and more rugged part of the enclosure. Here Leo XIII. had an aviary, with gold and silver pheasants, and a netted space, where a few favourite deer dwelt in great content. There were in those bygone days several other aviaries.

Another of these immense cages was inhabited by parrots of dazzling hues, who used to cry out "Viva il Papa" when they saw the Pontifical cortége approaching. But the present Pope is unwilling to permit any useless expenditure, and the tame animals have all been sent away. The road still ascends, winding among pine-trees, oaks, acacias, olives, and the perpetual ilexes, to many fine points of view.

On the north side, across the solid piece of old Roman wall that is here the boundary of the garden, is seen the Valle d'Inferno, and the wide reach of the Campagna beyond. Looking to the west, there is a pretty rustic loggia, whence the eye is delighted with the



Wide carriage-drives wander through a succession of groves and glades, offering in their boundary of about three kilometres a wonderful variety of pleasant spots and beautiful vistas

Vestibule of the Casiao of Pius IV. The late Pope frequently spent a few days here during the summer, but his successor has had the Casino entirely dismantled

beautiful prospect. The hills surrounding St. Pietro, in Montorio, dotted about with numberless white villas and churches, the deep greens of the cypress and orange-trees, and the soft grey tints of ilex and olive—all stand out against the blue sky of Italy in a lovely panorama. The statue erected to Garibaldi in 1895 is a prominent object in the landscape.

An agreeable change in the vegetation is supplied by the vineyards planted by Leo XIII. The vines are wreathed across long, straight walks, all meeting in a very graceful raised bower in the centre.

Delightful summer-houses and resting-places, and many other ingenious devices, cheat the monotony of the Pontiff's daily drive. The carriage roads are shockingly ill-kept—partly paved with small square stones, partly abandoned to the rough treatment of wind and weather, and all incredibly rugged and uneven.

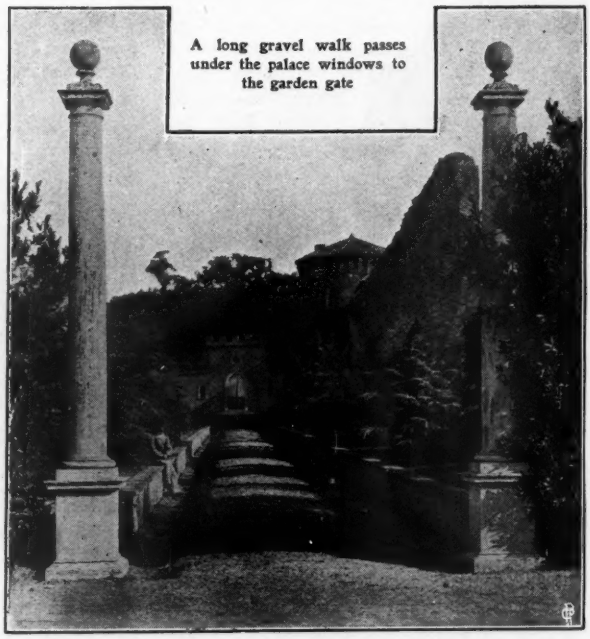
The gentlemen of the Guardia Nobile, whose duty it was to ride beside the carriage when the Pope took an airing, have found many a slippery spot and perilous foothold. Pius X., however, prefers to drive in more simple style. Some priest or friend is invited as companion to his Holiness, and the only attendants are the two footmen who stand behind the carriage. The drive consists of several tours round the grounds, after which the Pope gets out at some favourite spot and then walks home.

The splendid ilex hedges spread their grateful shadow over the road; the sombre alleys change into charming open spaces, with groups of palms, bamboos, or bananas. Now an orchard, now a fountain meets the eye. Here is a stone parapet fringed with cactus, there a sunk garden festooned with vines. Further still, glimpses of a large white house can be discerned through the trees.

This is the Casino of Pius IV., built in 1560 by Pirro Ligorio. Subsequent popes have added to it, and greatly enlarged it. Both Pius IX. and Leo XIII. frequently spent a few days during the summer at the little Casino, delighting in the contrast of its small, pleasant rooms with the stately Vatican apartments, and in the change from the glare and heat of the Piazza di St. Pietro to a bower of verdure and sweetness. Cardinals,

noble ladies, and Royal guests have often been received at the Casino, which, adorned as it was with paintings by Barucci, Federigo, and Zaccari, and enriched with mosaic and sculpture, was nevertheless furnished with charming simplicity. Under the existing régime all this has been changed. The Sovereign Pontiff of to-day has had the Casino entirely dismantled, and never goes there.

On leaving this spot of agreeable memories, a rough bit of way has to be accomplished before arriving at the Fontana dell'Aquila, which is a beautiful piece of ornamental rockwork erected by Paul V. The water of this fountain rushes and bounds from



A long gravel walk passes under the palace windows to the garden gate

The picture below is of the Fontana delle Torri, which is ingeniously constructed to represent an altar

arched grottoes to stony basins, among which are set groups of statues and luxuriant ferns and creepers. The whole edifice rises to a considerable height, and is crowned by the proud eagle of the Borghese family. The road descends on each side in a steep curve, like a horseshoe, and a large grass plot forms the foreground of the picture.

The statues are broken, and the overgrowth of moss and weed proclaim a long neglect. Yet the unrestrained hand of Nature has cast over the scene a wild grace which is not present in more formal culture, and no one could pass the Fontana dell'Aquila without stopping to exclaim at its beauty.

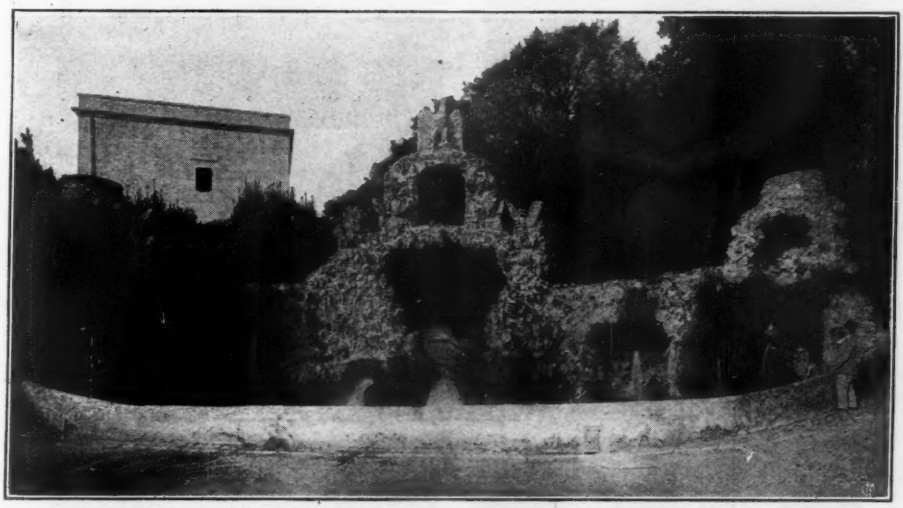
A turn to the right reveals another point of interest. This is the Fontana delle Torri,

which is ingeniously constructed to represent an altar. The Monstrance in the centre is wonderfully imitated, and the three perpendicular streams of water on either side are completely suggestive of candlesticks. The wide, double cascade follows the straight lines of the altar and the steps beneath, and it requires no great effort of imagination to believe oneself in an open-air chapel, where trees and shrubs form a green wall, and the roof is the sapphire sky.

A long gravel walk passes under the palace windows to the garden gate; an immense magnolia tree on the left is of such magnificent size that all its neighbours appear poor and insignificant. It is impossible to turn without regret from this haven of shade and greenery to the blaze of the sun outside. There is but to cross the courts and vestibules of the Vatican Palace, to descend the wide flights of steps, and to pass between the lines of the Swiss Guard at the Porta di Bronze, before standing once more on the hot paving-stones in the Piazza, with the rattle of carriages, the importunities of guides and beggars, and the clang of the electric tram-bells filling the air with discord. How far away seem the walls of ilex, the vines, and the orange gardens!

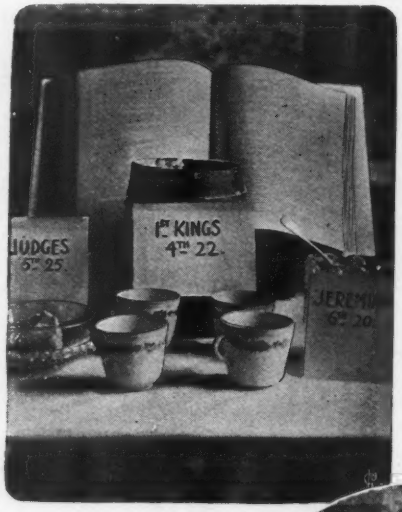
It is this remoteness, this separation from the noise and bustle of the town, that have rendered these beautiful gardens of priceless value to those lives whose boundaries have ended with the Vatican walls. The song of birds has lightened the burden of the world-wide solicitude, and the beauty of spreading leaf and dancing water has contributed to the refreshment of a spirit weary with much toil and cares untold.

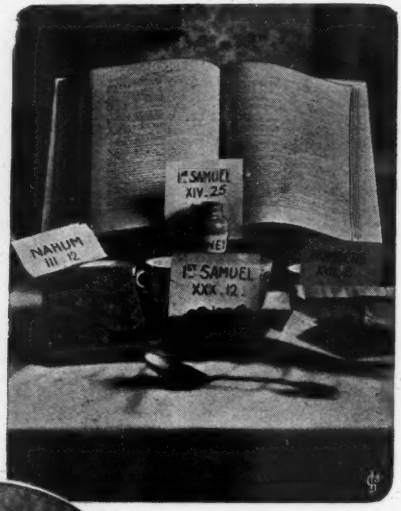
The charm of the spot does not consist only in the luxuriant vegetation and the varied loveliness of the landscape. These grounds, that are party Royal pleasance and partly prison, are associated with the most brilliant heights of Pontifical power as well as with the lonely steps of the aged feet that have trodden their paths in more modern days. Splendid traditions and names great in history shed a special lustre over the gardens of the Vatican, but their privilege in sheltering the most venerable of sovereigns in misfortune is at once their proudest boast and their crowning interest.



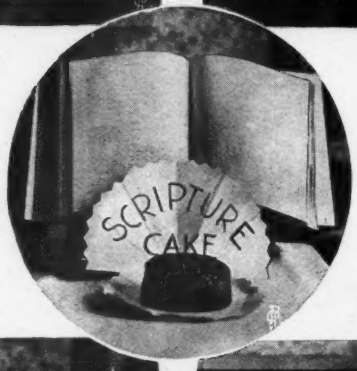
The Fontana dell'Aquila. The water rushes and bounds from arched grottoes to stony basins, among which are set groups of statues and luxuriant ferns and creepers

AUGUSTA HERVEY.

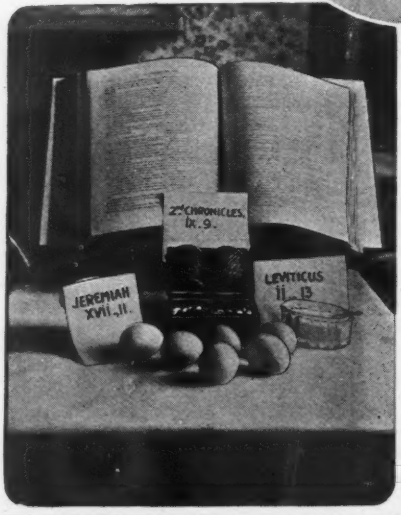


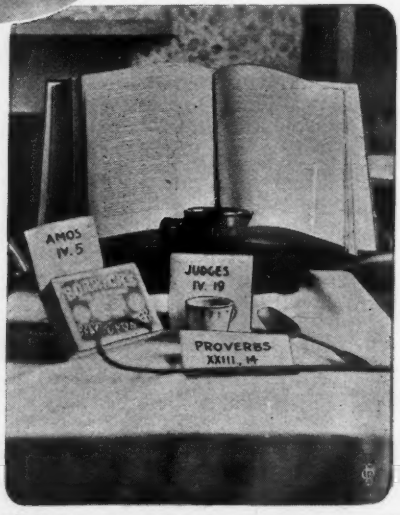


A Scripture Cake



Here is an interesting recipe for a Scripture cake, taken from the Bible: Take four cups of 1st Kings 4th chap. 22nd verse; 1½ cups out of Judges, 5th chap. 25th verse (last clause); two cups out of Jeremiah vi. 20th verse; two cups from 1st Samuel xxx. 12; two cups out of Nahum iii. 12; one cup from Numbers xvii. 8; two tablespoonfuls 1st Samuel xiv. 25. Season to taste with 2nd Chronicles ix. 9; six of Jeremiah xvii. 11; a pinch of Leviticus ii. 13; half cup Judges iv. 19 (latter part); and two tablespoonfuls of Amos iv. 5 (baking-powder). Finally follow Solomon's prescriptions for making a good boy — Proverbs xxiii. 14— and you will have a very delicious cake.





An Edition De Luxe

A Complete Story. By Jennie Chappell

"YES, I often say to myself, 'Davy, my boy, it's about time you thought of settling down.' And many a time since I've retired from business I've looked round to see where I should be likely to find the sort of young lady I've got in my mind's eye. But, somehow, that kind aren't four-a-penny anywhere—no, Miss Kathleen, I assure you they're not."

"No, really?"

They were standing by a gate that gave the prettiest view in Stockfold, but it is doubtful if either of them saw it. He was broad and stout, with a florid countenance, in which shrewdness and simplicity were blended in a smile of beaming satisfaction with himself, his irreproachable tourist suit, and the world in general. She was tall and slim, carelessly unconscious alike of the dowdiness of her washed muslin and the grace with which she wore it. Terribly bored, but too kindly to show it, she stifled a yawn as she turned her gaze wistfully to that spot in the landscape where the smoke of the 5.57 train from London would soon be discernible.

"Well, in the first place, you see," he resumed, folding his fat, freckled hands on the top of the gate, and lowering his voice confidentially, "she must be a lady. Nothing that wasn't out-and-out high class—the pick of the market, as you may say—was ever good enough for Davy Deele. Young, beautiful, accomplished—pianoforte, singing, French, and all the extras—you see what I mean, don't you, Miss Kathleen? And I'm in a position to provide her with everything fitting—town house, country bundle-hole—or whatever the up-to-date name of 'em is—house-boat on the river, carriage-and-pair——"

There was a footstep behind them, and Mr. Deele paused, while Kathleen turned a laughing face in glad relief to the new-comer. He was a silver-haired old gentleman in blue spectacles, with ponderous brow, and a plaintive mouth. He seemed to have been hurrying.

"So sorry, Deele," he said, "but that man has been of the greatest use to me in collecting specimens of the flora and fauna of the locality, and I was obliged to stop and speak to him. Kathleen, my dear, have you shown Mr. Deele the old wall that is believed to be the remains of a twelfth-century church? Yes? Then come back to the house with me now, my friend, and you shall see the meteoric stones I dug up in the field adjoining my garden."

He slipped his arm through that of David Deele, and turned him from the gate which Kathleen was opening.

"I sha'n't be long, uncle," she said, unheeding the look of blank disappointment that elongated the guest's chubby face. "I have to go down to the village for something."

As soon as they were out of sight, Kathleen picked up her skirt and ran down the sloping meadow-path like a child let out of school. When she reached the lane at the bottom she paused and listened. There was the rumble of a train in the distance. She shook out her dress, pushed back the tendrils of wind-blown hair beneath her hat-brim, re-tied the knot of ribbon at her waist, and set out with leisurely and casual air in the direction of the village and railway-station.

Only one passenger had alighted—a young man carrying a large, flat parcel carefully strapped. He walked with his gaze bent moodily upon the ground. Kathleen, who had espied the solitary figure a hundred yards away, and at once

became deeply interested in the cards of boot-protectors decoratively arranged in the cobbler's window, stepped into the path again just as he was passing, and his frank face was instantly lit up with sunshine.

"Then they haven't all sold?" said Kathleen, glancing at the brown-paper parcel.

"They've none of them sold, worse luck!" rejoined the young man, his face clouding again. "I've brought them back—the whole precious lot. Gilding seemed to think it no use my leaving them there any longer. Nobody even asks the price."

"What a shame it is! Oh, Ken, I'm so sorry!"

The girl's grey eyes were moist with sympathy, and her tender mouth quivered. Kenneth Moray set his lips hard, and looked another way. It was several minutes before he spoke again. Then he said brusquely:

"Well, this settles it. Art is evidently not my vocation. I drop it from to-day, and write to my uncle in Natal."

"I suppose that will be your best plan."

Every trace of colour had left Kathleen's face, and her voice was dull and cold.

"It is the only plan. Dodson is pressing for the money he lent the dad—he's in need of it, I know, poor beggar! If I can't get out of his debt soon I shall die under it. There's no opening in England for a chap without experience, but uncle is willing to find me a job and a bit of a salary—not much at first, of course; but it's a chance nobody else would give me, and if I could only begin to clear off that wretched two hundred I should feel able to breathe."

"And your mother?"

"Oh, her folks in Derbyshire would look after her a bit, just till I could see my way. Once quit of that millstone, I could send for her to join me out there."

"Yes," said Kathleen faintly. "But I'm awfully sorry for you. Your pictures are so lovely. You would make arrangements to leave England soon, I suppose?"

"As soon as ever I can."

Kenneth shifted the package of drawings to the other arm, and strode forward, with the stony look of a man who resolutely sets aside every consideration but the one strenuous resolve to do or die.

They reached the gate of the upland meadow. Kenneth's way led past it, and Kathleen paused.

"I must make haste home," she said. "Uncle has got a friend to supper—that Mr. Deele I told you about."

"Oh, ah! That grocer chap. Queer sort for the doctor to pick up with, eh?"

"Well, Mr. Deele's father, it seems, was a native of Stockfold, so he is more interested in the locality than most people. And, of course, uncle is keen on talking to him about the book!"

"Poor old man!" said Kenneth. "I've a fellow-feeling for him. It's awfully hard to—to put one's heart's blood into a thing, and offer it as your best gift to the world, and have it flung back at you with contempt. Mine has been the toil of a few years only, but his has been the work of his whole life."

"He was terribly cut up when Octavo and Co. declined it," said Kathleen. "They would only publish it at his expense, and, of course, that's out of the question. Uncle keeps saying that if a history of Selborne could achieve lasting fame, why not a history of Stockfold. And he really has got together a tremendous lot of information."

"I dare say," said Kenneth absently.

His mind had gone back to his own disappointment. He was a little hurt that Kathleen should so readily turn from that subject. Being a man, he did not guess that this was a desperate effort to hide from herself and him the one thought that was filling her mind.

But when she had parted from him, and was toiling up the steep meadow-path alone, it came surging over her unchecked. It was all over. Their friendship must come to an end.

The world would never look the same again. Kenneth was going away.

But as yet she was not aware of pain. Conscious that she had received the deepest wound she had ever known, and that the bleeding and the aching must come by-and-by, she wondered in a dull sort of way to find herself quite able

to go on as if nothing had happened. She fried the fish for supper as daintily as usual, then flew upstairs and slipped into her voile skirt and silk blouse. A glance at the mirror showed sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks. Kenneth was going away; but she hummed a tune as she arranged a cluster of pinks at her throat. She thought—oddly—of the day when a dentist had put something in her tooth to kill the nerve, and she came home and felt nothing unusual for hours, and then—— She wondered how long it took for a heart nerve to die.

At supper Kathleen was merrier than usual, full of playful sallies and witty repartee. David Deele almost forgot to eat, in his amazement and admiration. More than once he sat with a well-loaded fork arrested midway to his mouth to gaze open-eyed at the vision before him. The meal ended, at her uncle's request she sang several songs in her most charming style, her eyes growing brighter and her cheeks pinker with every hour. When the clock struck ten, however, she abruptly closed the piano, and said good-night.

As soon as she was alone in her room, she flung herself on her knees by her bed, as had been her wont from childhood, and buried her arms and face in the coverlet. The satin caress of the eiderdown had ever in her orphaned life been the best attainable substitute for a mother's breast. The infinite sympathy that fills the universe reached her even thus, and the inanimate softness seemed tender. Her tears began to flow, hot and hardly at first, then with the passion of a torrent that had burst its bounds. She grovelled in the down, she gripped it to her heaving breast, and presently, in some undefinable way, it seemed to soothe her.

When this flood of grief was spent, Kathleen felt too weak and weary even to undress. She went and sat by the open window, where the cool night air, sweet with the scent of hay and white pinks, could fan her burning eyelids.

By-and-by there was a knock at her chamber door, and she sprang up to answer it.

"Oh, you've not gone to bed yet—that's right!" said the old doctor, on the threshold. "I guessed you were still up, for, as I returned from seeing our good friend to the gate, I noticed that your blind was not drawn. Come down to the library. I've great news to tell you."

Giving a final dab at her eyes, and thankful that her uncle's perceptions were not keen, Kathleen followed him downstairs.

The full light revealed signs of some wonderful happening in the old gentleman's face. His big, bald brow was pink with excitement, his eyes fairly glittered behind his spectacles, and his mouth worked with emotion.

"My dear," he said, "the dream of my life is to be fulfilled at last. Heaven has sent me a friend. Mr. Deele is going to have my book brought out at his own sole expense."

"Uncle, you don't mean it!"

"It seems almost too good to be true, doesn't it? But we had a long talk about it, and Deele takes the deepest interest in the whole scheme. He has plenty of money, and he will have the whole thing turned out in a style worthy of the—the matter. And a dedication to himself is to appear on the first page."

"Well, uncle dear, I do congratulate you with all my heart!" said Kathleen, putting her arms round the old doctor's neck, and kissing him as if he had been a child with his first school prize.

He had ever been good and kind to her. She owed him everything, and loved him in his gentleness and harmless vanity with almost maternal tenderness.

"Once before the public, and I shall soon win a place in the foremost rank of English literature," he went on, glowing with happy optimism. "In fact, Deele quite sees with me that it is only envy and jealousy which has kept me back so long."

Kathleen assented. She was tired enough just then to agree to anything.

For some time the doctor marched up and down the room with buoyant steps, his hands beneath his coat-tails, his head almost erect, planning details as to the publication of the great work, and anticipating the furore which its appearance would create.

Suddenly he paused.

"You have been very kindly congratulating me, my dear," he said; "but I, too, have cause to congratulate you. You have made a great impression upon our good friend. He told me so frankly."

Kathleen raised her brows.

"I don't feel specially elated over that," she replied indifferently.

"He is one of the richest men in Middleshire," rejoined her uncle, "and the soul of goodness and kindness to boot. And I'm sure he has an extremely fine presence. I—I trust, my dear, that you are not disposed to treat our friend slightingly."

His pale-blue eyes glanced at the girl over the gold rims of his spectacles with a sudden look of nervous apprehension. In an instant the whole situation flashed upon her. The remarks Mr. Deele had let fall as they stood by the gate, his manner during supper, his extraordinary generosity to her uncle—she understood it all. She was the price to be paid for the publication of the book!

"Next to the success of my life, your welfare, my child, has ever been nearest to my heart!" the poor old doctor proceeded. "I am getting old. You have no other relative in the world. David Deele comes to us like an angel in disguise to fulfil the two greatest wishes of my life. It was surely Providence that brought about our acquaintance. Don't let us reject the blessings that are sent."

"I don't feel equal to talking about it to-night, uncle," said Kathleen faintly. "My head aches. I'll think it over, and do my best."

After all, what did it matter? That was the view Kathleen had arrived at twenty-four hours later. She had been to see Kenneth's mother in the afternoon, and found her naturally sad at the thought of losing him, but seeing no alternative.

"He will do well out there," she said; "and some day I shall be able to join him."

Mrs. Moray seemed wholly unaware of anything more than a passing friendship between her son and the dowerless niece of the antiquarian doctor. With a hot flush, followed by an inward chill, Kathleen wondered whether her attitude were a reflection of Kenneth's. He had never uttered a word of love, truly, yet, somehow, until yesterday, the girl thought she knew. Perhaps it was all her own mistake. He had held out no faintest hope of return to England; now the mother's manner confirmed her conviction that all connection between them had come to an end.

On the other hand, the dearest hope of her poor old uncle seemed trembling in the balance. How could she dash the cup of bliss from his lips by dismissing Deele? She clearly saw how the case stood. The portly grocer, with his well-filled coffers and kindly heart, was not actually offensive to her. She had it in her power to make two people happy—and as for herself, what did it matter?

So David Deele's visits to the shabby old house on the hill became more and more frequent. Consultations as to the fashion in which the "History of Stockfold" was to be presented to the world were recurrent and prolonged. The wealthy patron was anxious to spare no expense, and to fulfil every suggestion of the author, and especially of his niece. He insisted, however, on its being an edition de luxe, of which a limited number of copies only should be printed.

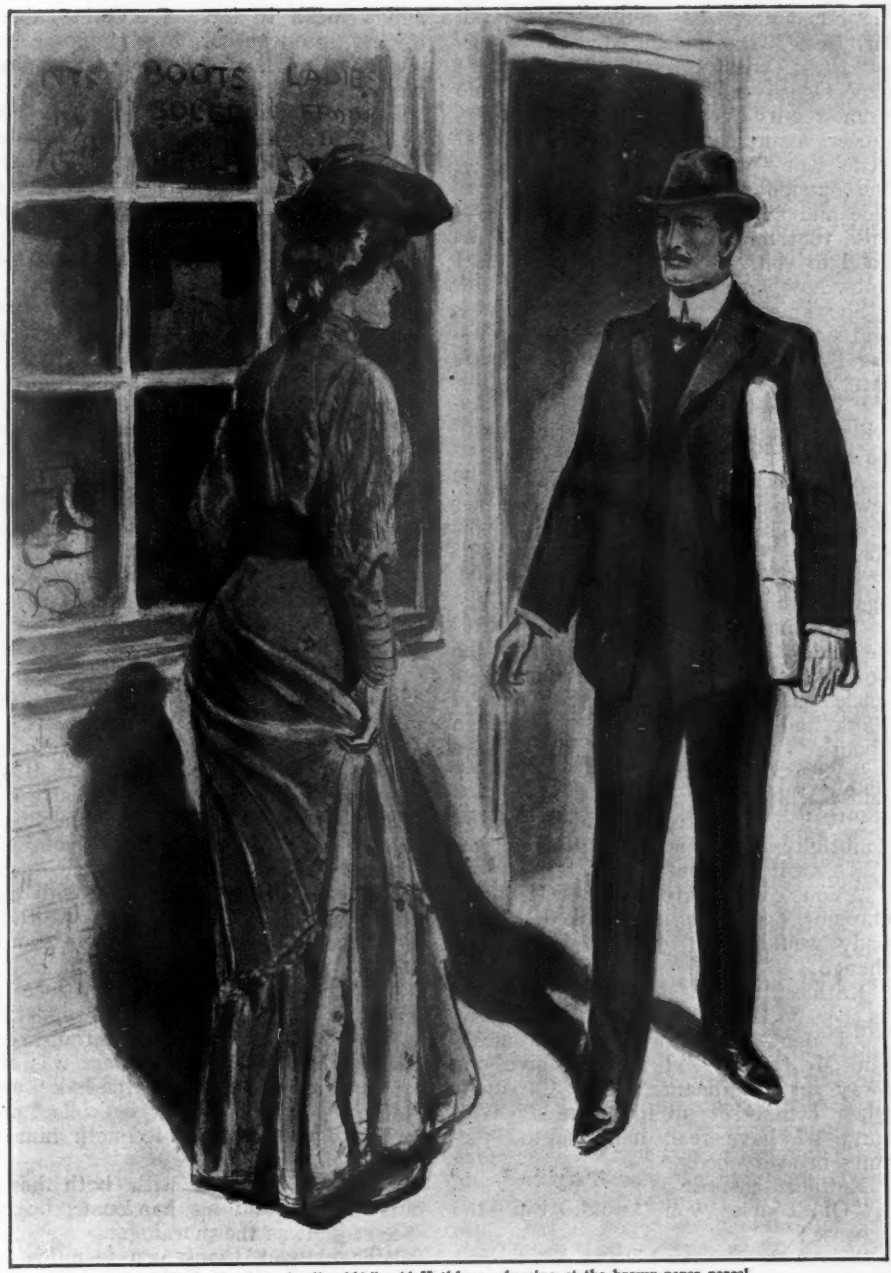
The question of binding was important. Should it be calf or vellum? Once again Kathleen was appealed to.

"Why ask me?" she queried, rather irritably. There were days when she felt intolerably tired of the book, tired of Deele's presence, tired of everything. "Can't you and uncle settle it to please yourselves?"

"Why ask you?" repeated David. "Because, my dear young lady, nothing can please me that does not please you. Because I hope you will some day be my wife!"

Kathleen knew not how to answer, and with eyes fixed upon the flower in her lap which she was nervously plucking to pieces, she remained silent.

"Won't you speak to me, my—my dear?" pleaded the wooer.



"Then they haven't all sold?" said Kathleen, glancing at the brown-paper parcel

"I can never be—in love—with you, Mr. Deele," she murmured.

"Bless your bright eyes, I don't expect gush—not at my time of life, and from a fairy-queen like you!" the ex-grocer assured her. "I want a dear little wife—one that'll sort of stagger the outside world, and adorn my fireside and be true to me. You can promise that much, can't you? I'll be as good to you, the Lord helping me, as I know how, and you shall teach me."

She knew he meant it. Earnestness and sincerity, if not passion, was glorifying every feature of his simple, ruddy face.

"Very well," she said. "If you are willing to take me on those terms, I will be true."

And when he put his plump, bejewelled hand very gently under her drooping cheek, and turned it up to his for a kiss, she did not outwardly recoil.

Then he began to talk about the book again with renewed enthusiasm.

"We must have some pictures in it," he said. "Views of the place, and the flowers and butterflies and things your uncle has collected, and that one of Flora and the fawn he talks so much about."

"Yes; photographs, I suppose?" said Kathleen.

"Well, I don't know," said the patron doubtfully. "I'm not so fond of photos. I like a bit of colour myself."

"You could have coloured plates—chromos, I suppose, if you liked. Somebody would have to paint them first, though."

Kathleen's heart gave a strange throb as she said this.

"I don't think much of chromos," said Mr. Deele. "I used to give one away on an almanac every Christmas when I first set up in business. Why can't we have real, hand-painted pictures in every book?"

Kathleen gasped.

"Of course you could. But the expense!"

"Blow the expense!" was Mr. Deele's emphatic rejoinder. "This book is being brought out in my wife's honour. It's got to appear on our wedding-day, and I mean to have everything about it in tiptop style. I suppose," he added, "we could find some painter-chap willing to do the job for cash down?"

Kathleen turned hot and cold. She began to speak, but her voice sounded so strained and unnatural that she abruptly paused. Deele stared at her in open-eyed inquiry. The crimson flamed again beneath his gaze. But in a moment or two she controlled herself to say:

"I believe I could recommend you the very man. His name is Kenneth Moray. He lives in the village. He is in London, I think, just now, but his mother could give you his address."

Mr. Deele took out his notebook.

"Your uncle and me are going to town to-morrow to talk to the publisher. We might see this man at the same time. You know his work, do you? Is it up to the scratch?"

"It's lovely!" said Kathleen. "But he has never been able to get recognition. Your order would be a godsend to him. He's—he's very poor!"

"Right you are!" said the ex-grocer genially. "He shall name his own price."

The next day the doctor and his patron went together to London. They expected to be absent nearly a week, and to complete all necessary arrangements for the publication of the "History of Stockfold." On their return the accepted lover would bring with him a peerless diamond ring for his betrothed. Until then no one but themselves should know of the engagement.

On the third day of their absence, as Kathleen sat sewing, and wondering whether Mr. Deele had yet had an interview with his illustrator, there was the sound of a manly voice in the hall; and before she could escape, or collect her forces to receive him, Kenneth himself stood before her.

He came forward with both hands outstretched, and his handsome, boyish face radiant as the morning.

"Thank you, thank you so much for your good word!" he said. "The old chap's a brick—Deele, I mean. He's given me a commission that'll take me

three months to execute, if I work night and day; but he's going to jolly well pay me for it. He told me you had sent him to me."

"I'm so glad," said Kathleen constrainedly, as she turned away to lower the blinds. "Of course, I thought of you directly he mentioned the matter."

"It strikes me the old man is a bit dotty, and doesn't quite know what to do with his money. Original water-colours to embellish every copy! It's an edition de luxe, and no mistake! But it's a precious good thing for me. Why, it will clear off that beastly debt and leave me enough to live on for a year. You have indeed been a good angel to me, Kathleen. I don't know how to tell you what I feel!"

"That's all right," said Kathleen lightly. "But shall you be able to get all this work done before you go abroad?"

"Sha'n't go!" rejoined Kenneth. "Nothing has been settled. This alters the outlook entirely. Octavo quite agrees—he's seen some of my work—and to be employed under the ægis of such a firm as that means no end of a start for me."

"I'm very glad," said Kathleen again, though her voice trembled. "I am delighted to have been able to help you."

"What's the matter, Kathleen?" demanded the young man. "You speak as if I were just a fellow-creature. Am I not a little more than that to you? Don't you know that I love you?"

"Hush, hush!" Kathleen broke in. "You mustn't!"

"But I must!" insisted Kenneth. "I will! I can't stifle myself for ever. It tore my heart out to think of leaving you. I could not speak with that millstone round my neck, but now——"

"I must not listen!" wailed Kathleen. "I have promised to marry Mr. Deele!"

. . . . . .

Kenneth had gone—gone with a heavy step and a downbent head, all the sunshine quenched in his face, all the hope killed in his heart. Kathleen covered her eyes from the pitiful sight and moaned.

Why had it been laid upon her to do this dreadful thing—to give her dearest the chance he craved at the cost of her happiness and his own?

It was too hard—too hard! What would success be to him now, bought at such a price?

Yet he was a man, and men are not like women in these things. This thought gave her a kind of aching comfort. He would forget her in the work he loved; he would rejoice in the fame it would by-and-by bring him. And some day—yes, she would face the prospect!—another woman would share in his honour and prosperity, and she who had given it him would fade out of his recollection for ever. For him it would be better so. "God bless him!" she murmured. "God make him happy—and help me!"

Sitting with her face buried in her hands, Kathleen heeded not a brisk step on the gravel path, and the postman's ring at the bell went through every nerve of her body like an electric shock. From force of habit she rose and went to the letter-box. It held a large square envelope, addressed to herself in unfamiliar handwriting.

Absently she tore it open, her thoughts still in the dreary future. But a first glance at the enclosure brought them back to the present with a leap. The letter was dated from the hotel where her uncle and Mr. Deele were staying.

"My dear Kathleen," she read, while the words swam before her eyes—"You will be surprised to find me saying what I am about to say to you; but something in the way you spoke of your artist friend the other day, and how you looked, set me thinking. After I had seen him the first time I thought the more. I hadn't let out that you and me were more than friends; but the next day I drew him along to talk a bit about you. Then I began to open my eyes. My dear, I'm a queer old stick, and perhaps it was just blind impudence in me ever to dare to say to you what I did; but it never struck me—old fool that I was!—that there might be somebody else in the way.

"I told you the other day I didn't expect any gush from you; but, my dear,

I am fonder of you than you may think —too fond, by a long shot, to let you spoil your life by giving it to me when it belongs by right to somebody else.

"But it seems a pity to waste the diamond ring, made to your measure, so I am sending it, registered, to Mr. Moray by this post, to make what use of it he likes. If he cares to work out its value by doing a portrait of you for me when he is through with the other job, he can.

"With best wishes, believe me,

"Yours faithfully,

"D. DEELE."

The postman delivered in the village before he came up the hill. Kathleen had hardly finished reading this momentous epistle before Kenneth once more burst in upon her, glowing with incredulity and excitement. The box containing the ring was in his hand.

Together they read David Deele's letter over again, and Kathleen's eyes were wet when she finished.

"The dear, dear old man!" she murmured. "I told him I could never fall in love with him; but, Ken dear, I believe I'm not far from it now!"

. . . . . .

The "History of Stockfold" came out the day that Kathleen and Kenneth were married. The first copy, bound in white and silver, was Mr. Deele's wedding present to the bride. Inside the cover lay a cheque for a thousand pounds.

A year later, Kenneth's portrait of his wife, painted for their friend with all the enthusiasm of gratitude and insight of love, was accepted for exhibition by the Royal Academy, and hung upon the line.

JENNIE CHAPPELL

LOVERS OF GOOD LITERATURE

cannot fail to be interested in the February Number of the "Sunday Magazine," which is now on sale. There could be no better companion to "Good Words" than this splendid magazine, which for many years has had an enviable reputation for printing the best—and only the best—in stories, articles, and pictures. The contents of the February Number include:

"Fitting Out a Missionary." By Henry Leach. Illustrated.

"The Father of the Thank-offering Movement." A Chat with the Rev. Archibald Brown. By Harold B. Wheeler. Illustrated.

"Where Churchyards are Buried." By Warwick Wright. Illustrated.

"Sisters of the Churches." By William H. Render. Illustrated.

"My Boyhood's Days." By the Rev. A. B. Boyd-Carpenter, M.A., and the Rev. J. H. Jowett, M.A. Illustrated.

"Men With a Message." By Herbert Shaw. Illustrated.

Queer, Quaint, and Curious

Pictures and Paragraphs from Far and Near

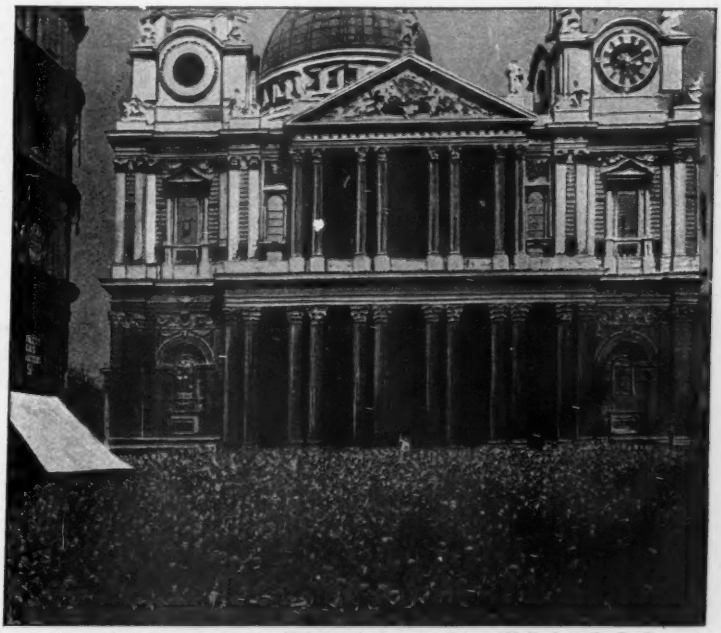
IF EVERYBODY WENT TO CHURCH

If church-going became universal, some startling and striking things would be seen. First of all, millions of people would find themselves unable to get admission to any place of worship.

The population of England and Wales, according to the last census, is nearly 31,000,000, and the number of sittings in the various churches is between 15,000,000 and 16,000,000. The result of this deficiency would be that on Sunday, while there would be 3,000 people in the City Temple —as there always are—there would also be 3,000 outside the gates seeking admission in vain. The steps and the various doors of St. Paul's Cathedral would be thronged with a concourse of 10,000 people, while a congregation of like dimensions would be inside.

Similar scenes would be witnessed on a proportionate scale in every city, town, village, and hamlet of the kingdom, while the number of clergymen and ministers would have to be doubled.

The Free Churches estimate the value of their property at £50,000,000, and at least £50,000,000 would be needed at once to meet the new situation; and many millions for the Church of England.



If everybody went to church. The crowd of people that would flock to St. Paul's Cathedral every Sunday

TOMBSTONES SHOW THEIR TRADE

In Scotland it was for a long time usual to place on a man's tombstone the symbols of his trade. Especially was this the case at Dunblane, where, in the burial-ground of the abbey, it has been found that, of those tombstones which are from one hundred to two hundred years old, about one-fourth are thus marked, the symbols being in low relief.

A sugar-cane may be seen as showing the grave of a grocer; an axe and a saw, with hammer and nails, appear on the grave of a carpenter; an awl and a hammer on that of a shoemaker. There are many other graves similarly marked.

A procession of the Brothers of Mercy of Florence, the most remarkable charity in the world

THE THEATRE CHURCH

On entering the First Baptist Church at Columbus, Ohio, the visitor is struck with the fact that it is exactly like a theatre. The auditorium is modelled to resemble an up-to-date playhouse, with huge arches all round the back of the building, as shown in our photograph.

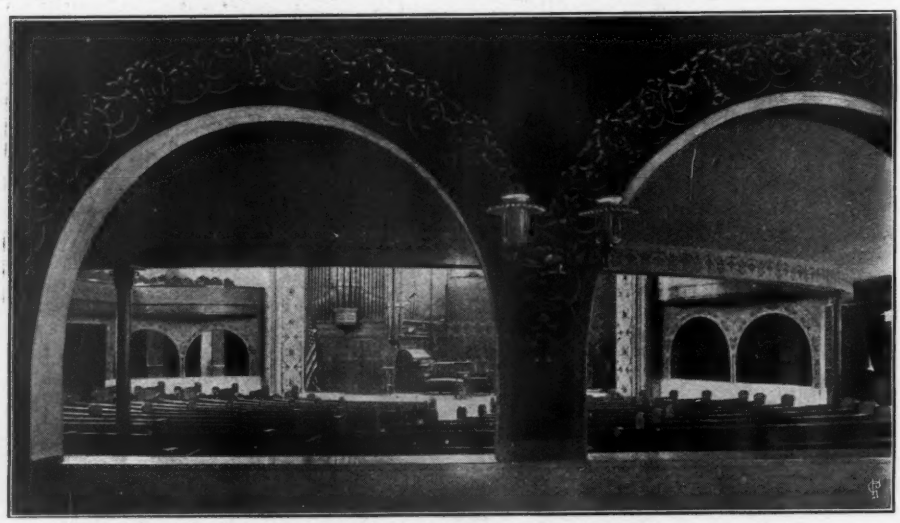
The pulpit and choir occupy the position usually assigned to the stage, and a splendid organ adds stateliness to the general design. All the vestries and class and school rooms are in keeping. The furnishing of the rooms has been well carried out, the aim being to make them comfortable and thoroughly adapted to the purposes for which they are required.

BROTHERS OF MERCY

In the year 1240 a certain Pietro Boisi founded a society at Florence, the object of which was to impose fines upon any member who blasphemed the name of Christ.

The money obtained from fines mounted up to a considerable sum, and it was decided to purchase six litters for the conveyance of the sick to hospitals and the dead to burial.

The society grew, and before long the Brothers of Mercy, as they styled themselves, became familiar throughout Florence. They were distinguished by their black dress and black litter; and the good work thus began still continues.



The interior of the theatre church, showing the stage where the minister stands, the organ, the boxes, and the auditorium

"JUST AS I AM"

The circumstances under which the famous hymn "Just as I am, without one plea" was written were pathetic. When Charlotte Elliott, its author, was about thirty years of age she became an invalid, and at the time of the beginning of her illness her father's house at Brighton was visited by a very godly man, Dr. Cæsar Malan. He found Miss Elliott deeply concerned about her spiritual condition, trying to find satisfaction in her own works and opinions, but still restless and ill at ease.

Dr. Malan pointed out to her that she was accepting opinions rather than Christ, and he advised her to trust all to Him. The advice was followed; she cast herself unreservedly on Divine mercy, and embodied her experience in the beautiful hymn "Just as I am."

The Author of "Just as I Am"

CLAY PIPES ON GRAVES

Strange burial customs have come down from the years, and are still observed in many countries. But in our sister isle—Ireland—there is surely one of the most curious.

Clay pipes on the graves of Irishmen

The accompanying illustration is of the old Irish cemetery at Saalrush, in Connemara. The rough stones cover the remains of the dead, and on the graves clay pipes are laid. The Irish are a nation for dreams, and the idea of laying the pipes on the last resting-place is not quite clear. The custom is still in vogue in many country districts, and shows no signs of becoming extinct.

An old-time way of decorating china

SCRIPTURE PLATES

Years ago it was the fashion to decorate china with Biblical quotations or other religious references. The plate shown opposite has inscribed on it an evening prayer, evidently intended for a child. It reads:

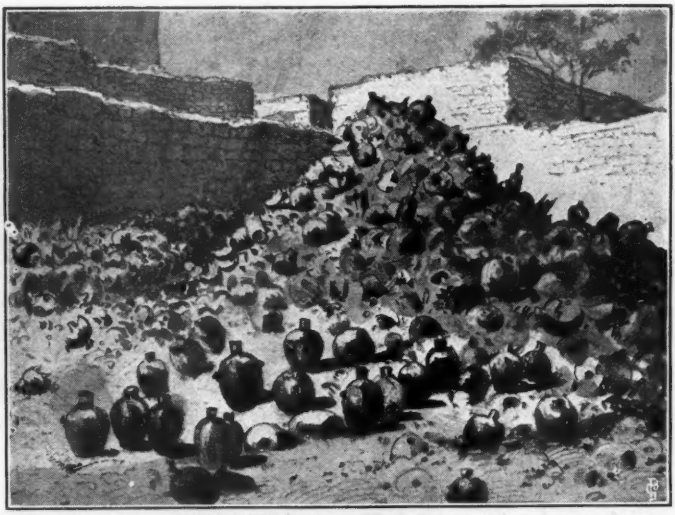
"O Lord God Almighty, I humbly desire to thank Thee for all the blessings Thou hast bestowed on me the day past. O forgive all that I have said or done amiss; bless my parents and forgive all my enemies, and preserve us this night from all danger, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

Surely a simple and a beautiful idea!

A CEMETERY OF DEMIJOHNS

The greatest enemy to the missionary is the drink evil. The inhabitants of heathen lands cannot understand why the same country which sends it missionaries should also send it huge consignments of liquor, which is fast ruining the native races.

On this page we show a number of empty demijohns which held the fiery spirit consumed by Madagascar natives. In this particular instance British trade is not entirely responsible; but in other countries dominated by the influence of Great Britain the evil is rampant.



A cemetery of empty demijohns in Madagascar. The fiery contents have been swallowed by the natives

WAGING WAR WITH INFIDELITY

The Rev. A. J. Waldron, of the Church of England Open-Air Mission, conducts what many consider the most remarkable outdoor service held in London on Sunday mornings. Religious gatherings in the open air are, of course, common enough on Sundays; but the meeting which the Rev. A. J. Waldron holds on Peckham Rye has quite a distinctive character of its own.

His congregation invariably consists of between one and two thousand men, and that fact alone is a splendid testimony to the value and appreciation of Mr. Waldron's meetings.

As an opponent of atheistic doctrines he is probably unsurpassed, and in his discussions and debates with agnostics he invariably has the best of the arguments. His great idea is to help men to accept Christianity.

The Rev. A. J. Waldron addressing his Sunday morning meeting for men on Peckham Rye

Ernest Nisler

"In a Garden Fair."

The Cup of Death

"The Adoration," an altar painting by N. H. J. Westlake, F.S.A., at Stratfield Mortimer Church

Painting the Sacred Story

An Interview with Mr. N. H. J. Westlake, F.S.A. By Harold F. B. Wheeler

"WHEN we read the lives of the most eminent painters," writes Sir Joshua Reynolds—the greatest portrait painter England has yet produced—"every page informs us that no part of their time was spent in dissipation. Even an increase of fame served only to augment their industry. To be convinced with what persevering assiduity they pursued their studies, we need only reflect on their method of proceeding in their most celebrated works. When they conceived a subject, they first made a variety of sketches, then a finished drawing of the whole; after that a more correct drawing of every separate part—heads, hands, feet, and pieces of drapery. They then painted the picture, and after all, re-touched it from the life.

"The pictures thus wrought with pains," he concludes, "now appear as the effect of enchantment, as if some mighty genius had struck them off at a blow."

Multiply the above paragraph by three, and you will have some idea of the work got through by Mr. N. H. J. Westlake, for he is essentially a man of achievement. He has created many of the finest mural paintings for the interiors of churches in the United Kingdom, he is our most eminent authority on stained-glass, and he is an antiquarian of repute.

One would have thought that these different branches of Art—I include the study of ancient history under this head, because it is the very foundation of sacred art—would have sufficed to fill the hours of even the most concentrative of workers. But the recent publication of Mr. Westlake's "History of Design in Mural Painting" shows that he has managed to find time to write and to travel also, for much of the information contained in the sumptuous volumes has been obtained at first hand, and infinite pains were taken by him to ensure the accuracy of the plates. The artist's book on stained-glass represents the "overtime," if I may so express it, and the experience of thirty years, while his "Reproductions from Royal MSS. 2B VII.," which was published at fifty shillings, is now unprocurable at fifty guineas.

Perhaps Mr. Westlake's best-known pictures are the beautiful paintings he did for the late Marquis of Bute some years ago. They adorn the chapel of Cardiff Castle, which is probably the most beautifully-decorated place of worship of its size ever erected by a private individual. The paintings on the walls and roof of the nave of Maynouth College Chapel, one of the largest painted collegiate chapels in the world, are also from Mr. Westlake's brush.

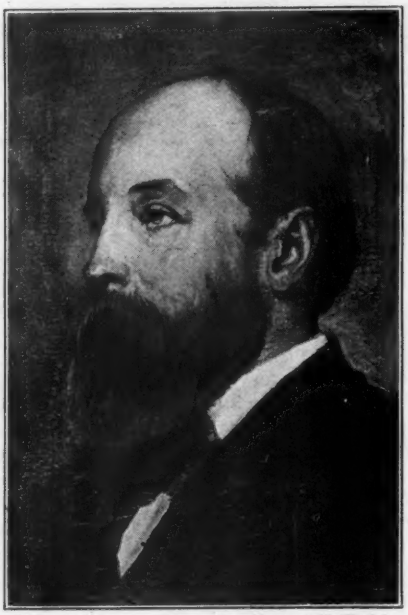
Like almost every painter of eminence, Mr. Westlake entered the profession of which he is so distinguished a member because he felt that Art could alone satisfy the promptings of his highest nature. He very soon decided that while it is not always well to base one's style on any particular master or school of painting, it is very necessary to be accurate as to essential details, and moreover to follow tradition on certain well-defined lines. Personality is indispensable, but it is next to useless if it conveys only a vague impression to the beholder.

Antoine Weirtz, of Continental fame, put so much personality into his pictures as to make one suppose that genius is not merely akin to madness but the actual thing. His "Napoleon in Hell," show very clearly the effect of a distorted imagination, as do other of his works in the Weirtz Museum, Brussels. On the other hand, Johann Friedrich Overbeck paid so little attention to detail that in his famous picture, "The Great Refusal," he depicts the man who had "great possessions" as a soldier of Cæsar, with Roman toga and sword, and thought nothing of putting in a German or Grecian scene for background. Nor are such peculiar fancies confined to these periods, for a well-known painter of our own time once exhibited a picture of the martyred St. Stephen lying in a wood of decidedly English aspect.

Thus, while Mr. Westlake determined to paint according to the dictates of his own will and temperament, he saw the necessity for basing his details on the most accurate information obtainable. This naturally involves an immense amount of research, and the discoveries he has made in this direction are not few.

With Mr. Westlake there is no such thing as trifling. In one of his recently completed pictures for a Watford church he shows St. John with short hair. A certain critic drew his attention to the fact that the Saviour's favourite disciple is usually represented as wearing long hair.

"Then he is usually represented incorrectly," retorted Mr. Westlake, "for the earliest Christian artists almost invariably gave St. John with short hair, as, for instance, in the catacomb pictures and in other early examples, such as that of the newly-discovered basilica of *Santa Maria Antiqua* in the Forum at Rome, a chapel painted during the Pontificate of a Syrian, Zacharias by name, in the opening years of the eighth century."



Photograph by *Margaret M. Westlake*

Mr. N. H. J. Westlake, F.S.A.
From the Painting by W. W. Ouless, R.A.

The morning I visited Mr. Westlake at his studio he was busily engaged in putting the finishing touches to a beautiful painting of the scene after the Resurrection, where the angel is asking the question which until then had been without significance, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

It was sending-in day for the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, and although the artist confessed that he had toiled long into the night to finish the picture, he betrayed no signs of fatigue as he worked and discussed Art at the same time.

"It is difficult to form an opinion on one's own style," he said. "It is a truism that the language of Literature and the language of Art are so different one from the other. It requires the greatest

skill to describe in words the style of an artist so that one may realise it without the accompaniment of many illustrations. Indeed, for my own part, I have never been able to really understand the subtleties of any style from written description.

"The present practice which I follow in designing is the result of prolonged study, *in situ*, whenever possible, of all past practices in monumental painting, and to select from them those parts which, according to my judgment, are most noble in aim and most practicable in execution.

"In working in or for any particular building," Mr. Westlake continued, "if it has a pronounced architectural character, one would choose the characteristics of that style as the foundation of design, adding to it the result of all knowledge that one has obtained, and as far as possible assimilating the new to the old. Art is not only for the learned, but for the unlearned; it should be the language of all, and for this reason—absolute plagiarism, from old pictures or details of the style of the building, such as one commonly sees, is not the most perfect thing, neither is it the most difficult, although there are occasions when it may be in good taste and keeping."

Mr. Westlake's original sketch for "The Entombment"

In one of Mr. Westlake's latest pictures of the burial of Christ he has departed from the old idea of a rudely carved-out tomb, and I asked him his reason for doing so.

By comparing this study with the finished picture on the opposite page the reader will see how the idea gradually develops into the ideal

"I believe we have been mistaken as to its appearance," he replied. "I know it is usually represented as rock-hewn and without ornament—indeed, I have done so myself—but in my last picture of this subject I have shown a sepulchre such as a rich man like Joseph of Arimathæa would be likely to possess. The simple cave has given place to a more architectural tomb, with a carved stone architrave to the door. You must remember that Jewish art was largely based on that of Egypt, Assyria, and Greece, and the tombs of those countries were usually somewhat elaborate.

"'The Entombment' was a very difficult subject, as our Lord would have to be recumbent, and in all the other pictures He was taller than the extreme width of the space at my disposal. Had I painted the figure as I had originally intended, the other persons represented—the three Marys and Joseph—would have been too small for my purpose."

The first rough sketch of this picture is reproduced on the previous page.

"This scene is one of fourteen pictures I have just finished for the beautiful Church of the Holy Cross, Watford. They are in mezza-tempera on copper, because if I had painted them in ordinary oil colours they would only be seen to advantage in certain lights and in certain positions. By this method every member of the congregation will be able to see them without difficulty from his or her seat. The late Mr. J. F. Bentley, the architect of Westminster Cathedral, designed the frames for them."

"Christ before Pilate," one of the most striking of the series, is also reproduced in this article, and will give the reader some idea of the beauty of Mr. Westlake's work. Each of the twenty figures introduced in it was the subject of special study, and adapted from life.

The benign face of the Saviour, in powerful contrast to the sneering countenance of His judge, the imperturbable faces of the soldiers, the Jew in the background challenging Pilate with "You are no friend of Cæsar's!" as the judge hesitates between two opinions, are wonderful delineations of character. It is inspired and inspiring, with just a touch of unconventionality to reveal the personality of the master who created it—the Westlake behind the brush. A portion

Photo by *Ryland*

Christ before Pilate

From the original painting by N. H. J. Westlake, F.S.A.

of the artist's study of this picture is printed to show how the idea gradually develops into the ideal, the abstract into the concrete. The half-amused face of Pilate in the study becomes the hard-featured countenance which so ably suggests the real nature of the man.

Some artists have endeavoured to break away from the conventional portrait of Christ, but however magnificent their conception and execution, it has usually ended in dire disaster. The Eastern tradition, which Mr. Westlake thinks came into Rome about the third century,

and partly supplanted the then customary ideal Roman face, is that now commonly used, and he believes its accuracy to be almost without question. In all the pictures under notice he has made the colour of Christ's hair that of "ripe corn."

A passing reference to the various forms of nimbus used by artists elicited from Mr. Westlake the following interesting details:

"Always bear in mind," he said, "that when Christianity was in its infancy its adherents adopted many of the best pagan symbols in order that the people should be able to understand its tenets more readily. The nimbus, originally an emblem of sun worship, one of the most ancient of religions, was used by the earliest depicters of sacred personages, and descended from the Egyptians, who, we are told by Herodotus, were the first of mankind to defend the immortality of the soul. The Egyptians, like all other heathen people of antiquity, regarded the sun as a divinity, as the supreme divinity, because it was the most brilliant and the greatest of the planets, and its beneficial influence fructified all things. The theological conception

The Angel appearing to the Shepherds

of the Egyptian did not stop there, for it sub-divided this one supreme divinity, so to speak, into many other divinities. This trait is also common to all other mythology.

"Reference to the sun as a symbol of light, strength, glory, and fruition, etc., abound in Holy Writ. Joseph saw in his dream the sun, moon, and eleven stars worshipping him. Joshua 'made the sun stand still in the midst of the heavens,' a miracle to which theologians attach an important symbolical meaning. In the Transfiguration, our Lord's face 'shone as the sun.' It is therefore no wonder that the early Christian painters copied this emblem, remembering the peculiar significance attached to it by the ancient Egyptians."

In the very fine altar-piece which heads this article, it is Mr. Westlake's intention to show the Adoration as a kind of benedicite, in which angels and kings, freemen and bondmen, as well as the animal creation, join in one song of praise. It has been my privilege to view many paintings in studio and gallery, but I do not remember any in which the Christ-child's mother is

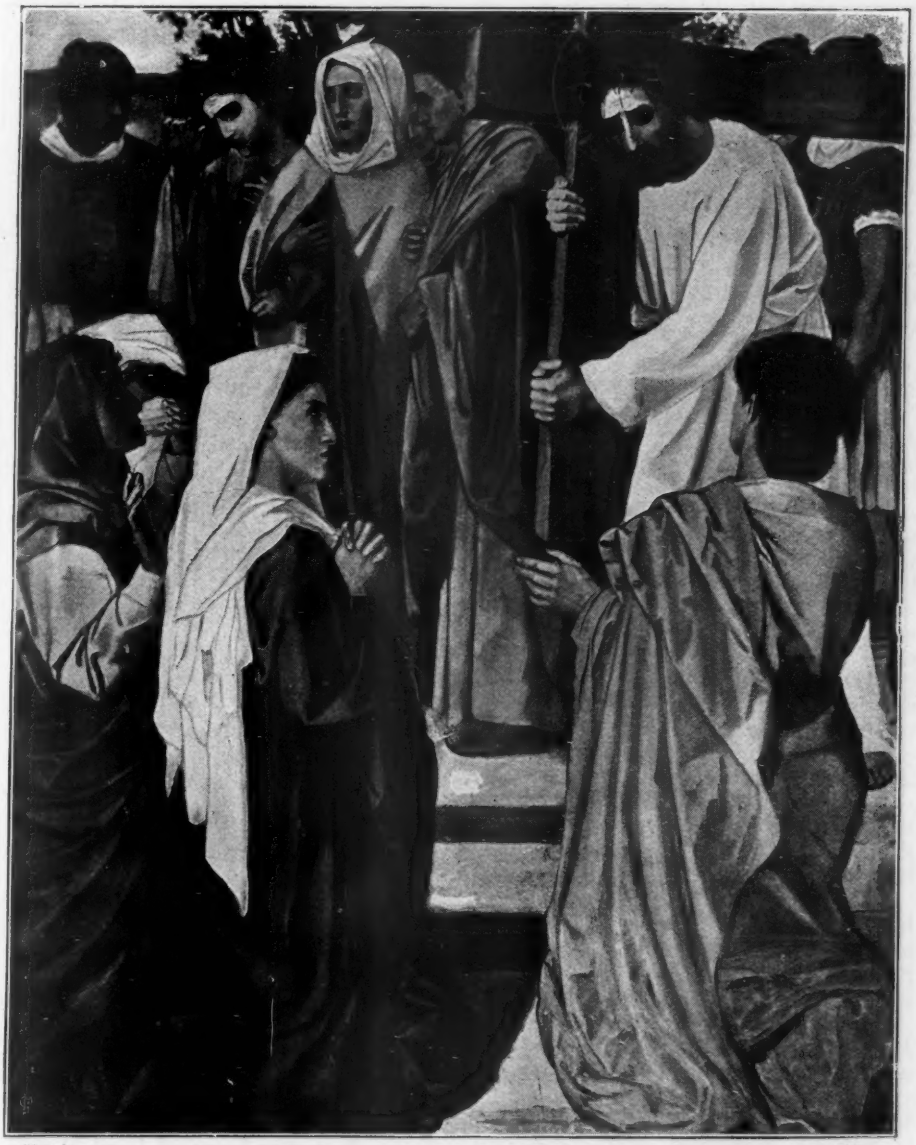


Photo by *Kylana*

The Road to Calvary
From the original painting by N. H. J. Westlake, F.S.A.

more beautiful in either feature or form,

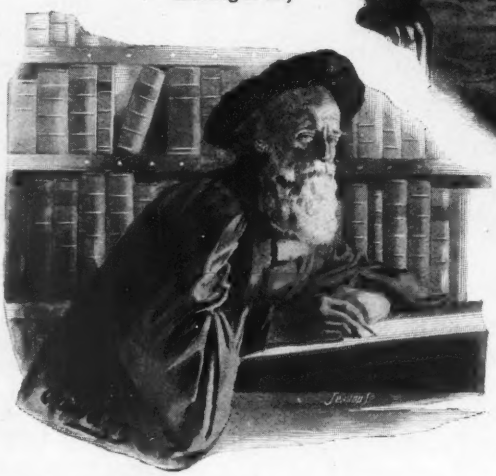
Mr. Westlake has been a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy. Moreover, he is Art Director of the firm of Lavers and Westlake, and their stained-glass work is represented in many churches, including St. Paul's Cathedral and those of Peterborough and Wells.

A knock sounded at the studio door, and as the frame-maker's man passed in I passed out.

HAROLD F. B. WHEELER.

Long Ago

When, long ago,
at end of all his toil,
His morning study, and his
midnight oil,



His one great Work the author had prepared
(By patient hope and length of days endeared),
The waiting nations hailed it from the press.
Poetic friends prefixed each kind address,
Princes and kings received the ponderous Gift,
And ladies read the Work they could not lift.

My Strangest Case

The Story of a Doctor's Fight with Temptation and Death

I

ONE day I had a sudden summons to a strange house. It was a large place, quite on the coast, belonging to a queer old man who never ventured outside his own gates.

Mr. Deering had an unenviable reputation. He never showed himself to his gossiping neighbours; so there were some funny stories afloat about him, and no one quite knew what the owner of Owlet was like. Therefore it was with some curiosity that I rode up the drive and pulled the bell of the great front entrance.

A middle-aged man in livery opened the door, and took me promptly into his master's presence.

Mr. Deering was sitting at the far end of the room by the wood fire—a little, shrunken old man, with a wizen, lined face and thin, claw-like hands.

"Well," he said, after a moment, in a thin, tremulous voice, "are you different to your kind, or are you a fool like the rest of them?"

It was not a courteous greeting, but I forbore telling him so.

"You sent for me professionally, I believe," I said shortly.

"It was certainly not for the pleasure of your society that I asked you to come," he returned sarcastically. "They say you are clever." He looked me up and down as he spoke. "Tell me, can you give me the one thing for which I crave—life?" His voice vibrated oddly, and his sunken eyes gleamed for a moment with a strange radiance. "I want life. Give me that, and you shall bless the day when you entered my doors."

I shook my head. He looked so strange as he bent forward, with one thin hand outstretched, that an uncanny feeling crept over me for a moment that I thought at first he must be mad. That feeling soon vanished. Eccentric he might be, but there was no madness in the glance of those keen, penetrating eyes.

"Then what is the use of science?" he cried, leaning back in the big chair, the eager look dying from his face. "What is the use of it, I want to know?"

"Science cannot give life," I said. "It can only prolong it. God has placed everything else in our hands; but that He has reserved for Himself alone."

"Prolong my life, then. Give me power to live just a month longer. I have never consulted a doctor before; but they told me you were cleverer than the others, so I bade them bring you here. I am dying—no one knows it better than myself—but I don't want to go just yet; I want but one month longer. Let me live till the twentieth of March. Give me that, and I shall double your fee every time you come. Only thirty-one days. It is not much to ask."

I bent nearer to him. The sands of life were running low in his old, worn-out frame, and a glance told me that the end was not far off.

"I will do my best for you," I replied gravely; "and no man can do more than that. I only ask you to place yourself in my hands without question, and do everything I wish."

When my examination was over, I saw his thin hands trembling with an intense nervousness he could not control.

"Well," he said at last, "what consolation can you give me? Am I to die at once, or shall I last till then?"

His question was a difficult one to answer.

"You will require great care," I replied, with a little hesitation, "and no doubt ——"

"Tell me the plain truth, man!" he interrupted irritably. "I have not

studied medicine for nothing, and I know as well as you do that my disorder is incurable. I have no desire to live until I am a burden to my fellow-creatures, but I want to last till the twentieth of March. It is a great matter to me."

"It is very doubtful," I replied. "But with great care on your part, avoidance of all excitement, and strict obedience to my injunctions, there is just a probability you may last another month."

He leant back in his chair, and a great sigh of relief left his lips.

"Thank you," he said, in a low voice, that was strangely different from his usual surly tone. "Your words almost put new life into me, for they give me hope. I trust you to do the best you can for me."

I took his outstretched hand.

"With God's help, I will do my utmost," I replied quietly.

II

THE anxious month was nearly over. There was only one day wanting to complete it, and Mr. Deering was still living. As each day passed he grew visibly weaker, and when March 19th arrived he had been obliged to keep to his bed some days. It was now a very doubtful matter indeed if he would live another twenty-four hours; but the old man was making such a grand fight for life that it was just possible his keen desire to live would help him to last.

A warm friendship had sprung up between us during the last month. My constant attendance on the old man was the very work I needed just then. I wanted something to take off my thoughts from my home troubles, which were growing greater every day.

Money, money! How I longed for it at that time! What would I not have sacrificed to stop my sister's hacking cough, which went through my head like a sharp pain, and made me clench my hands together in a terrible fear. She was all I had—the only being on whom to spend my love, and I had to look on and watch her dying.

On the nineteenth I paid a second visit to Owlet. I was restless, and feeling bitter against all the world. Moreover, Mr. Deering was in great pain, and in such a critical state that my constant attendance was necessary; so after five I rode round again, and put my horse in the stable myself.

It was dark when I entered the drive, but there was a moon shining overhead, and the place looked more ghostly and grim than usual.

Half way up the avenue of trees, suddenly a shadow fell across my path, and the figure of a man stepped out to meet me.

I started back, for stories about the ghostly apparitions seen at Owlet began to crowd into my mind; but after a moment a very human voice broke the silence, and a very earthly face peered into mine.

"Dr. Granville Forbes, I believe?" he said shortly.

"That is my name."

"I want a few words with you in private, sir. You doubtless know who I am?"

"I have not the faintest idea."

"What! You have not heard of George Deering, nephew to the old man up yonder?"

I shook my head. Mr. Deering had never discussed his private affairs with me, and I was even ignorant of the reason why he so longed to live until the morrow. His stern demeanour had forbidden any curiosity on my part.

The young man laughed harshly. The echo of it seemed to linger unpleasantly among the gloom.

"He does not talk of me, I presume?" he said, with a sneer. "How is the half-witted old man, by the way?"

"If you are referring to Mr. Deering, allow me to tell you he is one of the sanest men I ever came across," I replied angrily.

And I turned away.

"Don't go!" He laid a firm hand on my arm. "I have a question or two to ask first. I suppose I have a right to inquire how he is?"

"Mr. Deering is dying."

"Ah!"

His cynical manner went.

"How long do you think he will last?"

"I give and bequeath," read the lawyer, "to my medical adviser, Granville Forbes, the sum of £20,000, as a slight recognition of the services he has rendered me"

"It is impossible to say. A day or two, perhaps—not more."

"A day or two?" he repeated, not taking the trouble to hide the disappointment in his voice. "I understood from what I heard in the village that his death might be expected any moment."

I was silent. It went against the grain somehow to discuss the limit of Mr. Deering's life with his cool-blooded nephew, and yet it struck me that some great issue hung on the fact of his lasting through the night of which the man was well aware.

"Come, doctor," he said at last, "tell me the truth. I am willing to let you into the secrets of the case if you will be candid in your turn."

"I have no desire to hear about Mr. Deering's private affairs," I said stiffly.

"Ah, well, they are not very private, after all! A visit to Somerset House would put all the facts into your possession. My uncle is a very rich man, as I dare say you know; but he has no power to will his money away until he reaches his seventieth birthday. It was an odd clause in my grandmother's will, but she was a wise woman, and knew her son thoroughly well. He was a ne'er-do-well in his youth, and made ducks and drakes of everything he could lay hands on, so she made this will, and it soon put the brake on his downward path.

"Another year of such living would have landed him in his grave; but he pulled up pretty sharp after her death, and began to rebuild his constitution. You see, he did not relish the idea of not being able to portion his money out, and leave it where he liked, so he took every care of himself, and has lived like a recluse ever since. If he lasts until to-morrow, which is his seventieth birthday, he can make a will, but if not——"

"If not?" I repeated, as he paused abruptly. "What then?"

"Well, the money comes to me."

"Why should it not, anyhow?"

He laughed bitterly.

"You do not know my uncle," he said. "He indulged himself freely enough in his youth, but he has no toleration for others when they do the same. He and I quarrelled early in life, and for fifteen years I have been refused admittance into this house. It is his one desire to keep the money away from me, but I am hoping death will step in and stay his hand. It is now ten minutes past seven; if he lasts another five hours I am a ruined man."

I turned away, but once again he moved forward and gripped my arm.

"Dr. Forbes," he said, in a low voice, "is there any chance of his living through these five hours?"

The moonlight fell on his face as he bent nearer, showing up ruthlessly the traces of dissipation written there, and betraying the treacherous gleam in his sunken eyes.

"I pray Heaven he may live till the morning!" I replied, shrinking away from his touch.

"Dr. Forbes," he said again, not one whit abashed by my words, "is there any reason why he should live until the morning?"

I shook off his hand from my arm.

"Listen!" he continued desperately, his eyes burning into mine. "It is an awful matter to me, for it means utter ruin if he lives through these five hours. You know that death must come. What harm would there be in hastening the end?"

"Be silent!" I cried. "Do you know what you are saying?"

"I would make it worth your while," he said eagerly. "And who would be the wiser? You and I could keep the secret between us. I am willing to make you a fair offer. You shall have five thousand down if Deering dies to-night."

The awful words were spoken, and I shivered at their sound.

"Not for double that amount would I do such a thing!" I replied fiercely.

"Then you must be a very prosperous man," said he, with an ugly twist of his lips. "I have never come across anyone yet who would turn calmly away from five thousand pounds. One can do so much with money. It would bring in so many comforts and luxuries, and pay off so many debts. It would lighten so many little burdens. It might, for

instance, save a life. Five thousand pounds would be more than sufficient, you know, to take you and yours to the South of France."

I caught my breath in sudden surprise. Who was this man who knew all the ins and outs of my private life? Where had he gained his information to bait his trap so cunningly?

"Five thousand pounds!" went on the piercing, treacherous voice. "What might it not do? Your sister is so beautiful and so good, and Death is already on her track."

I clenched my hands together in a keen and terrible struggle. He had found out the weak spot in my armour, and man and devil combined were probing their sharp steel into the place. It was a life for a life. An old, frail life against the fair, youthful one of a girl. The one must die. What did it matter if the end came an hour or two sooner? Would it not be kinder to finish it quickly, and put him out of his pain?

And it would be so easy. I had but to withhold the stimulant that was keeping body and soul together, and five thousand would be mine. Who would know? Who would ever guess? While the sister I loved with my whole heart might be given life and health and strength again.

"Ten thousand!" he continued, seeing his advantage, and pushing it hard. "I will double the amount if old Deering dies to-night."

There was a moment's terrible silence. Oh, God forgive me that hesitation! In the time to come deal mercifully with me. It was not for myself. It was for the sister dying at home in her beautiful youth, and all for the want of what money could bring.

A bat came flying out of the gloom, the noise of its wings making an eerie sound in the stillness, and the noise seemed to wake me out of a kind of trance.

Murder! Nothing short of murder! The word seemed to wander round me, and bite into my brain until the trees and woods took up the sound and echoed it into the distance.

What good did blood-money ever bring to man? Could I ever hold up my head again? Could I ever face the sister whose life I had bought at the price of my own honour—at the price of my own soul?

I wrenched my arm from his grasp.

"God forgive me for my weakness in listening to you!" I cried. "I pray He may grant strength to your uncle to live until the morrow. His life is in Higher Hands than mine; but what I can do to prolong it shall be done to the best of my power, so help me God!"

And I turned hurriedly away, and left him alone in the darkness.

III

At a quarter to twelve I waited anxiously by Mr. Deering's bedside. Opposite me stood the old manservant and his wife who had undertaken the nursing with a conscientiousness which had done much towards prolonging their master's life. At the other side of the room a lawyer and his clerk were quietly waiting until twelve o'clock struck, and Mr. Deering's will could be signed and witnessed.

Would he live to write his name on that waiting parchment? I felt as if I should never hold up my head again if he died before midnight, for those few moments of hesitation in the drive were weighing on my heart like lead.

I put my fingers on his pulse. It was growing feebler every minute, and it was visible to everyone in the room that Mr. Deering was sinking very fast.

I glanced at the clock. It only wanted a little over a minute to the hour now. The four others watched their master with strained eyes.

With a prayer on my lips, I took up the glass from the table close by, and held the stimulant to the lips of the dying man. He glanced up at me, and I felt the great lumps rising in my throat, for his look reminded me of a dumb animal in pain, whose lips are closed, and who can only speak its gratitude through its trusting, sympathetic eyes.

The stimulant did its work, and fanned the flickering flame of life. Mr. Deering stirred uneasily, then slightly raised his arm; and at that moment the clock in the old tower began to strike.

One, two, three, four—how clearly it sounded on the night air! Five, six, seven, eight—we bent our heads in prayerful anxiety. Nine, ten, eleven, twelve! The twentieth day had dawned at last.

I gently slipped my arm under his shoulders, and as the last stroke died away the lawyer and his clerk came hastily forward. Mr. Deering had reached his seventieth birthday.

. . . . . .

A week later I attended my patient's funeral, and by special request went back to the house when it was over, to be present at the reading of the will made under such peculiar conditions.

My chilled hands were nothing to my chilled heart. How mournful the bell sounded, tolling in the distance! It seemed almost to foretell another death—the death of a fair young girl, whose life was ebbing slowly away only a few miles beyond.

And yet—ah, I was a happier man to-day than if I had bought her life with the price of my own sin! In spite of the grief at home, in spite of what I knew the future would bring, I could not but breathe a thanksgiving to God, who had led me out of the troubled waters, and brought me safely to shore.

I raised my head. The lawyer was reading Mr. Deering's will, and suddenly my own name caught my ear. He looked across at me, and read out in clear tones so that everybody in the room might hear, the following words:

"I give and bequeath to my medical adviser, Granville Forbes, the sum of twenty thousand pounds, as a slight recognition of the services he has rendered me, and the faithful way he has prolonged my life until my birthday."

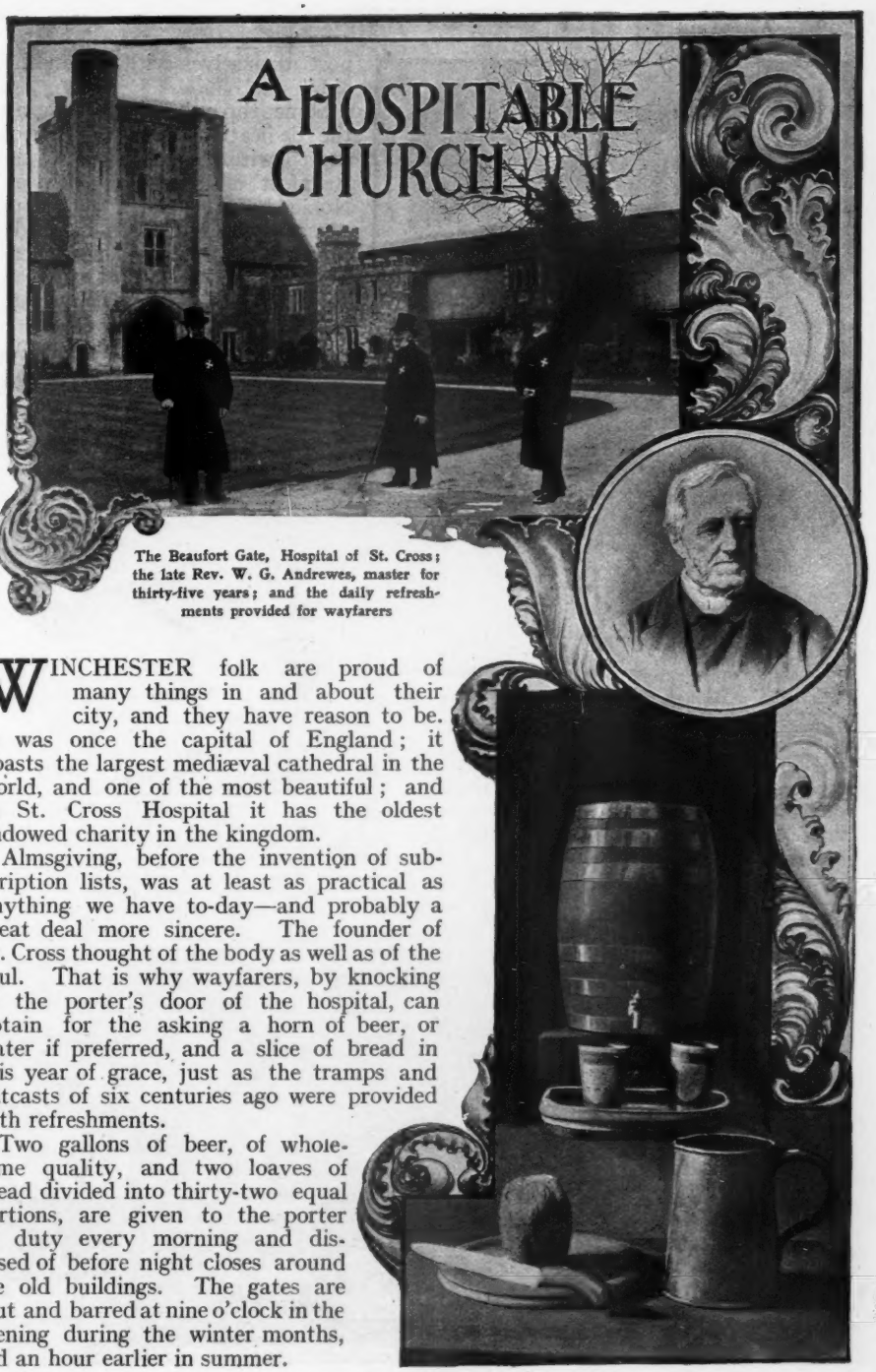
. . . . . .

Some years have passed since then, and as each March the twentieth, each anniversary of that awful night comes round, I live over again my heartfelt thankfulness to Heaven, who saved my sister's life for many a year to come, and who saved me from a crime which would have taken me into utter darkness.

H. M. ROBINS

Jaffa Gate, one of the principal entrances to Jerusalem

A HOSPITABLE CHURCH

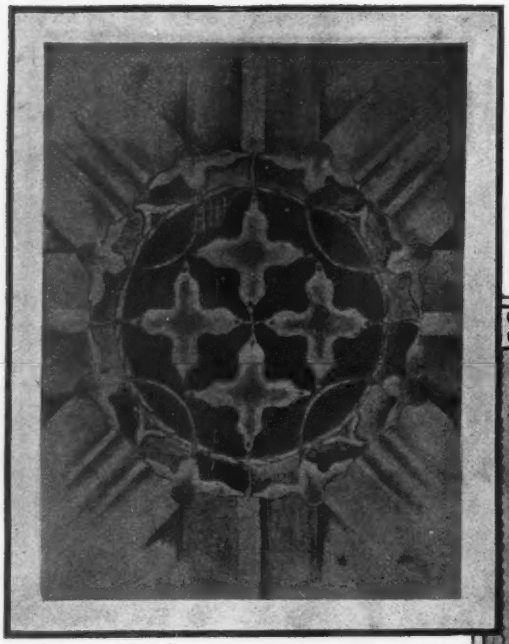


The Beaufort Gate, Hospital of St. Cross; the late Rev. W. G. Andrewes, master for thirty-five years; and the daily refreshments provided for wayfarers

WINCHESTER folk are proud of many things in and about their city, and they have reason to be. It was once the capital of England; it boasts the largest mediæval cathedral in the world, and one of the most beautiful; and in St. Cross Hospital it has the oldest endowed charity in the kingdom.

Almsgiving, before the invention of subscription lists, was at least as practical as anything we have to-day—and probably a great deal more sincere. The founder of St. Cross thought of the body as well as of the soul. That is why wayfarers, by knocking at the porter's door of the hospital, can obtain for the asking a horn of beer, or water if preferred, and a slice of bread in this year of grace, just as the tramps and outcasts of six centuries ago were provided with refreshments.

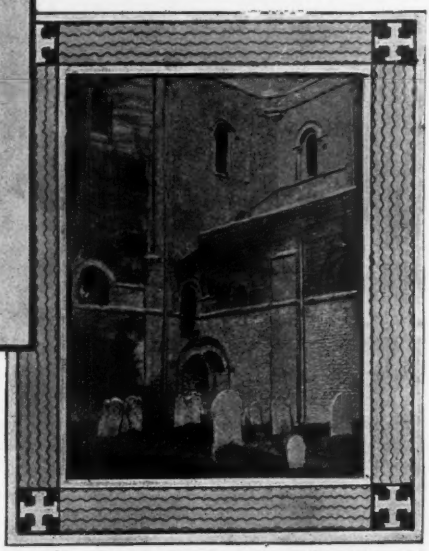
Two gallons of beer, of wholesome quality, and two loaves of bread divided into thirty-two equal portions, are given to the porter on duty every morning and disposed of before night closes around the old buildings. The gates are shut and barred at nine o'clock in the evening during the winter months, and an hour earlier in summer.



The Crown of Thorns on the centre boss of the ceiling of the gate tower

Bishop Henry de Blois, brother of King Stephen, and one of the most warlike prelates who ever held an English see, founded the hospital in 1136 A.D. for the benefit of "thirteen poor men, feeble and so reduced in strength that they can hardly or with difficulty support themselves without another's aid."

Some three hundred years after the dedication of the church connected with the hospital, Cardinal Beaufort added an almshouse of Noble Poverty, intended for poor persons who had been reduced by misfortune from independence to poverty. At that time there were thirty-five brethren and three sisters.



A corner of the churchyard, and two leather jacks and stone saltcellars used by the brethren of the Middle Ages

There are now thirteen members of the original Hospital Foundation, "the poor of Christ," and four brethren of the Noble Poverty Foundation.

Each brother is provided with a pension of eighteen shillings a week and a little house of two rooms, with a garden. The hospitallers of 1906 wear an exact replica of the peculiar black cloth gowns made for their predecessors in the reign of Henry VI. The Noble Poverty pensioners wear a red gown with a cardinal's hat. At Christmas-time new garments are given, and it is against the rule for a brother to discard his official cloak. Each brother wears a Jerusalem cross of silver, and on his death it is laid on his breast until the last sad ceremony is about to take place, when the master removes it and fastens it on the gown of the man elected to succeed the departed brother.

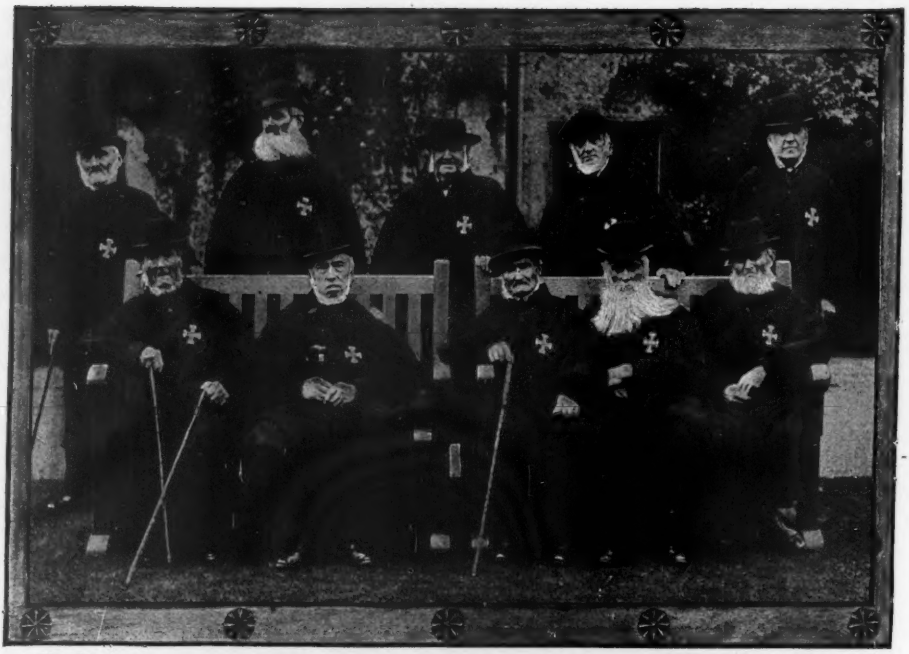
Brethren of the Hospital of St. Cross, Winchester

The houses occupied by the pensioners

Three exhibitors are appointed to show visitors the old place. Formerly a single toll of a bell was given for each member of the hospital to fetch his meal, but this practice has been discontinued. Water is obtained from a little rivulet near by, for the use of which a yearly rent is paid to the Dean and Chapter of Winchester Cathedral.

The great age of the church makes it of more than ordinary interest. It is the finest specimen of the Transition-Norman style extant. On the centre boss of the ceiling of the gate tower is a representation of the Crown of Thorns, an exceedingly beautiful bit of work.

Many links with the past are shown to the visitor, including two leather



Ten Pensioners of St. Cross

jacks, the salt-cellars, pewter dishes, and dinner-bell used during Cardinal Beaufort's time, who is also commemorated by a tower which he caused to be erected in the opening years of the fifteenth century.

The present master of St. Cross Hospital is the Rev. and Hon. Alan Brodrick, a canon of Winchester, and incumbent of the parish of St. Faith. The management is vested in fifteen trustees, including the master, the Dean of Winchester, and the mayor of that ancient city. Its income is about five thousand pounds a year, chiefly derived from tithes in parishes left by those who have long since turned to dust.

Refreshments have been provided free for six centuries

In these exacting days it does one good to think of such a little oasis as this where toilers can spend their remaining days in peace, for the brethren are not necessarily citizens of Winchester, but are chosen from various parts of England. St. Cross is a monastery without monasticism, a charity which makes us proud of our ancestors, and sets a good example to ourselves and to posterity.

The Rector's Mystery

A Serial Story of Deep Human Interest. By Ethel F. Heddle

CHAPTER XVIII

"I AM FRIGHTENED AT LIFE, NOT DEATH"

IT did not seem to surprise Magdalen very much. She stood quite still, Molly by her side; and Molly did not even see who stood behind Francis Oswald's figure in the semi-darkness of the hall, when the front door opened and four men carried in their silent burden.

It was Magdalen who advanced and looked down on the white face.

"Is he dead?"

"We don't know, ma'am. The horse threw him just by Jake's Corner. They have gone for the doctor."

"Carry him upstairs, please," Molly said; and she led the way.

The Oswalds went back into the study, and they waited for the doctor's report. Not a word was sent to them, however.

The dusk fell coldly; the fire, neglected, fell into a little mass of red cinders. George, sitting dejectedly by the window, shivered, as still the time passed and no one came.

"We can't go without news," he said at last. "And yet, Heaven knows, it is natural they should shun us!"

Even as he spoke Magdalen opened the door and looked at Francis. She was very pale, but quite calm, and there was even something like relief on her face.

"Francis," she said, in the old, gentle voice, "Mr. Nugent is here. My brother wishes to see you."

"To see me! Is he better?"

"He will never be better in this world," she answered calmly; "he is dying. Will you come?"

They went out, and poor George was left alone by the dying fire.

Hugh Everton—to use his assumed name—lay with a little flicker of yellow candle-light on his white face, and Oswald knew at once that Magdalen had spoken truly—it was a dying face. Molly knelt by the bed, her arms thrown over him, and the doctor and the rector stood near her.

Everton was quite conscious; he looked up at Francis in recognition, though his finger twitched a little, and his voice was low and rather breathless.

"They tell me you came here to do justice at last; but God has taken it out of your hands, Francis Oswald! I do not blame you. I sent for you to tell you—for perhaps it may ease your mind—that your brother did not die unavenged, if my suffering is vengeance. The rector says it is God's unalterable law—punishment for sin; only the punishment is in His own way, and it is blended with mercy. We reap what we sow.

"I sent for you to tell you that. I suffered for my mad act horribly, and yet He knows my provocation. You had no sister, perhaps; you never saw a gentle and innocent woman, your own blood, tortured slowly, shamed, raged at, insulted!

"But I had no right to take the law of His vengeance into my own hands." He paused, panted a moment, and looked up at the rector. "What were the words you quoted, Mr. Nugent, showing me that, after all, I did not see that God was leading me back to Him by my very suffering?"

"The Lord is merciful, because He renders to every man according to his works. He does not leave us alone, Mr. Everton."

"No," the dying man repeated feebly; "He does not leave us alone."

There was a pause then, and Oswald moved slightly and uneasily. Then the dying eyes reopened. Magdalen fancied they looked at Francis yearningly; but the heart of Paul Oswald's brother—or what we called his heart—was not touched. He only felt that somehow justice was going to be avoided after all. The murderer would escape.

"So, you see, I suffered," Everton repeated mechanically — "I suffered. Cain hides himself from all the world, but not from God! But now—now I am not afraid to die. Death is better than life—far better, for God is kinder than man. Mr. Nugent says He will understand. I think that is all I had to say."

It was dismissal—a sad dismissal. Even now would there not be one word of peace? The death river was so near his feet! He would have liked to have seen only forgiveness and peace on the faces that went with him down to the margin of the shadowy stream. But Oswald said never a word. He moved to the door, Magdalen's eyes following him, Molly motionless; and then the rector went out, too, and they joined George in the study.

"I suppose he is dying?" Francis said then, taking up his hat. "We need not stay. This is a curious coincidence that we should arrive to-day. He has told you all?"

"I knew the story partly before, but not the part he played in it. Ah, George!"

The young man wrung his hand.

"Mr. Nugent, how is she?"

"Molly? She is dazed, I think, but Mrs. Sinclair will remain here. They will cling together, and I think in times such as these there is usually a merciful blunting of the senses at first. You are going, Francis? May I not take back a message of peace to the dying man?"

The two faced each other, and Oswald slightly frowned.

"What peace can there be between him and me?"

"Wrongs greater than yours are forgiven. 'We do pray for mercy, and that same prayer doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy.' Francis, when you come to die, will the pleading look in that man's eyes upstairs haunt you?"

"I remember my brother. I do not deal with sentiment, Nugent! I have nothing to say to him."

The rector sighed, and George opened his lips impatiently; but Oswald had begun to speak.

"Of course, I shall do no more in the matter. The story may die out now. Are you ready, George?"

"I could not see her, Mr. Nugent?"

"No, not now; I am going upstairs to wait till the end. But later—only give her time, George—you can tell her of your pity and your sympathy. She will be a little desolate at first. If she will, later, I hope she will come to us at the rectory."

"You are the best man in the world!" poor George cried. "I won't keep you. Tell her, when you can, that I will love her for ever! Good-bye! God bless and reward you!"

And then he was gone. Francis had already sent for the fly, and the two brothers entered and drove off. Neither spoke a word. Francis Oswald's face was set like a mask. Perhaps—who knows?—already that white, death-cold face haunted him, and those pleading eyes. "When he came to die"! Pshaw! Of course, it was the rector's rôle to talk in that fashion. Death was not anywhere near him. He was only just, that was all, and required justice!

. . . . .

The October night fell sadly and darkly, and only the candle by the sick man's pillow illumined the little Prayer-book from which Mr. Nugent read the words of peace and comfort.

Hugh Everton, dying slowly, slipping out of this sad world with these two loving faces by his side, their hands holding his, felt a strange peace. He had repented truly, he believed. He left the rest with God. He had said truly, "He was frightened at life, not death."

And then, as the mists seemed to close round him, and from somewhere afar off he fancied he could hear Molly singing

"Crossing the Bar," he thought he was back by the Argyllshire sea-coast, where he and Magdalen had lived, and the tide —"too full for sound and foam"—was coming in. And he and Magdalen were seated by the rocks, and she was bright, and young, and happy once more; and there was no pain in his heart at all, and no remorse. He only saw the slow, full tide creeping over the rocks and the distant hills of Mull purple, shadowy, and with a golden glory beyond their peaks; they were like the hills of heaven.

"I am quite happy," he thought. "If this is dying, it is only like a slipping out with the tide. My sins are washed away —all washed away!"

And then the rector's voice broke in upon this strange, glad dream, and he opened his eyes.

"Break not the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax. Shut not up Thy tender mercies, but make him to hear of joy and gladness. Deliver him from fear of the enemy, and lift up the light of Thy countenance upon him and give him peace—yes, peace, peace—silvery, hallowed peace!"

Molly's hand touched the rector, and she pointed.

He looked down. The prayer was answered. Death, touching the white face suddenly, brought with it no fear and no torment. For peace had sealed it, and Hugh Everton—dead—was at rest at last.

CHAPTER XIX

THE FLIGHT

AFTER the storm comes a calm, but in the calm we have time to look round and see the ruin and the wreckage which the angry waves and winds have made in our lives. And this was what Molly Everton was doing now.

Unfortunately, both for her and Magdalen, on the day after her father's death Mr. Nugent was telegraphed for to go to the Riviera, where his only sister lay, the telegram said, at the point of death, and he had been obliged to leave at a very few hours' notice, after arranging that a cousin should come to the rectory so as to leave Magdalen free to remain with Molly.

Both felt instinctively as if a wall of strength were gone; and yet, after a little, Magdalen, for one, thought that perhaps it was better that they should be alone—alone to decide what they should do and how they must face life.

The rector, in his generosity, would only sacrifice himself; he would plead with her, he would perhaps overrule her, he would take her broken and wounded life and share her burden—and that could never be!

For both Magdalen and Molly had little faith in Francis Oswald. He had refused even a glance of pity; he would make all the story known. And, though Hugh Everton was far beyond the reproach of the world, they could not stay here to bear the exposure and the shame.

"We should only bring disgrace and publicity on those we love," Molly said, her young voice grown hard and cold. "We must go away, Magdalen, away from here, and hide ourselves! We are innocent, but we must suffer, and the only thing we can do is to let no one else suffer with us! My father was right—George and I can never see each other again. After all, life's not very long—only it seems long to me! I am only eighteen, and even you, Magdalen, you are only thirty. We have a good long time before us in which to be lonely—in which to remember."

Something was wrong with Molly. The blow, crushing though it was at first, had been deadened by its very weight, as the rector has said; but now she seemed one vast ache of pain, and Magdalen let herself be swept away by the girl's will.

"We will go to London, and tell no one," Molly said. "If people knew, they would judge as he—Francis Oswald—judged; and refuse pity, as he did! The world is very cruel and hard; I cannot bear to look anyone in the face! I think how they would condemn him and pity me. My poor father! Oh, if I had only known—if I could only have helped him all these years! How he suffered!—how you suffered!"

Instinctively Magdalen felt that Oswald's harshness had had its effect on Molly. The girl was warped and bitter. She would not—or, rather, she could not

—even stand pity; she shrank from caress. If the rector had been there he might have found the healing herb for this wounded spirit, but he was not there. Magdalen let herself be persuaded by Molly to secret flight, and the last blow fell when she visited the rectory and overheard a sentence spoken by the married cousin who had come to take charge of Lady Elizabeth and Luline.

Molly had not accompanied her, for she was packing, but Magdalen could not leave without a kiss from Luline. The child, in a dirty little pinafore and with a tear-stained face, had cast herself upon her friend. "It was so dull without Maga!" But even while Magdalen held her close she overheard Mrs. Vickers in the next room, and her pale face flushed and her ears tingled.

"Oh, yes; thank goodness, she is gone! A scheming little adventuress, I think! A nobody from nowhere! A woman with a history! And dear Rex, with his talents, might marry anyone! The bishop is longing to remove him to London. If he married this woman his career would be horribly handicapped, if not ruined. Naturally, people will ask who she was; but she is gone for the present."

"Maga, you will stay and have tea with Luline? She's awful cross, and she slaps Spot—says he must go to the stables. Maga dear, you'll stay?"

But Magdalen rose hastily, and she unfastened the clinging arms. Later, she remembered how the child sobbed chokingly as she drew on her gloves, her face smarting, her heart smarting, too, with the sound of these words. And she nearly melted; she loved her so dearly! But not now—not now!

"Maga must go, darling," she said, pressing the wet face to hers hungrily. "My little darling, my treasure! It is cruel—cruel! But be good, my darling, and father will be home soon. Father is the best and kindest man in the world. Good-bye, my Luline—my little love!"

The passion of her dry-eyed grief stilled Luline. With large wet eyes she gazed into the tearless ones; and then Magdalen put her down hastily, and she did not look back as she closed the rectory door, though she told herself that she had shut it behind her for ever.

CHAPTER XX

LULINE'S ACCIDENT

THE rector returned, full of plans for Molly. She must come to the rectory at once. They must soothe the poor bruised and wounded spirit, and let "Time's gentle hand" do the rest. If George loved her as truly as he appeared to do, Mr. Nugent, for one, saw no insurmountable barrier to their marriage.

The past was sad and tragic, but he did not consider that it should mar two innocent lives. His sister was better, too, and Magdalen would now return to the rectory. Now that no shadow of secrecy lay between them, and that he knew all, she would surely listen to him! His love was patient enough to wait. Ah, surely she would listen!

It was a dreary day when he drove through the little village on his return, and it seemed completely deserted. Even Miss Gubbins's inquisitive nose was absent from the post-office window, and the rain dripped drearily from the housetops. The rector, his mind full of the two women, thought cheerfully that they would be in the drawing-room expecting him.

Magdalen would have lit his favourite wood fire; tea would be ready in the pretty Wedgwood cups. Luline, in her best pinafore, would be dancing near her beloved "Maga"; there would be chrysanthemums in the oddly-shaped Parisian vase Magdalen was so fond of. Ah, yes, it was sweet to be at home once more!

He had forgotten his cousin altogether; but when he stood in the hall he suddenly heard music issuing from the drawing-room, and he paused to listen. Those modern waltzes were not played with that hard, metallic touch by either Magdalen or Molly. And then he remembered Mrs. Vickers, and smiled at his own forgetfulness. His heart was so full of the pale face and gentle, tender eyes of Magdalen, his love, that he forgot that any other woman lived.

And then the rector's heart chilled just

"So, you see, I suffered," the dying man repeated mechanically. "Cain hides himself from all the world, but not from God!"

a little with a shadowy foreboding of trouble when he opened the drawing-room door. There was a fire, but not of logs; there was no tea—no flowers; and the only figure in the room was that of Clara Vickers, in her trim gown of a severe shape. Magdalen had been wont to wear a dove-coloured cashmere tea-gown at this hour, with a little fine lace, yellow and cobwebby, at her neck. Where was Magdalen?

"Good gracious, Rex! I did not expect to see you for an hour! The train is surely early?"

She was a matter-of-fact woman, but the words were scarcely a cordial welcome, though Mr. Nugent only smiled.

"No, I believe it was just up to time. What a disagreeable day! And where are the others?"

Mrs. Vickers was putting her waltzes together. She looked annoyed for a moment.

"What others?"

"Mrs. Sinclair and Molly Everton, and my little girl. Luline!"

He called her, going to the door. After his brief absences, before, Luline had always been watching for him; there had been a rush of hurrying feet, two arms thrown around his neck, a little soft face kissing him ecstatically; and Magdalen, standing near, had smiled with her happiest look.

"I shall fetch her in a moment," Mrs. Vickers said hastily. "But sit down, and I will ring for tea."

"And the others? And my mother? I shall go to her now, Clara."

"Aunt Elizabeth is asleep!" Mrs. Vickers cried hastily. "Do sit down, Rex, and be comfortable!"

"Is Mrs. Sinclair out?"

"How you harp on her!" And she laughed disagreeably. "I'm sure I don't know where she is, Rex. You know I never took to the lady. She was much too quiet and secretive for my taste. People who are not open and above-board don't attract me, though you men are always fond of a little mystery. They used to call her 'The Rector's Mystery,' I believe?"

She had rung for the tea, which Sarah brought at once; but the rector had not sat down, and he was looking before him as if the lady's voice jarred on some nerve.

"Not here?" he said quietly, taking no notice of the concluding remarks. "Where is she?"

"That is what no one knows. She does not act like ordinary people, you know. She is theatrical. She and Molly Everton vanished one day, leaving no trace behind them. You are not the only inquirer. I had that nice George Oswald down here, wanting Miss Everton's address. He is just off for Singapore, it seems. I told him I knew nothing about the young lady, and he said he would write to you."

"She did not return here, then—Mrs. Sinclair, I mean?"

"No! Why should she? I was here. And I am quite ready to take her place, Rex, till Gerald comes back. I abhor India, the climate was killing me; and it is natural you should prefer a relative to a stranger. She was ruining Luline. The child is hopelessly spoilt. I was obliged to punish her to-day."

"To punish Luline?" And there was a sudden sparkle of surprised anger in the rector's eyes. "What had she done? Where is she?"

"In spite of my prohibition, she took the dog, Spot, to bed with her. Most unhealthy!"

"He was accustomed to sleep always at the foot of her crib, on a mat on the floor."

"Most unhealthy, and I forbade it! She coolly came down while I was asleep, and took him up. Said he was crying. And she would not give in. You and Mrs. Sinclair have done your best to ruin her, Rex! She——"

"Clara, will you tell me where the child is?" the rector said, almost sharply, and he put down the tea she handed. "I am sorry she was disobedient, but she would not understand, after being allowed to have him. Where is she?"

"She was so naughty, I locked her up in the old school-room," the lady answered, a red spot of annoyance on her face, the truth being that she had forgotten all about the culprit.

But the rector, with a hasty, "Locked

her up! I never allowed that!" made a quick step to the door.

Mrs. Vickers followed, and they mounted the shallow stairs to the top storey. There, by the school-room door, the nurse was waiting, and as they approached they could hear her calling through the keyhole to her charge.

"Miss Luline, dearie, it's your own nursie. Why don't you answer, Miss Luline? It's nursie. Nursie will stay here beside you now, and master will be home to-night, and he'll never let the cruel lady——"

But the rector, with the sternest look she had ever seen on his face, had put her gently aside. Then he turned the door-handle, calling sharply: "Luline!"

There was no answer.

"Here is the key. You need not be alarmed, Rex. My mother always locked us up. She is probably sulky."

He made no answer at all. He took the key from her hand and turned it quickly. At first they could see nothing, for it was quite dark; and then the nurse, better accustomed to the geography of the room, ran towards the high window, which had a wide, old-fashioned ledge, filled in the summer with flower-pots. This ledge could be reached by mounting a chest of drawers which stood near, and at first the rector thought that the child had climbed up, and must be asleep among the flower-pots.

But the nurse was bending on the floor, and his heart seemed to stand still.

"She's climbed up and fallen back!" the woman cried. "I saw her do it one day; she put her feet on the handles. She was so terrified of the dark. I heard her sobbing for an hour, and then she was quiet, and I just run down for my tea. Oh, sir, is she—is she dead? The lady forbade me to stay!"

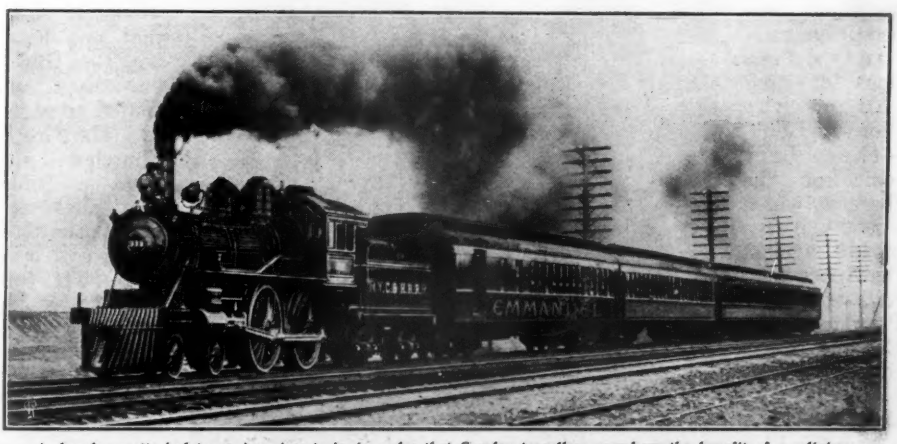
The rector had lifted the child in his arms. She lay quite motionless—the pretty head, "running over with curls," fell back on his shoulder! There was no scar on her face, nor any mark. He felt the little chubby limbs. Was it her back?

"Rex! Is she hurt?"

"I do not know how badly," he said, not looking at her. "Send Lee off at once for the doctor, nurse! We must not wake Lady Elizabeth. Get a light, and put her crib ready!"

He took no notice of Mrs. Vickers. His face was white and set; suddenly it seemed to have aged years. His little treasure! Ah, if Magdalen had been here, Luline would be laughing in her arms now!

(To be continued)



A chapel car attached to an American train in order that Sunday travellers may have the benefit of a religious service en route. Although the carriage is comparatively small, it is perfectly equipped. One end is partitioned off into a dining-room and bed-room, a kitchen and sitting-room. These are for the evangelist and his wife. The success of the scheme has completely justified the promoters, and other cars have been added to the original stock

Why the Apocrypha Should be Better Known

By the Rev. Herbert Pentin, M.A., Vicar of Milton Abbey, Dorset, and Warden of the International Society of the Apocrypha

THE Archbishop of Canterbury recently surprised many Church people and others by expressing his desire "that a systematic effort should be made to extend the knowledge of people generally about the Apocrypha, and to encourage its more careful study." The surprise was natural, as the books of the Apocrypha are regarded by the majority of British people as worthless, if not positively dangerous. "A deadly snare for the souls of men;" "a human composition replete with error, which wickedly assumes to be a revelation from heaven;" "abundantly interspersed with falsehoods, false doctrines, superstitions, and contradictions of itself and of the Word of God"—these are some of the charges which have been hurled against the Apocrypha. And yet the Primate of All England desires that these despised books should be more carefully studied! Why?

One reason, doubtless, is because the Apocrypha is a portion of the Church's Bible. It is not generally known, and yet it is quite true, that the only Bible which has legal and official, besides ecclesiastical warrant—the Bible on which the Sovereign is sworn—contains the Apocrypha. And this complete Bible is also the Bible of the Churches of the East and West.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, of Lincoln, once said:

"If you carry a Bible without the Apocrypha into Greece, Asia, and Palestine—*i.e.*, into those very countries whence the Gospel derived its origin and language—you would be told that you have not the Bible, but only a mutilated copy of it. The Greek Church will not have a Bible that does not contain the apocryphal books. If you pass over to France and Italy, or to Spain and Portugal, and endeavour to circulate such Bibles among the people, they will immediately say: 'This

His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury leaving St. Paul's Cathedral after taking part in a service

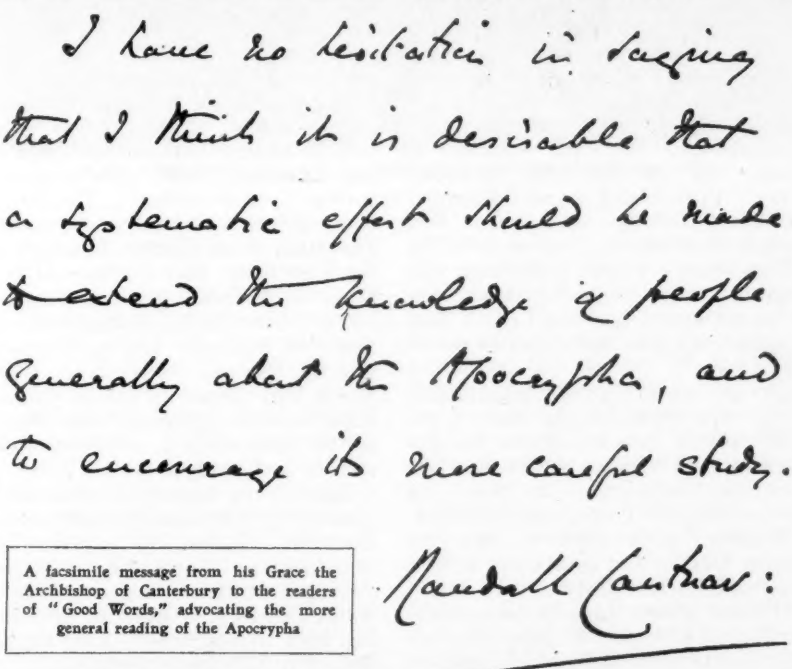
may be an English Bible, but it is not the Bible of Christendom. It excludes books which the Eastern and Western Churches have never ceased to read from the earliest times to this hour.'"

British people, therefore, should familiarise themselves with the unfamiliar Apocrypha, which is a portion of the Bible of the Holy Church Universal.

Another reason why the Apocrypha should be better known is because it supplies the blank leaf between Malachi and Matthew, and contains the Jewish history of several centuries—those "silent centuries" immediately preceding the coming of Christ.

At the end of the Old Testament we see the Persian monarchy in the ascendency; at the beginning of the New Testament Rome is the mighty Power. We can go to the Apocrypha to know how this came about. In the Old Testament the Jews speak Hebrew; in the New Testament the language of the people is Hellenic. What has produced this change? The Apocrypha again gives us the key.

In the Old Testament the age-long tendency of the Jews is towards idolatry; in the New Testament idolatry is a thing abhorred by the Jews. Why this revolution of feeling? Once more, in the Apocrypha we may find some of the causes of this remarkable change. In the Old Testament we have no mention of the sects of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees; in the New Testament they are prominent. When did they arise? And the answer is—in the Age of the Maccabees.



A facsimile message from his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury to the readers of "Good Words," advocating the more general reading of the Apocrypha

In fact, the Apocrypha is the connecting link between the Old and New Testaments; it describes one of the most heroic and patriotic struggles in the history of the world—"a story inspiring enough to be inspired"—and it also illustrates the development and transition of Jewish thought generally.

And, besides this, the Apocrypha contains some of the literature of the Jews between the last book of the Old Testament and the first of the Gospels. In the Apocrypha there are poems, sonnets, essays, epigrams, prose hymns,

prayers, confessions, visions, wisdom writings, proverbs, and solid history itself.

It is true, of course, that the books are not inspired in the same degree as the canonical Scriptures; yet, as the Dean of Westminster has pointed out, the Jewish people were an inspired people, and therefore even their national literature is an inspired literature, although the tide of inspiration was not in full flow during the period when there was "no prophet more." But of books most deserving of study by Christian men and women, the Apocrypha should be given precedence of all others after the Old and New Testaments.

This is its rightful claim—a claim which is acknowledged by the Church of England; for she not only borrowed for her Prayer-book and Homilies much from the Apocrypha, but has incorporated no mean portion of it in her Lectionary, besides officially describing the collection of books as "the other books which the Church doth read for example of life and instruction of manners."

There are quotations or adaptations from the Apocrypha in the Holy Communion Service, in some of the Sunday collects, in the Litany, the Marriage Service, the Visitation of the Sick, the Burial Service, the Commination Service, the Prayers to be used at Sea, the Accession Service, and in the old service of King Charles the Martyr.

Forty-four lessons from the Apocrypha are still read each year in those churches which maintain the daily offices, and no fewer than seventy-five texts from the Apocrypha are quoted in the Homilies.

The literature of the Apocrypha, too, as literature, has appealed to many of our most famous British poets and authors — Caedmon, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Sheridan, Coleridge, Matthew Arnold, George Herbert, Charles Kingsley, George Eliot, Tennyson, Ruskin, and Keble. And no wonder! The Book of Wisdom is full of eloquent and sublime sayings on God, the soul, and immortality. Ecclesiasticus is "one of the noblest of uninspired compositions, if indeed the author so full of faith and holy fear can be regarded as wholly uninspired." It is another wisdom book, containing in part "a manual of household discipline" composed of thoughtful essays and homely maxims charged with sanctified commonsense, sometimes with humour.

The Book of Judith "is a good, serious, brave tragedy;" "a novel with a purpose;" "a holy and useful book, elevated, pious, chaste in thought and expression." The Book of Tobit is "an idyllic picture of Jewish home-life;" "an elegant, pleasing, and godly book;" "a truly beautiful, wholesome and profitable poem, the production of a skilled poet." In the Apocalypse of Esdras the great problems of human existence and human destiny are perhaps more boldly and reverently faced than in any other ancient sacred writing. The Prayer of Manasses is a noble confession of sin. The Song of the Three Children contains the Benedicite, that stirring aid to adoration which finds a place in the morning service of the Church of England. In the Story of Susanna, and in Bel and the Dragon, there are some of the traditions which were bound to cluster around the popular name of Daniel. The First Book of the Maccabees is a history-book "of sterling and incalculable worth."

Indeed, the Apocrypha is a wonderful manual of devotional and instructive literature. It is "a portion of the unconscious 'Præperatio Evangelica,' paving the way for the central event in the world's history." And its lasting value has been well summed up by the present Bishop of Winchester, who says:

"The Apocrypha forms part of the literature of the age upon which the Wisdom and the Love of God descended in the form of a servant. The Apocrypha, much as men despise it, formed, as it were, part of the air which He deigned to breathe.

"I need say no more of its value. The truth about the time and the people into which He was born must be scrutinised from every aspect. The literature of the Apocrypha furnishes one such aspect. In the history of all histories we cannot afford to ignore the witness of this group of writings." HERBERT PENTIN.

ENGLAND'S BEDOUINS.

A gang of trench-miners isolated in a hut settlement many miles from the nearest town

THE average navvy is a pessimist; it would be strange if he were not. His class is one of the most neglected in the commonwealth; he is a Bedouin on English soil, creating great works and carrying out the commandment of the All-Father to "subdue the earth." He is unappreciated because it is the fashion to extol purely mental labour nowadays. If his brain power were equal to his bodily energy the tables would be turned; he would be housed in a mansion instead of a wooden shanty.

One hundred thousand specimens of "humanity in the rough" wander up and down the United Kingdom from one public work to another. A soldier on active service is employed in what is called a "dangerous calling," but the working navvy is always in the danger zone. "For every £30,000 to £33,000 value of work done," says Sir John Jackson, one of our greatest contractors, "one man is killed. Thus," he continues, "if you take a contract of a million you have thirty men killed; or if you take a contract such as that I am now carrying out at Devonport, worth something over £3,000,000, you have to reckon at the ordinary estimate that over one hundred men will be killed." Every mile of railway has cost a navvy a limb, and each tunnel has involved the loss of from one to twenty lives.

The navvy is Nature's rival to the physical culture professor—he is the real thing. During the course of a day he will wheel a hundred tons of earth in barrows a distance of twenty yards or more, and if his lifting power were computed by the number of spadefuls he takes from Mother Earth it would average between thirty and forty tons. This is not rush work by any means, but the ordinary labour of an ordinary navvy on an ordinary day.

During the last thirty-five years—since the formation of the Navvy Mission, that is—a great change has taken place in the habits and environment of these toilers. Formerly they were little better than outcasts, and herded together in the roughest of shanties and the lowest of drink-shops, erected on the settlement in defiance of the law. Sunday was called "hair-cutting and dog-washing day," and a fight was frequently included in the programme, more often than not followed by a gamble and a debauch.

"To-day practically every large settlement in England and Wales," writes Mrs. Charles Garnett, one of the founders of the society, "has its mission and reading room or schools, its temperance societies, and often much-needed ambulance classes." And this transformation has been largely brought about by the initial efforts of a clergyman dying of

consumption and a woman whose only means were a great and abiding faith and single-hearted devotion to the cause she had at heart. After all, what better equipment could one have? Faith has removed many mountains.

The men who are preaching the Gospel to their fellows are converted navvies. A clergyman would not be tolerated by many of the men, but few of them can resist the pleadings of an old "mate." And while it is certainly in the province of a minister to seek out these wandering tribes, it is frequently not in his power to do so, for the simple reason that the settlements are often far removed from the haunts of men. I know but two experiments undertaken by ministers to really reach the navvy's heart, and they were both carried out in the United States, and were completely successful.

The pioneer in this work became a truck-hand, a miner, a glass-blower, and a ditch-digger in his endeavour to woo his fellow-labourers to Christ. His name is the Rev. George L. McNutt, and he tackled the problem in the Pennsylvanian town of Alexandria. Put in his own words, he wanted to learn "why Pat does not go to church."

He found the only institution for recreation was the public-house, although the aggregate wages paid every week to the inhabitants amounted to some £7,000. Mr. McNutt bought a plot of land, and with his little son collected cobble-stones and sugar-boxes—anything, in fact, that might come in useful as building material. They straightened out barrel-staves for the roof and the wainscoting of the room.

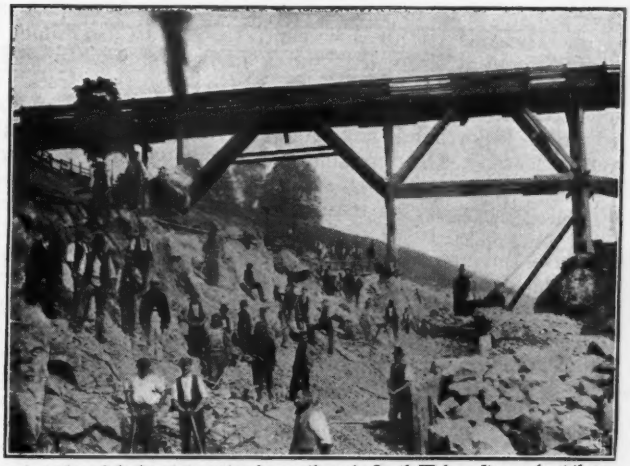
The club-room was declared open, and the public-houses were gradually depleted of many customers. Not because the little house was either so cosy or so elaborately decorated, but because its builder had expounded Christianity in a practical way by living it and working hand in hand with the toilers. Kid-glove piety makes the horny-handed sons of toil mad.

The congregation of a Sunday afternoon service for navvies when the idea was first tried. Before long the room was crowded out

One of our photographs shows a portion of the heaviest cutting on the new railway to South Wales. It was about three miles long and seventy feet deep in places. The fact that one and three-quarter million cubic yards of lias stone—a weighty material which has to be blasted in the first instance—had to be removed conveys but a faint impression of the magnitude of the task.

During the dinner-hour a bright religious meeting was held in the cutting, the congregation of 450 workers sitting around

munching bread and cheese, when not joining lustily in the hymns. A whole gang was persuaded to give up gambling, and asked for pocket Testaments. As one of the men remarked: "If I were suddenly called Home I would sooner meet Christ with a Testament in my pocket than a pack of cards." One ganger was so impressed by what the missioner said that he promptly offered him the use of his hut for Gospel lantern services because the regular mission-hall happened to be situated some distance from the area under his supervision.



A portion of the heaviest cutting for a railway in South Wales. It was about three miles long and seventy feet deep in places

Many hundreds of navvies are now engaged in excavating the site of the new Avonmouth Docks. The contractors erected a building for the men at their own expense, which was opened by Dr. Forrest Browne, the popular Bishop of Bristol, in whose diocese the works are situated. He testifies to the immense improvement in the morale of the men. The bishop says: "I won't mention names, but I am bound to say that if the Avonmouth Docks had not done anything further for me than bringing into my district two such men as those two navvy missioners, I should say thank God for the Avonmouth Docks, the influence and power they have, and the military vigour with which they exercise their power. Well, if only we of the clergy could be as imperative and determined in dragging people away from evil and saying, 'My friend, you sha'n't!' I think we should be more effective than we are."

A Gospel chat in one of the highways of the nomadic "submerged tenth"

The trench-miner's life is anything but cheerful. More often than not he has to spend his working hours in slush and mud. The gang photographed were making a large trench for the Newcastle Corporation in the North of England, twenty miles from a railway-station, and isolated in a hut settlement miles away from the nearest town. The Navvy Mis-

sion got to hear of the works, and it at once became one of their centres. A reading-room was erected and a night-school established, which was a God-send to many a poor fellow unable to read or write. Shorthand was taught to the more educated, while cooking and ambulance work occupied the spare time of others, for it must be remembered that these men have to be their own housekeepers, and are frequently called upon to render first-aid to the wounded.

Sometimes an engineering feat has to be performed at or near a town. Then the wives and families of the men employed move with them and invade the place. A building estate cannot be created in a moment, although the jerry builder has frequently all but succeeded in doing so, and, as accommodation is limited, the landlords promptly raise the rent of their houses—at least, they call them houses. Frequently they have been condemned, but as the visit may be of a transitory character, the upholders of the Law wink at its breach. These rookeries are usually in places locally reputed to "bear a bad name." If the sunshine does occasionally find its way down the courts, the rain is equally enterprising in seeking out the worst parts of the roof.

A Navvy Missioner tells me that he recently accompanied a minister down one of these highways of the nomadic "submerged tenth." He led him to a court where Bible reading was going on, and his astonishment was great when he saw the eager way the little crowd of sad-eyed men and women listened to the Word.

"I do not find such eagerness among my congregation of educated men and women," the onlooker remarked, with conviction.

"The poor have the Gospel preached unto them," and often it is a revelation. Their idea of Christianity is usually limited to some vague notion about church-going and Sunday clothes. Sometimes it develops, and hearts and homes are cleansed; for these people who live and move and have their being in the roughest of shelters can appreciate the life of One who was born in a place as rude as that in which their own children are born, and who loved the lowly.

Sometimes an enterprising man with a little capital will open a lodging-house to accommodate the navvies. At one place of this kind a missioner found that nearly a hundred men were quartered. On making inquiries, he was told that it was useless to think about approaching them—in fact, it had been pronounced as hopeless. Then the missioner heard that the proprietor had been a tunnel-miner on a previous work he himself had been engaged upon, and that the lodging-house keeper's wife had taken note of the missioner's care of a sick navvy. The deed, long since forgotten by the humble worker for Christ, had been registered to the credit of the Navvy Mission. Very soon a regular Sunday afternoon service was begun, in which both proprietor and proprietress joined.

Here are some of the rules of the house as they stand to-day:

1. This lodging-house is open from 4.30 in the morning until 10.30 in the evening. (Window-tappers will not be heard.)

2. Lodgings: 6d. per night payable in advance; seven nights, 3s. if paid weekly.

5. Washing of clothes on Sundays will not be allowed.

6. The proprietor desires that lodgers will get all their cooking done by 2 p.m. on Sundays, as the District Navvy Missioner conducts a meeting from 3 to 4.

7. Bad language and gambling is not allowed.

For nearly two years the Gospel has been preached in what was deemed a hopeless quarter, a striking example of the doing of the apparently impossible.

On all sides we hear the cry of "Back to the land." The navvy is an exaggerated back-to-the-lander—a man who is obliged by force of circumstances to spend the greater part of his life under depressing conditions. He digs, but he sees no golden harvest; he sows, and others reap. He brings great public works into being; he works in discomfort that others may live in comfort. Maybe we cannot alter his physical environment, but we can at least send him the Message.

FELIX BAKER.

A Complete Story. By a Popular Author

THE Rev. Stephen Badstone sat in his study one morning, with a half-finished sermon on the table before him, in a most unchristianlike frame of mind.

The demons of envy and jealousy were raging unchecked within him, and his angry mouth and lowering brow would have startled his parishioners, who often spoke of "the pleasant look he always do have." He had not spoken to his wife, save in curt monosyllables when addressed, and he had roughly repulsed his youngest child at breakfast when she clambered on his knees for her morning kiss. He had preached a sermon the previous Sunday on "Temper." He was too angry to think that he was an ironical illustration of it.

Stephen Badstone was forty-eight, and his life had been a disappointment. With all his abilities he was still a country vicar on a salary of £185, and he had a wife and four children to provide for. It was a never-ending struggle to keep themselves respectable, and his wife was worn and delicate.

The doctor had ordered her to take a long holiday in some Southern watering-place; it could not be done—the vicar himself had not had a real holiday for three years.

He had been a Prizeman at Cambridge; he had fully earned the letters "M.A." that followed his name. He had published a volume of sermons which were well spoken of in the religious press, and he was a regular contributor to several of the Church papers.

Nor did he neglect his parish. He was popular in the village, and it was a source of pride to him that he had a firm hold on the young men around him—surest test of a wise and devoted pastor.

There were times of spiritual exaltation when he felt that bare bread and water would be enough for him, if by so doing he could better minister to his people; there were other times when the worst side of human nature reasserted itself, and he was filled with anger and disgust as he thought of his meagre stipend, his genteel poverty, his careworn wife.

But never before that day had he so given way to the evil spirit within him. His was one of the sixteen livings of which Lord Evvensor, a great territorial magnate, was patron. The old rector of Evvensor—the village that clustered round the peer's famous seat, Hipworth Abbey—was dead, and for some years Stephen Badstone had looked forward to being presented to it on the rector's death. The stipend was £950—a real fortune to him in his present circumstances. He had made certain that it would be offered to him; he had dreamed of what he would do when once he was installed in Evvensor Rectory.

He had not built his castles out of airy nothingness; his lordship had spoken kindly to him several times, and even asked him to assist at the marriage of his eldest daughter, and he was also very intimate with the agent, Colonel Bailly.

And yet information had reached him that morning from a sure source that, when his lordship returned from Scotland, the living would be offered to the Rev. James Sibster, the incumbent of Redcote, a tiny village a few miles away.

What had Sibster done that he should be preferred over a man almost old enough to be his father? He was but twenty-seven, and he had only held the Redcote living—his first—eighteen months. That he was an able young fellow, who worked with youthful enthusiasm and energy, there was no denying. He had met him

several times, and they had been very cordial. Once, indeed, they had exchanged pulpits, and there was something about Sibster—his frankness, his gentleness, his sublime enthusiasm—that no one could help liking.

But why, why should he have the living? Mr. Badstone asked himself again and again. "It is taking the bread out of my children's mouths!" he cried in his bitterness, and, in truth, to his distorted and angered mind, the Rev. James Sibster seemed verily a robber and an oppressor.

His wife called him to lunch; but he curtly answered he was busy, and must not be disturbed. Seeing how troubled he was, she tried to speak some words of consolation and hope.

"Will you please leave me? I am busy!" he answered, more shortly than before. And, with a sigh and an unspoken prayer, she turned away.

The vicar sat for full two hours longer, his anger steadily rising and Sibster growing more a villain the more he brooded. Then he took a sheet of notepaper from his desk and wrote a letter to Colonel Bailly, his lordship's agent. It was as follows:

"Dear Bailly,—I should have run over to see you to-day could I have felt sure of finding you at home, as I wanted to have a little talk with you about the Evvensor living. I heard from a friend to-day that it is to be given to Sibster when his lordship returns. Although my friend was positive, I can hardly credit it. Sibster is certainly a decent fellow, but I cannot see what he has done, or is likely to do, that he should have such a living at his age!

"I should be glad, my dear Bailly, if you would speak on the subject to his lordship before the report is confirmed. You can understand, I think, that Sibster is altogether unfitted at present to be the rector of a church where the family worship. And there is one objection that his lordship, I am sure, cannot have heard of. Sibster is very extreme in his opinions; in fact, they verge on the socialistic, and it would surely be most unpleasant for his lordship, with his rigid principles, to have such a man as rector of the family church!

"I feel certain that if you put these matters before his lordship—and I can rely on your good sense, as you well know—he will see it is a most undesirable preferment. I am, my dear Bailly, yours,

"Stephen Badstone."

Glancing at his watch, he saw it was a few minutes to three, and the letter-box was cleared at three-fifteen. Hastily putting on his hat, he took the letter and posted it, and then went for a brisk walk through the woods to calm himself.

But his mind refused to be quieted. On the contrary, it troubled him greatly. His conscience told him, though he tried to argue with it, and justify himself, that he had done a mean, a wicked, a disreputable thing. How could he look Sibster in the face again? If anyone had told him he would stoop so low, he would have said they lied. He had lashed far less heinous sin in the pulpit; who should lash his own?

Very miserable and sick at heart, he went home. Small as was his salary, he would have given twenty pounds of it if he could have recalled that letter. He went to his study and prayed that his letter might be disregarded and Sibster might be appointed. But no peace came.

The next day was Sunday. He felt ill, and scarcely knew how to enter the pulpit. And the Psalms for the day were a stab to him.

"For it is not an enemy that hath done this—for then I could have borne it. But it was even thou—mine own familiar friend."

On Monday morning a letter reached him with the Evvensor postmark. A reply from Bailly, no doubt. He could not open it there with his wife looking on, so he carried it off to his study. He tore open the envelope. It was not Bailly's writing. Hastily he turned it over and looked at the signature—"Evvensor." So shocked was he, so astounded, that it was some minutes before he could understand its purport.

"My dear Badstone," it ran—"I arrived home unexpectedly last night from Scotland, and as I must leave for town at once on my way to Paris, I thought it best to attend to business while I am here. I write to offer you the living of Evvensor

Stephen Badstone fell on his knees. He had sinned, how deeply only his conscience could tell him

and should be glad if you could see fit to accept it. It is not necessary to refer to your abilities. I know that in eloquence and learning and pastoral work you are almost second to none.

"But I wish to be perfectly frank with you. I am breaking an implied promise, but perfect unselfishness is such a rare thing I think it should be honoured when it is met with. I had looked forward to appointing Mr. Sibster, of Redcote, to the living, and yesterday I had an interview with him. Mr. Sibster is a young man of marked abilities, and I thought a young man was needed as the youth of the parish have been neglected.

"In a most emphatic way Sibster declined, and spoke as straight to me as any man ever spoke to me. He told me that he was not the most suitable man for the parish; that a rector was needed who had had experience in dealing with young people; and, moreover, a living so comfortable would be too great a temptation for a young man like himself. The man who was most fitted for the parish in every way, he said, was yourself; and, moreover, that if it were really the

good of the parish I had at heart, I should not hesitate at appointing you. Much as I regretted his decision, especially after the revelation of his character, I could not help being convinced. You will understand that I implied no slight in making Sibster the first offer; it was mainly because he is young and ardent. Please reply at once.

"Trusting that you will honour me and the parish by accepting the offer,

"Faithfully yours,

"EVVENSOR."

Stephen Badstone fell on his knees in an agony of repentant tears. He had sinned, how deeply only his conscience could tell him, and the man he had sought to injure had heaped white-hot coals of fire on his head. He was a disgrace to his cloth, and he would go at once and tell his lordship so.

"I am going out, my dear," he said humbly to his wife. "I will tell you the news when I return."

As he drove along in his little pony trap he was busy framing words with which to tell his story to his lordship. As he entered the park it suddenly struck him that he would see Bailly first. Bailly had been the recipient of the letter that degraded him; he should witness his repentance.

Mrs. Bailly received him.

"How disappointed the colonel will be!" she said. "He has been absent in town since Thursday, and his lordship left by the nine-thirty train this morning to see him there. And let me congratulate you, Mr. Badstone. His lordship dropped me a hint that I understood. Of course you will accept?"

"I hardly know," he stammered, as she led him into the morning-room.

"Oh, but you must; you thoroughly deserve it, and it would disappoint us all if you refused. The colonel will be delighted when his lordship informs him. I expect him home late this evening. Just look at the pile of letters here waiting him. One is from you, I judge, from the writing and postmark."

"Yes," he stammered again. And then a lightning thought and a lightning resolve.

"If you don't mind, Mrs. Bailly, I'll take it again. It refers to last Saturday, and is quite useless now."

"Certainly, Mr. Badstone; this is the one, I think?"

"Yes, thank you. I came to talk over the matter with his lordship. I shall have to write to him."

Stephen Badstone's mind was made up. In his present state of mind he looked upon the recovery of that letter as providential, and, God helping him and God pardoning him, he would take the living and do his duty humbly and faithfully.

. . . . . .

His lordship did not regret his choice The new rector had been in the furnace and he had been purified. His gentleness, his patience with the weak and erring, and his charitable views, made him beloved by all.

To one man only he confessed his sin, and that was James Sibster, when the young clergyman sought the hand of Maud Badstone in marriage some five years later. And the man he sinned against freely forgave him.

THE FOUNDER OF A GREAT UNIVERSITY

John Harvard and his Work

By Charlotte F. Yonge

TWENTY-ONE years ago Mr. Choate presented to his old university a bronze statue of its founder, John Harvard, in memory of happy and inspiring days there. In May of last year he performed an even more graceful action by the gift of a window in Southwark Cathedral in memory of the same man, the Englishman who had recognised the Americans as brothers, and who, though dying childless a year after reaching the shore of his newly-adopted country, lived long enough to start a work there which keeps his name in fresher remembrance to this day than are those of his contemporaries, some of whom lived for sixty or seventy long years in their New England home, and whose descendants may now be counted by thousands.

At the unveiling ceremony in Southwark Cathedral, Mr. Choate said his desire was to signalise his long residence in London by an appropriate gift which should be in itself emblematical of the deep-seated and abiding relations of friendship which happily united England and America. Quite recently the members of Harvard University undertook to provide the funds for refitting as a chapel the old, inadequate vestry of the cathedral.

John Harvard, the founder of Harvard College, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, was born in 1607 in Southwark, in a house close to the old London Bridge. Robert Harvard, his father, was a butcher, but also a man of some importance, as is seen by constant mention of him in the parish records of St. Saviour's, Southwark. He was one of a large clan, who, though their names show a great variety of spelling—as Harvey, Harvye, Harverd, Harwood, and others—were yet probably all related. Probably the one earliest recorded is in 1563, when William Hayward leaves a gift of £21 to the poor. From the dates, names, and appearances of the entries in the parish records of Plymtree, Devon, it has been conjectured that the many Harvards of that neighbourhood belonged to the Harvards of Southwark.

Among the notices of Robert Harvard are the following:

In 1610 he is appointed vestryman, when Edmund Alleyn, of Dulwich fame, is warden. In 1614 he is one of the trustees, or "bargainers," to obtain the rectory of St. Saviour's for the parish by purchase from the King, for £800. In 1620 he is overseer of the poor, an office which is noted in a Roxburgh ballad as affecting the wife's place in church:

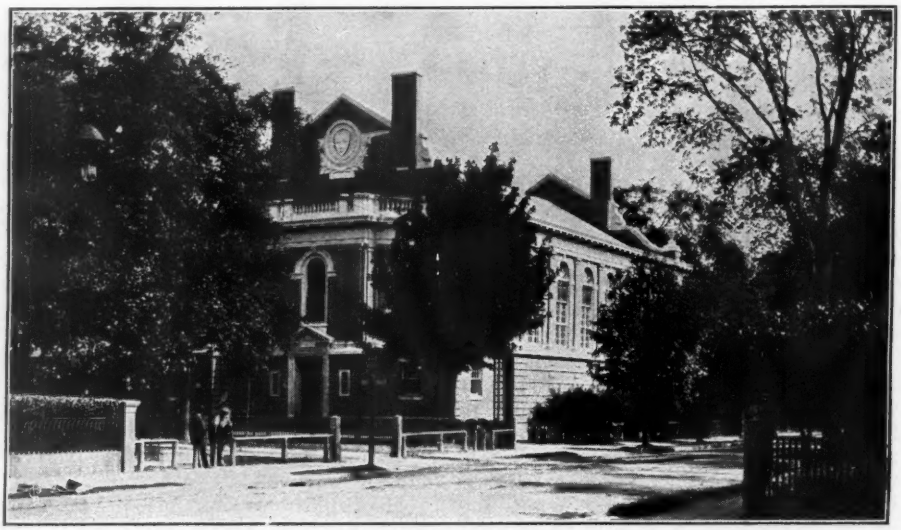
> "His wife shall then be seated
> In church at her desire;
> Her husband he is Sidesman
> And sits within the quire.
> Then he is made Church-warden,
> And placed somewhat hier."

The year 1603 was one of those fatal plague years which came at intervals till London was purified by the Great Fire, the rebuilding, and better sanitary ideas.

The register of St. Saviour's gives 735 deaths out of a total population of 5,000; and among them is noted that of "Barbara Harwood, a woman in the church." She was Robert Harvard's first wife. After her death he married Katherine Rogers, of Stratford-on-Avon. The christenings of their family are all registered as those of the children of Robert, a butcher, during the years 1606 to 1619. November 29th, 1607, is the date of John, the second son of Katherine Harvard.

his death is that of John Fletcher, the dramatist, also described as "a man in the church."

Katherine Harvarde married, the following January, a man named Elletson, or Ellison, and went to live near the Tower. Her husband died the following June, and later on she married Richard Yarwood, an old friend of Robert Harvard's, and returned to Southwark, where she died, leaving in her will, in 1635, among other property to her son John, the Queen's Head Inn, Southwark. The only other



Randall Hall, Harvard College

The year 1625 was another plague year, and the Robert Harvards were among the families almost wholly or partially swept off by it. The following deaths are noted:

Mary Harvarde, a woman, July 22nd, 1625, aged 25.

Robert Harvarde, a youth, July 26th, 1625, aged 19.

Katherine Harvarde, a child, August 1st, 1625, aged 13.

Peter Harvarde, a boy, August 20th, 1625, aged 10.

Mr. Robert Harvey, a man in the church, August 26th, 1625.

In another entry referring to him he is mentioned as "a gentleman in the church." Three days after the entry of

surviving son was Thomas Harvarde, of St. Olave's, who died 1637.

Emmanuel College, Cambridge, had become noted as being strongly Puritan, and it was there that John Harvard went. The college had been founded about fifty years before by Sir Walter Mildmay, on the site of a Dominican House, which had passed into private hands on the suppression of the monasteries. According to Fuller, Mildmay, on coming to Court after the college was opened, was addressed by the Queen with the words, "Sir Walter, I hear you have erected a Puritan foundation." "No, madam," replied he, "far be it from me to countenance anything contrary to your established laws; but I have set an acorn, which, when it

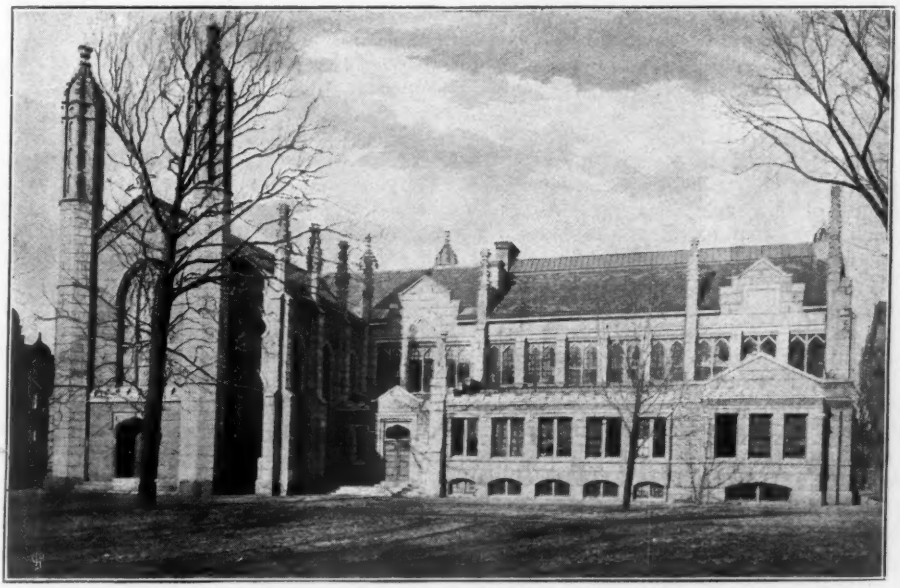
comes an oak, God alone knows what will be the fruit thereof."

Mildmay much deprecated perpetual fellowships, and warned the fellows against regarding the college as a permanent abode. They were rather to look forward to spreading outside the knowledge which they had acquired within its walls.

It was probably with strong Puritan views, and permeated with the spirit of the generous founder of Emmanuel College, that John Harvard set sail for New England in 1637, and when dying in the following year, left his whole property, £779, and his library of 300 books, to the college at Newtown, then just commenced. In gratitude for this legacy, the name of the town was changed to Cambridge, as the place of his education, and the college was called by his name.

Among Harvard's books were Chrysostom, Calvin, Dun Scotus, Luther, Homer, Plutarch, Terence, Horace, Chapman's Homer, Bacon's Essays, and Camden's Remains. These were unfortunately burnt in 1764, when the college library of 5,000 volumes was destroyed by fire, and only a single book of John Harvard's, which happily chanced to be lent out at the time, was saved. That solitary volume was "The Christian Warfare Against the Devill, World, and Flesh," 1634, printed in London.

There is very little known of John Harvard. He married the daughter of a John Sadler, and they arrived at New England in August, 1637, and in the following November were admitted members of the first church in Charlestown. He died in the following year—September 14th, 1638—and his widow married a Rev. Thos. Allen.



The College Library, which contains a quarter of a million volumes

As J. R. Green tells us, the Puritans were far from being the earliest among the English colonists of North America. Long before the time of Columbus the fisheries of the North Sea had made the merchants of Bristol familiar with the coast of Greenland, and two years before the great navigator reached the actual mainland of America, a Venetian merchant, John Cabot, who dwelt at Bristol, had landed with a crew of English sailors among the icy solitudes of Labrador, and his son, a year later, went as far south as

Maryland, and to as far north as Hudson Bay. Later on, those who believed in Frobisher's reports, and went in search of gold, wisely turned to plans of colonisation.* Sir Walter Raleigh discovered and named Virginia. The first permanent settlement on the Chesapeke was early in the reign of James I. of one hundred and five colonists under Captain John Smith, whose life was saved by Pocahontas, the Indian princess, who later made the romantic marriage with John Rolfe and came to England.

In 1620 the first Puritan emigrants arrived in New England, many of whom had been in exile in Holland. They landed on the coast of Massachusetts, and named their refuge there Plymouth, in memory of the last English port at which they had touched. They were quickly followed by others. The King granted the charter which established the colony of Massachusetts, and the aid which the merchants of Boston in Lincolnshire had given towards getting this grant was recognised in the naming of the new capital. Persons of all ranks and classes went out by hundreds—alike only in the desire to find a home where they could have freedom of religion. Within twenty years of the Pilgrim Fathers leaving Plymouth, more than two hundred emigrant ships crossed the Atlantic, and more than twenty thousand English people had turned to the New World to redress the balance of the Old.

The earliest settlers had a terrible struggle to live, from want of supplies and from the inroads of Indians. Of the hundred and one persons who landed from the Mayflower, about half died within six months, among them Rose, wife of the captain, Miles Standish.

There is a curious little book, printed in 1835, in Massachusetts, a genealogy of fourteen families of the early settlers of New England, the first names being John Alden and his wife Priscilla. Many names are biblical, and a few classical, such as Pliny and Minerva, but a very large proportion point to the parents' feelings or wishes when they called their little ones Relief, Hope, Mercy, Patience, Prudence, Comfort, Tryall, Temperance, Dependence, Provided, Hopestill, Thankful, Unity, Consider!

Short notes on different members of the above fourteen families show occasionally their great interest in religion and education. For instance, "Edward Jackson, 1602—1681, bequeathed 400 acres of land in Billerica to Cambridge College, appraised at £80, together with some books, and all the debts due to him in England." "Rev. Jonathan French, 1740—1809, entered the army at seventeen; employed against the French and Indians. He became a doctor, and had contemplated a mission to the Indians after graduating in 1771 at Harvard College." The note stops short, and does not say if the contemplation was fulfilled. Mr. Asa Thayer, died 1635, left 1,000 dollars to be put into the hands of the select men of Westhampton to pay his widow the interest as long as she lived, and after her decease the interest was to be annually appropriated to reimburse the minister and the school tax of "such persons as, in the judgment of the said select men, shall stand in the greatest need of it.'"

James Leonard, one of the descendants. had four sons who became over eighty, and several daughters over seventy-five. They had great ironworks, and so many of the family took to the trade that there was a common saying, "Where you find ironworks there you will find a Leonard."

At the present time Harvard College, with its halls for recitations and lectures, students' lodgings, chapel, library, and law schools, counts up to about fifty buildings. Some are in the square called the College Yard, containing about fifteen acres and planted with beautiful elms, and others are in various parts of the town not far distant, occupying altogether about sixty acres. The Agassiz Museum of Comparative Zoology is world-famous. The College Library contains about 250,000 volumes, other libraries raising the total to 360,000. When, in 1764, the College Library and its 5,000 volumes were burnt, there was a meeting within two days, and the House

* Green's "History of the English People."

of Representatives resolved that the Library should be rebuilt at the expense of the province, and granted £2,000 to begin the new edifice.

The professors and tutors number over three hundred, and the students are above three thousand; about half at the college and the others at various other connected institutes or departments.

There are no fees payable to professors; each student pays a general fee, and may attend as many courses as he elects. As the university is amply endowed, there are many scholarships in all departments, amounting from 45,000 dollars (£9,000) to 50,000 dollars (£10,000) a year.

Memorial Hall, erected in honour of graduates who fell in the Civil War

Radcliffe College—formerly called the Harvard Annex—was organised in 1879 for the collegiate instruction of women by the professors and tutors of Harvard. The college is named after Lady Mowlson—neé Radcliffe—widow of Sir Thomas Mowlson, Lord Mayor of London in 1634. About 1643, "out of Christian desire to advance good learning, she gave £100, to be improved in New England in the best way for the help of some poor scholar, or scholars, in the college, and to be settled for that use." This good lady about the same time gave £600 towards the £20,000 sent to the Scottish army which had marched into England in support of the Parliamentary forces.

From the beginning of its career, the presents made to Harvard College testify to the enthusiasm and interest felt towards it.

Many of the earlier ones are pathetic from their poverty. Among them were a number of sheep bequeathed by one man, a quantity of cotton cloth, worth 9s. presented by another, a pewter flagon worth 10s., a fruit-dish, a sugar-spoon, a silver-tipped jug, "one great salt, one small trencher-salt," etc. Also various presents or legacies of money from 5s. upwards. Among gifts of late years is one in 1890 of 50,000 dollars to found a museum of Semitic antiquities. An especially interesting one of 1893 is the bequest of an old negress, a widow. In old days she and her husband had escaped from slavery, and he became the coloured messenger of the Governor of Massachusetts. The bequest was over 4,000 dollars (£817), and founded a scholarship for the benefit of poor and deserving coloured students.

One of the most splendid of the Harvard buildings is the Memorial Hall, built in memory of the Harvard men who, in the American Civil War, served in the army and navy of the North. Ninety-five fell out of the 1,239 who fought. In this hall a thousand students take their

meals. On the walls around them they see the names of those who fell in the cause of Liberty. It may well be one of the most inspiring spots of the whole university!

Mention should be made of the stadium on the football ground near the Charles River as showing that this great seat of learning watches over the physical and recreative welfare of its students. The stadium is constructed of steel and concrete, and is capable of accommodating nearly 30,000 onlookers.

Perhaps there is no place with such staunch conservatism *and* eager radicalism as at a great seat of education. The history of most public schools and universities testify to this, and Harvard was no exception. We read of various changes, which, no doubt, were attended with private grievances, but tended to the public good, as reforms do in our own day. One change was in 1767, up to which date each tutor had taught every subject to the class assigned to him throughout the whole course. Things were then altered, and Greek, Latin, philosophy, and mathematics were given each to different tutors.

Greek could not have been much taught, as Ticknor mentions early in the 19th century that a copy of Euripides in the original could not be bought at any bookseller's in New England. Judge Story, writing of Harvard as it was late in the eighteenth century, says: "Except to English literature and science we had no means of access, none to foreign countries. Two ships plied as regular packets between Boston and London, one in the spring, one in the autumn, and their arrival was an era in our college life."

It has been said of America that in no other country are there so few men of great learning, and so few men of great ignorance. Ticknor perhaps partly realised this when he went to study at the "U-niversity of Gottingen." His letters to his father are most interesting, contrasting German and American modes of learning. "What a mortifying distance there is between an American and an European scholar! We do not yet know what a good scholar is. We do not even know the process by which a man is to be made one. Dr. Schultze (his Greek tutor) is hardly older than I am. It never entered into my imagination to conceive that any expense of time or talent could make a man so accomplished in this forgotten language as he is.

"At least seventy or eighty different courses of lectures are going on at the same time. Every clock that strikes is the signal for four or five lectures to begin, and for four or five others to close. In the intervals you may go into the streets and find they are silent and empty; but the bell has hardly told the hour before they are filled with students with their portfolios under their arms hastening from the feet of one Gamaliel to those of another, generally running in order to save time, and often without a hat. As soon as they reach the room they take their places and prepare their pens and paper. The professor comes in almost immediately, and from that time till he goes out the sound of his disciples taking notes does not for one instant cease."

Some of the German professors were very poor at that time, for the miseries caused by the great wars still overhung the land. Ticknor was told that if a professor at Jena appeared in his lecture-room with a new waistcoat, the students applauded him. Being asked what occurred if a new coat made its appearance, "Gott bewahre," was the answer, "such a thing never happens!"

He stayed four years in Europe, and returned to be the Harvard professor of languages and literature in 1819. He did a great deal of work in classifying students, but success only came after great struggles with the older tutors and professors. In 1825 the first German class was formed, and, he says: "We were looked upon with very much the amazement with which a class in some obscure tribal dialect of the remote Orient would now be regarded. There were no German books in the book-stores. A friend gave me a copy of Schiller's 'Wallenstein,' which I read as soon as I was able to do so, and then passed it from hand to hand among

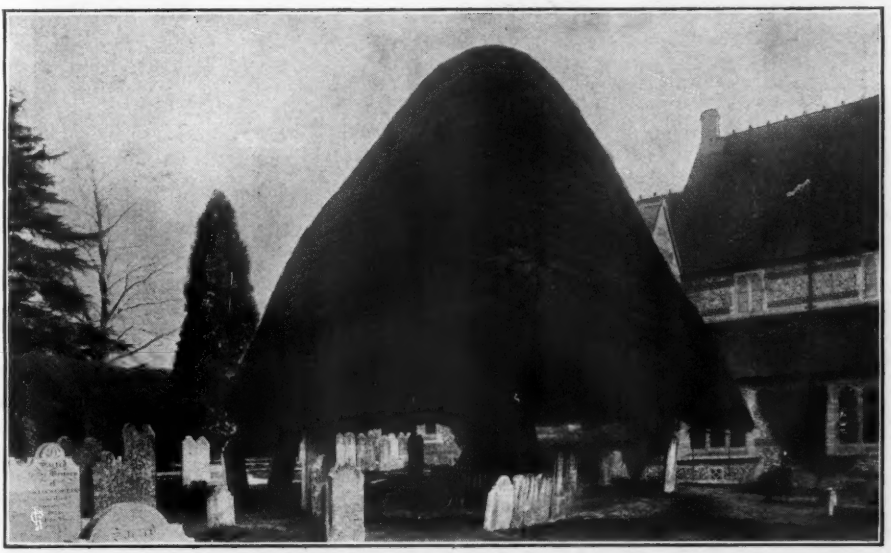
those who could obtain nothing else to read."

To-day medicine, dentistry, agriculture, and astronomy are included in the curriculum, which shows the enormous advance made since the days of the faithful Ticknor.

It would make this paper far too long even to mention the mere names of those who have found in Harvard their Alma Mater, and later have crowned her with their glory. As Mr. Bryce said at Southwark, after the unveiling of the Harvard windows by Mr. Choate, the roll of names incidentally referred to as occurring within the memory of the present generation in connection with Harvard would confer distinction on any university. Those names include Emerson, Longfellow, Motley, Lowell, Phillips Brookes, and O. W. Holmes of the past, and Theodore Roosevelt and Joseph Choate of the present.

We cannot wonder at the success of Harvard when we recall how it was commenced by and among those who had given all up for the sake of religious liberty. Occasional clouds darkened the skies for them with troubles over and above the Indian enmity and the difficulties of subsistence—for which they were prepared—such as the troubles of finding that they had not left bigotry entirely behind them, and the realising the outcome of that bigotry in the terrible imaginings of witchcraft which disgraced the annals of Salem. As for the bigots themselves, we must remember that men are citizens of their age as well as of their country. They can expatriate themselves to a new land sooner than they can rise above the prejudices of their time.

The Puritan settlers were in front of their age mostly by their appreciation of scholarship for the people. Doubtless there were some amongst them, however, who thought John Harvard's wish to bring enlightenment and education to the Indian as well as to the English-speaking nations was far-fetched and unnecessary; but happily there are always a few choice spirits who are given eyes to see clearer than their fellows, and who work according to that insight, and such a one was John Harvard. CHARLOTTE F. YONGE.



The famous yew tree in Twyford Churchyard, which resembles a monster mushroom. Its exact age cannot be told with accuracy, but that it has been at Twyford for hundreds of years is proved by the records of the place. It is one of the "sights" of England, for every summer a large number of tourists pay a visit to Twyford to admire this interesting tree which has lived through so many generations

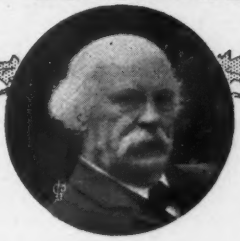
LIGHT AND SHADE

WOULD we know that the major chords were sweet,
If there were no minor key?
Would the painter's work be fair to our eyes,
Without shade on land or sea?
Would we know the meaning of happiness,
Would we feel that the day was bright,
If we'd never known what it was to grieve,
Nor gazed on the dark of night?

CORNELIA REDMOND.

Scottish Reminiscences

BY THE REV. ARTHUR MURSELL.



SPECIAL NEW SERIES

No. 3. HALLOWE'EN.

THE muse of Burns, whose beauties are appreciated and whose vagaries are condoned by the most proper and pious of his compatriots of both sexes, gives a rollicking and characteristic description of the simple and eccentric revels of this Celtic festival.

A more staid and less exuberant portrayal is supplied in "Chambers's Encyclopædia," from which we learn that this is the name given to the eve or vigil of All Hallows, or festival of All Saints, which, falling on the 1st of November, causes Hallowe'en to be observed on the 31st of October, and that it was given up to harmless domestic revelries.

So much for Chambers. I pass him a vote of thanks for his information, and proceed to give my own earliest experiences of its unsophisticated delights.

Young ladies, I believe, avail themselves of the saintliness of the time to adjust mysterious mirrors at varied angles of inclination at the witching hour of midnight, in which they are supposed to discern the prophetically-reflected features of their future husbands. But as there were no young ladies permitted to invade the monastic precincts of my Aberdonian cloister, we were left to our own resources, which, considering the grievousness of this deprivation, were not so barren of incident as might have been supposed.

Our honoured rector was a clergyman of high accomplishments and great deliberation of manner. A gentle suavity of expression sweetened the dignity of his bearing, making the moments of his unbending not only engaging, but endearing. But I was afraid the festival of All-Hallows would have proved as hazardous to his existence as the elder Mr. Weller's apoplectic laugh, and it led to a copy of the Royal Humane Society's rules for the recovery of the apparently drowned being conspicuously exhibited—by his express command—in our school-room.

The scene which he beheld on entering the apartment may be confessed to have amply explained and wholly justified this disturbance of his composure. Instead of the crimson collegiate gowns with which the shoulders of the alumni were wont to be adorned, each young Elisha had divested himself of every garment save his boots and pantaloons, and was burying his learned head in a vast vat of ice-cold water into which a bushel of apples had been thrown. A strong and watchful youth kept guard upon the diver, holding both his hands behind his back to prevent any spasmodic movement of self-preservation.

The faces that disappeared were mostly sallow with study and "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Those that emerged were purple and congested with the vain endeavour to emulate the fishes and breathe beneath the water.

Between the teeth of the minority was grasped an apple, the prey of a successful exploration of the deep. The great majority emerged with a baptismal sheen upon their gasping faces, and their ambrosial locks streaming and dank, as they panted for dear life. Had the apple of Eden cost Adam but a tithe of such exertion there would have been no "argument" for Milton's "Paradise Lost."

But all the saints were not satisfied with the partial drowning of young Scotland, but they must needs devise other and equally ingenious challenge to their ambition.

In another part of the room long ropes

were suspended from the ceiling, ingeniously twisted, which supported a cross-bar of wood, at one end of which was fixed a rosy apple, or a juicy orange, or a tempting fig; while at the other brightly burned a stump of tallow candle. When the contrivance was set free the bar of wood revolved with much velocity, and it was the task of the adventurer, with fettered hands and open mouth, to grab the fruit and dodge the candle. Q. E. F. (Quod Erat Faciendum). "Which was to be done."

Mathematicians to whom the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid was child's-play, found this to be a poser. And many a young Newton started from the inquiry with a dab of tallow and a blister on his nose as the guerdon of his quest.

Such was the scene which broke in all its realism on the saintly rector on coming to give welcome to his pupils on their holiday. His worthy lady was as much beloved as was her lord by all the youths, not one of whom but owed to her care and affection a debt of gratitude for sympathy and service in sickness or extremity. She met her husband outside the schoolroom, holding on helplessly to a railing, and could scarcely believe her eyes. The only bottle to which he was addicted was the ink-bottle, so her first suspicions were strangled in the bud.

"What is the matter?" was the lady's natural inquiry.

"Oh, I don't know! Go in and see for yourself," was the reply.

The lady entered. All who could speak or find breath gave her a lusty cheer; but solicitude contended with laughter in the motherly heart to a bewildering degree. She seemed to discover in Hallowe'en a contest between all the saints and all the sinners. But I am sure, whichever won the bout, there was no blush upon the saintliest cheek, but a glad participation in the rough but not rude revels in their honour.

I am not going to calculate to a nicety how many years have rolled away since then, but many a head which ducked for apples on that night is bald and grey, like my own, and many another is laid low under the turf. It is long enough ago to have carried me on many a quiet pilgrimage to the Old Machar Churchyard hard by, and listen to the rooks cawing overhead and the sea booming its diapason from the east, as I have read the words upon the granite slab over the resting-spot of my honoured tutor and his gentle wife. And if all the wordless prayers that I have breathed in that sequestered place are answered, a hallowed noon has followed on that Hallowe'en on which the light will never set.

It is not many years ago since I saw a portly Doctor of Divinity acting as moderator, or convener, or something very grand, at a great ecclesiastical function; and when I had the honour of a deferential interview after his inaugural address, I said:

"I think we Baptists have a right to be disappointed that you are not amongst our sect."

"Why so?" said he.

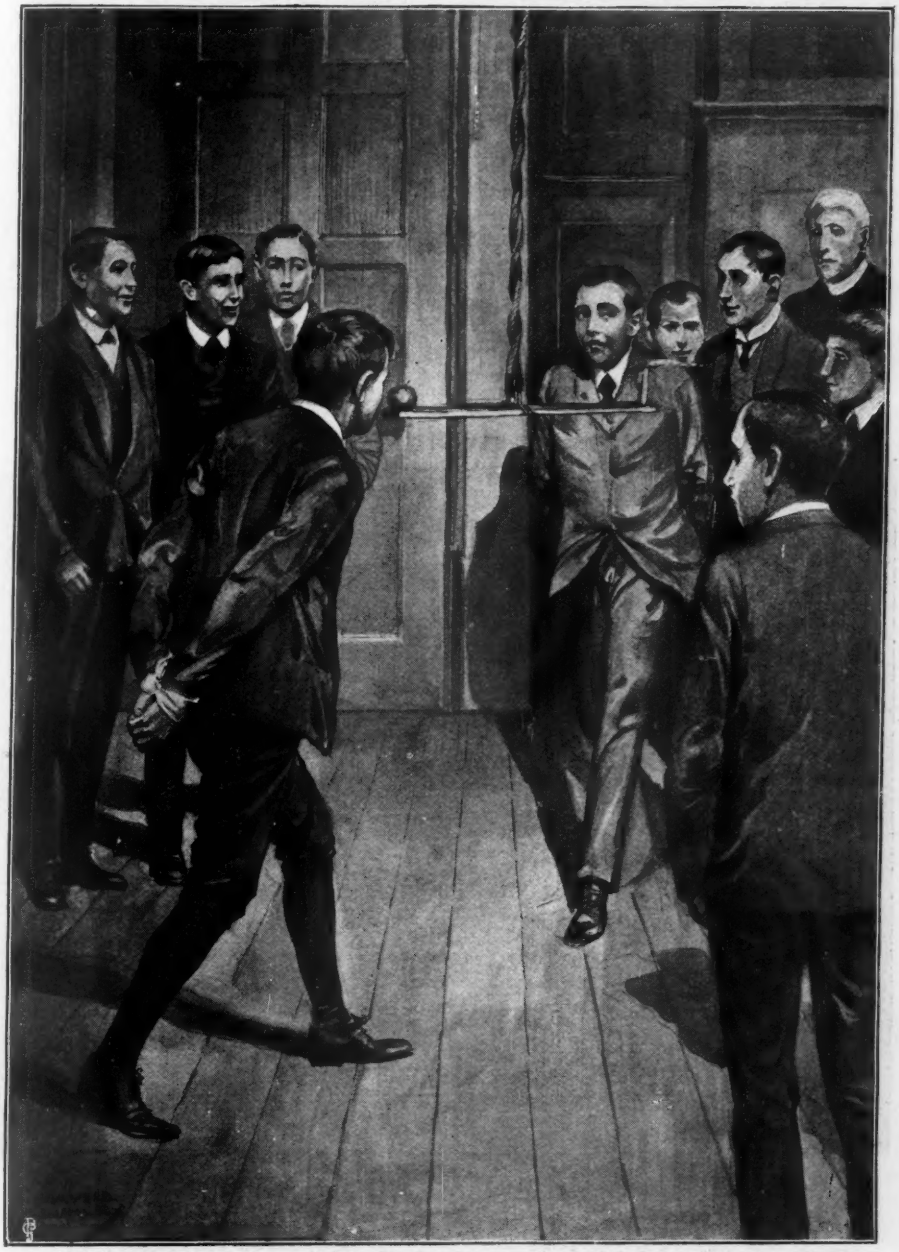
"Well, I think you were a believer in immersion once; for the last time it was my joy to meet you, you came as near to drowning as is consistent with a reasonable longevity!"

And when I recalled the scene of auld lang syne his reverend laughter shook the walls and nearly scared the Synod from its propriety.

Some of those faces that were branded with the candle have passed to where they need no candle, but where mirth is not forbidden or revelry condemned. It is at such youthful scenes as these that what is most elastic in our personality gets its initial spring. Our natural exuberance spreads from the body to the mind, the spirit, and the soul. This was the view which brought our honoured teacher into such genuine sympathy with our moments of elation. He often forget to be severe, but never to be gentle and indulgent.

I seem, as I recall him, to be "sitting under him" again as he laboriously expounded the Levitical typology in the little hall where a select but thoughtful few received his weighty words as the dicta of an oracle. He would make us follow all the references and turn them up to follow the quotations.

A prominent sportsman in the apple-hunt sat next to me on the front form under our teacher's eye, and when he



It was the task of the adventurer, with fettered hands and open mouth, to grab the fruit and dodge the candle

slowly said, " Please turn with me to such and such a chapter and verse," my neighbour gravely passed the Bible on to me, at the same time pointing out a passage so egregiously wide of the allusion that I could not entirely suppress a slight guffaw.

It pulled the expositor up short, and he said :

" You had better go outside and chasten your spirit, which seems to be in no right order for the hour of worship. I shall wait till you have retired."

I could not remonstrate, much less could I implicate my friend. There was nothing for it but obedience. So I slunk out under the scowls of the congregation. But I dreaded lest types should be exchanged for stripes, and symbols for realities, in the shape of tawse, or cane, or imposition.

However, the dear rector met me in the morning with his kindliest smile, and I never heard another word about it. Whether his memory was too weak, or his charity too strong, I cannot tell ; but I have a shrewd guess upon the subject, and for fifty years I have loved him all the more, and shall thank him if I meet him in heaven, where types are fulfilled and tawse are banished.

ARTHUR MURSELL.

The Rev. Arthur Mursell will continue his interesting Reminiscences in next month's number

TWILIGHT

A TWILIGHT hour of love and prayer,
Sweet herald of majestic night,
Still linger o'er us till the air
Is hallowed in thy vesper'd light.

O linger, that our weary souls
Waiting awhile with all their pain,
May hear Thy Angelus that tolls
And tells the waiting is not vain !

UNEARTHING BURIED SINAI.

Photos by North Door of the Temple of Serabit, Sinai *Dr. Flinders Petrie.*

By the Rev. J. Garrow Duncan.

DR. FLINDERS PETRIE, in his work in Sinai last winter, did not discover anything which could be set down as indisputable evidence of the presence of the Israelites there, much as we might have hoped for some confirmation of the Bible narrative. What he did find, however, cannot fail to interest the student of Semitic peoples and their religion. While it was principally the remains of an Egyptian colony that he unearthed, yet there were everywhere present strongly marked traces of a Semitic civilisation. It is the point of contact between the Egyptian and the Semitic, and, as we naturally would expect, there has been a considerable blending of the two.

The work centred round the Temple of Serabit, the inmost sanctum of which was a rock-shrine, and the outer buildings had been added to again and again by different Egyptian kings for their subjects, who came to mine for turquoise from a date as early as 4700 B.C down to about 1200 B.C., as inscribed steles found there show.

In this temple Dr. Petrie claims that he has found the prototype of the Mohammedan mosque, for it contains two courts of ablution surrounded by columns—the one having a circular stone font and the other an oblong font in the centre.

This is certainly not a feature of any other Egyptian temple, and the arrangement appears to resemble nothing so much as the plan of the mosque—the shrine, or Qibleh, being cut in the living rock, and these two courts representing the Hanafiyeh of the mosque.

All round the temple are huddled together rough stone shelters, evidently intended for pilgrims. Their proximity to the sacred edifice precludes the possibility of their being dwellings of the miners. They form part of the temple buildings.

Outside they have the appearance of a heap of stones roughly tumbled together, but inside the walls are carefully squared and finished. And the size of them also goes to confirm us in the opinion that they were night-shelters for passing pilgrims.

The most interesting feature of them, however, is that in almost every one is found a stone pillar, erected, usually with an inscription, to commemorate some favourable vision which the pilgrim had received during his sojourn. In fact, from the numbers of these shelters and pillars that are found scattered over the whole district, it is a legitimate conclusion that this part of Sinai had attractions other than turquoise—that the place was evidently much resorted to by pilgrims who desired some special guidance

from heaven through visions or oracular dreams, as in all probability was the case also with Bethel of Old Testament history, which explains the origin of the name.

Here, then, we have got two distinct traces of Semitic influence. This, indeed, is the oldest and only Semitic temple known to us. It shows that the mosque type is at least 2,000 years older than Mŏhammed, and its arrangements will have to be carefully studied in relation to early Semitic worship.

In the dream-pillar again, and in the habit of resorting to the district for visions, we have a more direct contact with the Hebrew portion of the Semitic races.

In the altar of incense reproduced here we come upon what is, perhaps, a fair type of the extemporised altar so often spoken of in Old Testament history. It is roughly hewn, stands isolated, and has a cup hollowed out at the top for the burning of incense or the pouring of libations.

Altar of Incense, Serabit

Both the Bethel stones and this isolated altar remind us most forcibly of the extempore element which plays so prominent a part in the Hebrew religion and worship.

That they are connected with the worship of bygone days is certain. That they may be pillars in commemoration of dreams is possible. But that equally with these in Sinai they point to a people, who as yet were unaccustomed to the idea of centralisation of worship, and that both belong to a Semitic race, are facts beyond doubt.

Further traces of a non-Egyptian civilisation were found near Mount Serbal, which the Arabs say is the real Mount of the Law, in the shape of peculiar bee-hive-shaped tombs, known in the region by the name Nawamis. They are unique, and contained specimens of shell jewellery also unique. They are of stone, and built so carefully that they differ scarcely one inch in their measurements.

One can hardly associate such careful workmanship with a race who were passing through the peninsula in such haste as the Hebrews were. And otherwise they contained nothing which might suggest a connection with the Exodus narrative—not even a fragment that might have been thought to belong to the reputed stolen Egyptian jewellery!

On the whole, we feel that here we have come upon a race with whom the Hebrews had close affinity in several features of their religion; but the truth probably is that these are traces of a Semitic people who inhabited the peninsula long before the Israelites existed as a nation, or served as slaves in Egypt.

The inscriptions found here cannot be passed over in silence. They prove to be of immense interest, not only in themselves, but also for their bearing upon the question of how early handwriting was in use as a common accomplishment. The Egyptians worked these mines, and they worked them only during a part of each year, as is proved by one inscription, as well as by their burying their clumsier tools and furniture in the floors of their huts to await their return. Every other year, therefore, a new officer with a fresh squad of men was sent to carry on the work for the then reigning Pharaoh;

and every officer considered it his duty to erect a stele in the temple intimating the date of his arrival, the number of his

Head of Queen Thyi, found at Serabit

men, what he accomplished, and how long he stayed.

One class of inscriptions, therefore, is purely Egyptian. Most of the Bethel stone inscriptions also, if not all, are in Egyptian.

But the Egyptians employed natives as well, or miners from the vicinity of Sinai; and these have left a totally different class of inscriptions. Only three of these are found on steles within the temple. The others are all inscribed upon the face of the rocks overhanging the mines where the men worked.

Three notable features of these deserve to be remarked:

1. They are not hieroglyphic, nor are they cuneiform. They resemble Phœnician characters most of all, but they are not Phœnician. They are 600 years too early to be Phœnician.

2. They are most obviously written by the men themselves, who laboured here as ordinary miners in the service of the Egyptians.

3. They were written there presumably at a date which precedes the supposed date of the Exodus by at least 300 years.

Here, therefore, is an interesting problem to solve for those who hold that handwriting was unknown and unpractised by ordinary men in the time of Moses; and who consequently maintain that probably not a single portion of the Pentateuch was ever written down by Moses.

At a date 300 years prior to the passage of the Israelites over the Red Sea and through Sinai on their way to Canaan, the Arabs or Semites, who already inhabited the peninsula, were able with their own hands to inscribe their sentiments upon rock in a form of writing, which was obviously then in common use and presumably intelligible to all.

There are many indications from other sources which point to the practice of handwriting at a much earlier date than is generally supposed. Taken in conjunction with these this would seem to show that all the inferences based upon the assumption of a late date will have to be most carefully reconsidered.

Indeed, so far as the question of Moses and the Pentateuch is concerned, it is next to impossible to conceive that Moses, educated as a prince of the house of Pharaoh as he was, could have been ignorant of the practice of handwriting then in common use. There is probably little doubt that in the Pentateuch a

Oblong Font and Stone Tank of Ablutions

large substratum was originally and actually written down by the very hand of the great legislator.

J. Garrow Duncan

£200 FOR A STORY

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THE Editor of GOOD WORDS and THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE requires a story of 75,000 words in length, and in order to obtain a high-class work of fiction he is prepared to give the large sum of £200 for the best story received.

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Every story submitted for this prize must be absolutely original, of high moral tone, full of incident and movement, capable of gripping the reader from the first chapter to the last.

It must also be typewritten. We expect so many manuscripts, that a vast amount of time would be wasted by our readers if manuscripts were submitted in longhand. In these days Editors have no time to waste, so that all stories should be sent in typewritten, packed flat, and the title-page must have, not only the name of the story, but the number of words the story contains, together with the name or nom de plume and address of the writer. Stamps must also be affixed to the manuscript in order that the stories which are not required may be returned.

While promising, however, to take every possible care of the manuscripts submitted, the Editor will not hold himself responsible for their loss in transmission through the post, or while they are in his possession.

The Editor's decision of the prize must be considered as absolutely final, and writers can only take part on this condition. All stories must deal with the present day.

Writers who do not obtain the £200 prize may find that their labour has not been in vain, as all stories which are considered suitable for these magazines will be purchased on terms to be agreed upon.

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Bethesda Chapel

A Series of Complete Stories — By the Rev. Charles Leach, D.D.

No. 2.—Unlettered Saints

MOST of our preachers, like ourselves, were laymen engaged in business all the week, and who preached on Sundays here and there as the Lord opened doors for them. They were shopkeepers, mill hands, stonemasons, tailors, and others. But God had given them the talent of speech, and they felt called to use it. And they did use it, and to good purpose.

Some of them, innocent of all schooling, ignorant of the most elementary rules of grammar, were nevertheless men of power, of genius, of holy fervour, and well versed in the Bible. If acceptance in preaching and the blessings of salvation upon the hearers be evidence of a Divine call, then our preachers were surely called of God.

For the most part they were men who had been arrested by a Divine hand, saved as by fire, and were made the subjects of such inner change as altered the whole of their outward conduct.

The Bible and the hymn-book, and sometimes a concordance, made up the chief parts of their libraries. Their hours of study were such as they could get after their day's work was done and their daily bread earned. Their study was the small room of a cottage often, which had to be used by wife and children at the same time, making quiet impossible. And yet many of these men, with their one Book, their scant knowledge of affairs, their consecrated genius, their quaint Yorkshire dialect—the only one they knew—their firm faith in God, and their passionate love for the souls of men, were so honoured and blessed of God that many of the preachers of to-day might well doff their hats in their presence.

Among them was Jabez Hows. When he was converted to God he had grown to manhood, and could neither read nor write. He did not even know all the letters of the alphabet. But, as often happens even now, when God has saved a man's soul, he wanted to be at work in the Master's vineyard, and do something for the glory of God.

But what could he do? Well, he could teach a class in the Sunday-school! He could not read, and did not know all the letters of the alphabet, and yet he could teach in the Sunday-school! Board-schools were not known then. Education was not the possession of every child in those days as it is in these. Vast numbers of children were born, grew upto manhood, and never saw the inside of a school, except the Sunday-school.

Sunday-school teaching then was not just as it is now. The children, and not only the youngest, hardly knew their letters. To be able to read and write was to be considered a profound scholar among the toilers of those days.

Jabez Hows was accepted as a teacher in the Sunday-school, and was assigned to a class of boys. A large cardboard containing the letters of the alphabet, in big type, was given to him. His duty was to teach the children the letters, and anything else good beside that he could.

He tried first, quietly, to go through the letters himself, but soon got stuck. What was to be done? How could he teach what he did not know? His Yorkshire wit came to his rescue.

Sitting at the head of his class, he called up the first scholar to say the letters. The lad was able to get farther on than

his teacher. But Jabez took care to fasten in his memory every new letter the pupil pronounced. All seemed to be going well, but suddenly the scholar came to a stop.

"Go on," said Jabez. "What's that?"

"I don't know, teacher."

Jabez did not know either, but it would never do to say so. He looked round the class, and called to him the sharpest-looking lad, and said:

"See thee, Jack, he doesn't know what that is. Tha does, doesn't tha?"

"Ea, I do."

"Why, then, tell him what it is," said the teacher.

"It's a Q, with a tail on," said the lad.

"To be sure it is, Jack—it's Q! An' dosn't ta see that's its tail here at t' bottom?" said Jabez, greatly relieved, and greatly pleased at the same time.

And that was how Jabez began his schooling.

How Jabez began preaching I never knew, but I have heard him speak with great effect.

We had another preacher who was quite as great a character in his way as was Jabez. He was called Isaac Linwood. Nearly all our males bore scriptural names, for their parents thought there was something religious in calling them after the men of the Bible. And, besides, it was always easy to spell their names, for we could refer to the Bible for the very letters.

Isaac Linwood was a man of small stature, and got his living in a mill in the district. He was commonly known as "Little Ike." At Layland we usually called him "Brother Ike."

Brother Ike possessed rare powers of quaint exposition, was full of humour, and bubbled over with fun.

He was very popular at tea-meetings and such gatherings. A tea-meeting at Layland, followed by a public meeting with Brother Ike as a speaker, always ensured a good time.

Our tea-meetings were of a kind that would shock the people of these days.

There was one particular corner of our school-room that had rather a long table. And one particular sister always presided at the tea-urn at that table. She used to supply a certain quantity of "Jamaica cream"—rum—which she began serving in the tea after the first cup.

Strange as it may sound to you, that table was the most popular in the school; there was usually a scramble to get a seat at it. And it never took long to get through the first cup of tea! We could always tell when they had got well into the third cup by the clatter and chatter made by their tongues.

Unfortunately, in those days churches and chapels had not their temperance societies and bands of hope. All preachers were not then abstainers, and all deacons, leaders, and elders had not signed the pledge—indeed, hardly any of them.

We could hardly have Sunday-school "charity sermons"—that is, anniversary sermons—without ale. It was our custom to have a band of music to help the singing. We always had a special brew of ale for the "charity." And when the preacher began his sermon the bandsmen would adjourn to the school-room to drink the ale, and thus refresh themselves ready for the final great musical effort which always followed the sermon and the collection.

But we were by no means a drunken people at Layland, if we did brew for the charity. Brewing at home was a common thing then, and our women at Layland were not considered fit to marry until they knew how to bake wholesome bread and brew good ale. But drunkenness at Layland was almost unknown. The ale we drank gave us plenty of distension, but not much intoxication.

We had "a rare old do," to use the language of the people, after one of these tea-meetings, when Brother Ike came to give us a speech.

Two itinerant ministers were also present. Ike had to speak after the ministers had finished. When he rose to his feet he walked to the front of the platform and stood for a minute or two looking at the people, and then said:

"Mister Cheerman, you've called on Little Ike to talk after t'parsons. I'm fain yo know your Bible, and I'm raight suited at yor carrying on this meetin' on

scriptural principles. Yo've kept t'best wine wol t'last. But I'm thinking it wiln't be as guid as yo expect. It's been kept so long, wal I'm flaid it's goan a bit flat."

Then he paused another minute whilst the people let off a little steam and then quietened down.

"Well," he said, "does ony o' yo folk knaw what I'm going to talk abaat?"

"Na, we doan't," shouted many of the hearers.

"Naa, nor I doan't nawther!" retorted Brother Ike, and sat down a moment.

Jumping up again, he said:

"Naa, do yo know what I'm going to say?"

Some shouted "Na," and some said "Ea."

"Well, then," said Ike, "yo at does know tell them at doesn't knaw, and then we can tak t'collection and go hoam."

After another moment's pause he said:

"Well, I recon I sall have to say sommat. Yo've been hearing these preachers talk. An' they talked an' all had no bother about it. The've geen yo some fine wool, and naa yoa've to have my shoddy. I recon, lads, it'll make a blend, wiln't it?"

He then proceeded to deliver a marvellous speech which mightily moved the meeting, preachers, chairman, and all. When it is remembered that he was speaking in a district where the daily occupation of the people was with the manufacture of woollen cloth, blending shoddy and wool together and working the mixture into blankets, rugs, horse-cloths, scourers, and such-like, it will readily be seen how such homely hits would tell.

But it was as a preacher that Brother Ike excelled. He had only a few subjects, but he worked them well. Daniel in the lions' den, the three Hebrews in the fire, Samson carrying off the gates of the city, and David and Goliath, were among the choicest. The last was first favourite both with preacher and hearers.

Preaching on David slaying Goliath, he not only moved us, but was moved himself. It was, perhaps, because he felt the subject so much himself that he was able to make others feel.

"Naah, lads," he said to us one Sunday when preaching on David and Goliath, "we're to watch a feight this mornin' between a child of the King and a servant of the devil. Yo may depend on't it'll be a reight set-to, an t'little 'un is sure to feight as long as he can stand, becaus if he wins he's to have a king's dowter for his wife. An' if a chap wiln't feight for a woman, when will he feight?

"Net as I believe i' feightin. But if countries will fratch wi' one another i' such a way at they caan't have a settlement noa ruad except by a feight, then I think they ought to end their fratches by having a feight o' this sort. An' if the'd nobbat get agate o' doing it i' this way, I wodan't mind holding t'little chap's cluas for him wol he whacked big 'un into fits."

Then, getting well into his subject, he would say:

"King Saul wor interested in t' struggle, and when he yeard at one o' his soldiers had sed he'd goa and face Goliath, Saul sent for him.

"Soa, you see, at last David wor brought into t'palace to see Saul. Well, yo knaw t'owd Book says it shall be soa. 'Seest thou a man diligent i' his business? He shall stand before kings.' But it wor a grand shop an' all. I te'ld ar Martha at her parlour wor nowt atside at kitchen i' that haase.

"When Saul saw David he wor fair capped we 'im. He couldn't make aat haa it wor at this little chap had pluck to goa and feight when nother he nor his big soldiers durst goa. You see, t'king wor 'ead and shoulders bigger nor any other chap i' his army. But heed shown t'white feather, an wor flaid aat of his wits nearly. It reight licked 'im when David wor willin' to goa.

"David had a rare job to make Saul let him goa. You see t'king wor a backslider. He'd lost his love an' his faith. He'd ommust geen up believin' i' God, and when a man dosn't believe i' God, he hasn't mich faith nowther i' man nor devil nor nowt else.

"At last he said, 'Well, tha sall goa but I'll lean tha a suit o' my feighting

cloathes.' He had some fotched, and began buckling um on to David—he'd a rare owd job to mak um stick on. But at last he'd finished his job, and said :

" ' Naa tha can goa as soon as tha likes.'

" But David didn't offer to goa so fast, so t'king sed, ' Naa, then, what's up, why dosn't tha frame and goa ? '

" David sed, ' It's no sort o' use, I can't goa i' these trappings ; I'm noan used to cloathes o' this mack. Yoa'll ha to let me doff um off ! '

" You see, them cloathes didn't fit him. He wur just as uncomfortable i' that suit as one o' them lads theer aat o' t'Sunday-school ud be if he doonned his father's trousers, an his grandfather's top-coat."

Then Brother Ike had some splendid lessons on the importance of wearing our own clothes in the battle of life.

" Be yor sens, doan't want nubbody else's cloathes. They wiln't fit yo as weel as yor own. If yor nobbut Ephraim Baistow, doan't try to be Lord John Halifax. Yo can tak nubbody in that way nobbot yoursen. It makes me fair mad when I see Sally Smith trying to mak folk believe at shu's a duchess. Be just what yo are. If yo're sinners i' God's sight, doan't don yoursen up as if yo wor saints. God's never ta'an in i' that way. He can see through all whitewash, gildin', an sham."

But Brother Ike was always most effective when he came to put David and Goliath face to face.

" Naah, then, we mun have a luk at Goliath. T'Bible says he were ' six cubits and a span.' Suppose at Thomas Watson there i' that singing pew wor to come up here into this puilpit. Tha needn't luk so hard, Thomas. I could like to see thee up 'ere some day. An if tha behaves thasen, an goas on i' t'road tha's begun, thaa'l make a preacher some time.

" But I wor saying, suppose Thomas Watson came up here and stood on my shoulders straight up, baat tumbling, him an' me together wod be abaat as tall as Goliath ; but it would need all t'singers an' all to make us as broad and impudent as he wor.

" He wor a big chap. His pride wor as big as his body, his impudence worn't much less, an' his tongue wor bigger and faaller nor all t'lot together.

" He'd a brass helmit on his 'ead, he'd greaves on his legs—I don't know what they wor, but they wor made o' brass—he'd a target o' brass between his shoulders, an' his face wor full o' brass ; but I doan't think he'd mich brass i' his pocket.

" Top o' his spear wor like a weaver's beam. Yo hand-loom weavers know all abaat beams. It must ha' been a big un, an' he must ha' been a reight cufter."

Then he described little David in language which made those old Yorkshire saints shout with joy. In his own quaint way he told how God can bring down the mightiest from their seats ; how the feeblest saint of God, with Divine help assured, may face every Goliath of evil, confident that all will be well.

When he began to describe the actual conflict, it was not less real to him than to his hearers. Both preacher and people could see it all.

" Naah, at last they're ready to begin. Look at David. His sling's ready, he puts his hand into his bag and takes a stoan aat. I recon yo notice at David had carefully selected them five stoanes. They wor ' smooth '—best he could find. Ony sort o' stoanes wiln't do to feight the Lord's battle. Yo mun have t'best."

Then he took his handkerchief from his pocket, and, holding the two ends, he twisted it into the form of a sling. Placing an imaginary stone into the sling, he put himself into position for hurling the stone at the giant.

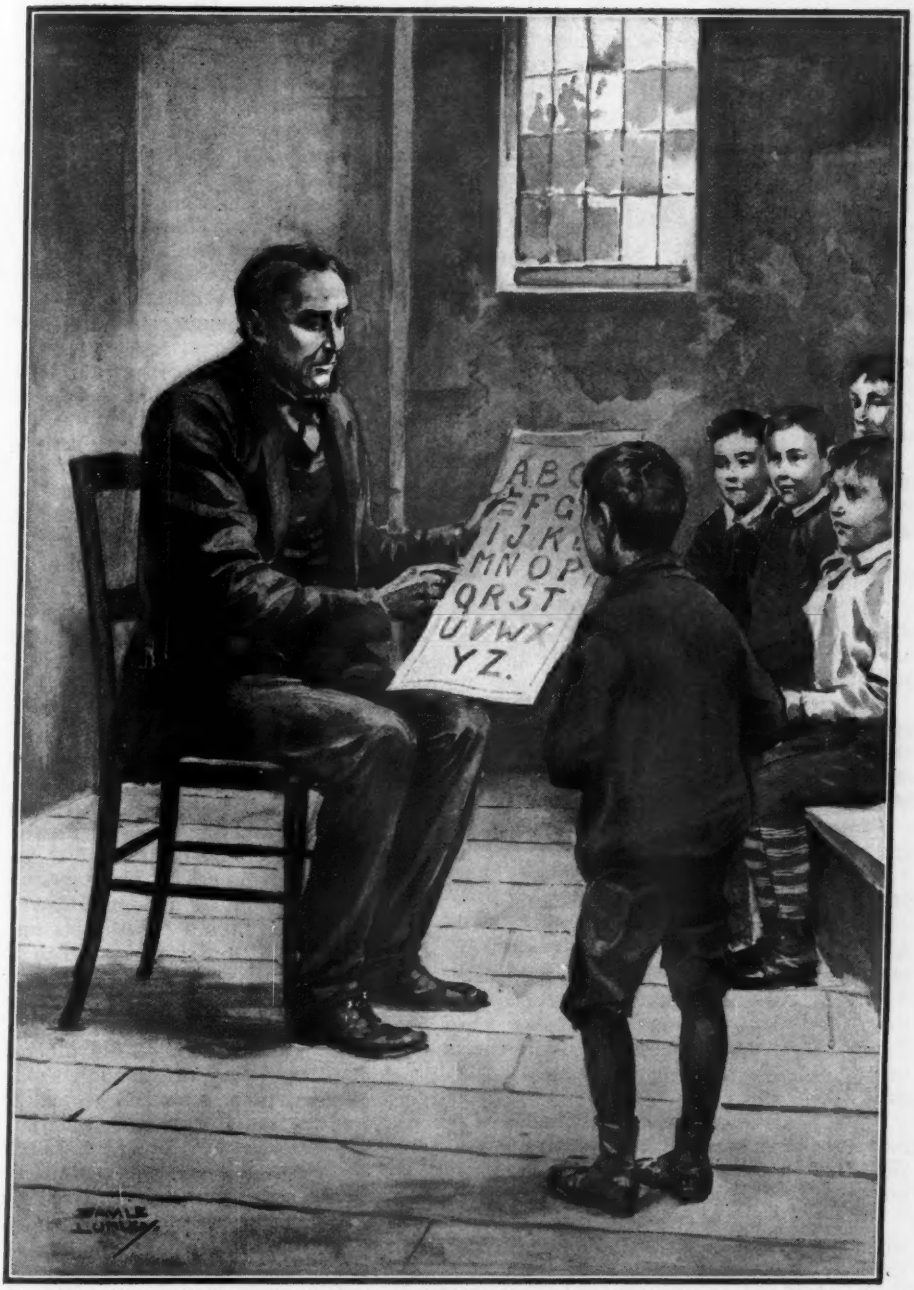
" Come on wi' tha—come on ! Whoa does tha think is flaid o' thee ? " he shouted.

Then with great force he swung round his imaginary sling, let one end of it go, and hurled the stone, shouting :

" Take that for thasen, wit tha ? "

As he leaned over the pulpit front with the sling in his hand, and sent the imaginary stone flying, two or three people in the gallery ducking down their heads to miss the blow from it were surprised when they did not hear it go crashing through the window behind them.

When Goliath fell there was great



The lad was able to get farther on than his teacher. But Jabez took care to fasten in his memory every new letter the pupil pronounced

exultation by the preacher and the people.

"Yo see," continued he, "there wor moor saand nor substance i' this giant, moor swagger nor strength, moor baance nor brains. A chap i' aar taan at recons to be at bit of a atheist wor trying to laugh at me t'other day. He sed to me:

"'Naa, Ike, does tha really believe t'Bible to be true?'

"'To be sure I do,' I sed to him. 'What is there i' it at tha thinks is hard to believe?'"

"'Well,' he said, 'does tha think onybody could believe that roming tale abaat that lad David slinging a stone at went in to that giant's head, and ommost settled him?'

"'To be sure,' I said to him—'to be sure I believe it, an' onybody could believe it, for he'd have a easy job if Goliath's head wor as soft as thine.'"

Turning once more to his subject, Brother Ike said:

"We mun luk sharp naa, an settle this enemy o' the Lord. Come on; let's run wi' David, and get hold o' that sword and finish this job off!"

Then, as he described David standing upon Goliath, seizing his sword, and raising it to give the final stroke, one man in the chapel was so worked up that he shouted:

"That's reight, Ike; off wi' his head, and have done wi' sich a wastrel as he is!"

Hastening on to a conclusion, the preacher said:

"An' naa I come to me application. A sarman baat application isn't up to mich.

"Well, then, my first application is this: At this account shows us at though sin and wickedness and divilment may appear like a giant, it isn't as strong as it luks.

"Then my second is: At though God may be laughed at, He's stronger nor Goliath. 'He at is for us is greater nor all at can be agean us.'

"My third is: At t'sword of truth will some time kill every swaggering lie i' t'world. I doan't knaw when, an' if God isn't i' a hurry abaat it He is sure to do it some day. When He gets up, who can stop His hand?

"And my last application is this: At God sometimes uses Goliath's own sword to cut off Goliath's own 'ead. That's a way the Lord has o' doing His wark. Yo know t'Psalmist says somewhere, 'He makes the wrath of men praise Him.'

"We often see Him doing that i t'owd Book. When King Pharaoh, daan i' Egypt yonder, wor doin' his warst to crush the childer of God, a shocking thing happened. All t'little childer at wor born wor to be flung into t'river if they wor lads.

"But there wor one born at Pharaoh couldn't kill, though he had a lot of soldiers to do as he telled 'um. The little lad Moses wor born to deliver the hosts of God, an' God had him nursed, an' trained, an' sent to school at th' expense o' Pharaoh. That king didn't know at he wor sharpening t'sword at wor to cut his own head off, and destroy his own kingdom.

"And then, yo knaw, there wor them chaps in Babylon at wor up to nowt but mischief and divilment. They didn't like Daniel being put over them. They sed, 'This'll never do; we arn't going to have that Jew domaneering over us.'

"So they set thersens to catch him in a trap. They wor a very clever lot—a bit too clever. Well, at t'end o' that job they fan thersens reight licked, and no mistak. God sent His angels an' shut t'lions' mouths. There worn't one on um at muffed at all. Do you say, 'Haa wor that?' Why, because Him at works all things for guid to them at love Him made them lions forget ther savagery i' t'presence o' His faithful servant Daniel.

"But what abaat them at made all that mischief? They fan thersen i' t'rang box. Bible says at t'wicked spreadeth a net, and his feet are taken therein.

"Worn't it soa wi' Haman? Worn't it soa wi' them at threw t'three Hebrews into t'furnace? It's allus soa. Yo caan't hurt a child of God until He lets yo. Yo'd better not try. Yo may hurt yorsen."

Isaac Linwood was only one of many

such celebrities, whose consecrated genius did good service in many pulpits in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

John Woodlands was another of these men. Wherever he went to preach there was always a good audience.

One of his famous subjects was the fall of Jericho. He was rather more circumscribed in his range of topics than was Isaac Linwood, but such as he had he worked well and to very good effect.

Preaching on the ever-popular subject of Jericho's walls, he would say :

" Yo see the people of the Lord are noa sooner aat o' one difficulty but they have to face another. These folk have just nicely getten across t'Jordan, and naa Jericho mun be faced. They thought getting over t'river wor a stiff job, but that wor laikin aside o' this."

" When Joshua saw them walls he wor fair dun over. He thowt to hissen : ' Well, I can never level them i' this world.'

" And I doan't think he could. But yo see he wor like us—he wor forgettin, at ' He at is for us is greater than all at can be ageen us.'

" I gave yon lad o' mine sixpence t'other day, an, if yo'll believe me, he'd worn (spent) it all in an aar, an when I said to 'im, ' Sammy, aar tha baat brass be naa ? '

" He sed to me : ' I am, father. Yo know, sixpence isn't mich when it's all i' copper.'

" Then I telled 'im I believed he'd ware me if I wor brass. An', would yo believe it, he said : ' I sud for sure, father, for, yo see, brass wor made to ware ' (to spend).

" An' soa I say abaat difficulties—they wor made to be met ; and if yo have one to-morn, and will luk it reight i' t'face, yo wiln't be hofe as flaid on't as yo think. An', beside, yo know—or yo ought to know—at when yo've nicely maisterd one trouble it's easier to meet and maister t'next.

" Well, Joshua set hissen to this job. Yo'll find at t'priests are mentioned first. There wor to be seven on um, an they wor to come aat first.

" Naa, to my mind, that's just as it sud be—preachers first. They sud allus lead i' ought at's guid. I make nowt at them parsons at believes i' doing nowt, but letting all t'other folk do all t'wark. Parsons first, I say. First weer there's rough wark waiting, t'first weer there's sin and wickedness to be rebuked, an' t'first weer t'sick an' dying need telling abaat t'love of Jesus—t'sinners' Friend."

Then Mr. Woodlands always had a passage or two about the instruments these priests were to carry and play.

" Yo'll be sure to notice at they wor to have trumpets made of rams' horns. They wor home-made instruments, I sud fancy. Naa, I've never yerd a ram's horn plaid. But I dar say at it ud saand nice enuff to them, whatever we may think abaat it. To have a ram's horn to play on is better nor being reight baat music altogether.

" Have yo ever noticed ha mich music there is i' t'Bible, an' what use is made on't ? David used his harp to play the devil aat o' King Saul, an' I wish I could play the devil aat o' men to-day. He used his harp when he sang an' danced afore the Lord. Musicians an' all t'women i' Israel played cymbals when Pharaoh had been draaned i' t'sea ; and when we get to heaven we shall have plenty o' music i' that upper an' better world."

When he came to describe the procession marching round the city walls he was most dramatic and effective. Few, if any, of those who heard him preach would ever have the opportunity of visiting Palestine and of seeing the ruined site of Jericho. But all who listened to him seemed to have a complete picture of the city before them. He marshalled all the forces for the tramp, tramp, day after day. He sent them all off in front of us marching past the pulpit, and it was easy to see them all.

" An t'last of all comes the rereward. An' who wor they ? Who wor they ? Why, they wor t'chaps at couldn't feight thersen, but they hugged (carried) guns for them at did feight. Yo see, Joshua knew his bisness. He gave evr'y one on um sommat to do. He knew wot he wor doing. He didn't leave ony on um time to grummle.

" If yo've ony chap i' this church at's a fault-finder, just yo give him some wark

to do. Let his hands have a turn, an' his tongue a haliday for a while, an' when t'walls are coming daan then yo can all shaat as hard as yo've a mind.

"An' I recon tha wod shaat, an' all. Yo see, they wor silent for a guid while. Naa, it isn't allus easy to be quiet and say nowt. But isn't it wonderful ha God gives us grace according to our day!

"There wor Betty Kaye, yonder. She wor a very active sort of a body, wor Betty. If ther wor ony trouble onywhere Betty wor sure to turn up, an' t'best on it wur at she allus brought sunshine wi' her. Shu'd a guid word an' a pleasant smile for all burdened ones.

"But one day Betty wor poorly, and shu wor very bad. I went to see her, and said to her:

"'Well, Betty, ha aar tha? I expect tha finds it hard to be quiet naa, after thaa's been so active all thease yers. Is it all reight with thee? Tha's often telled other folks ha guid God is to poorly folk. Ha abaat the sen?'"

"'Oh, it's all reight, John,' shu sed to me. 'Tha sees, John, it's a this way. When I were weel the Lord said to me: "Naa, Betty, thee goa an' comfort yon poor folk a bit at top o' t'taan." An' I did. Then He telled me go here an' go there, and I allus went.

"'But naa I caan't go nowther here nor there. So the Lord says to me: "Naa, Betty, thee lig still an cough; if it hurts thee a bit, I'll help thee. Tha knows I've promised never to put moor on thee nor tha can bear."

"'So tha sees, John, whether I'm doing or bearing the Lord's will it's all reight, for He gives me grace and strength according to me day.'"

(Another story of this interesting series will appear next month.)

OUR COMPANION MAGAZINE

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE is just what you want to read after you have finished GOOD WORDS and are waiting for the next number. This month it contains a great variety of literary and pictorial features:

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MINISTERS IN THE MAKING. By William Durban, B.A. Illustrated

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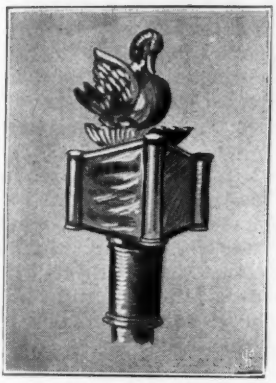


St. Botolph's Staff

Middle Temple Staff

NO city in the world possesses such a unique collection of historic churches as the City of London. Both in number and antiquarian interest they more than hold their own when compared with other similar groups. Each one possesses distinct features of its own worth studying. In the present article we select a curious relic carefully treasured in these fine old churches—the parish staff—deeply interesting from an artistic and historic point of view.

It is said that the beadle's staff came into use very soon after the Restoration. Almost all the earlier staves perished in the Great Fire, so that the majority of the church staves still to be seen in our City churches were made in the reign of Queen Anne, and later. The staff is, of course, the outward sign of the authority exercised by the parish in its official capacity, and many parishes vied with each other in having the most beautiful wand of office — hence many are triumphs of the silversmith's art, as may be gathered from the striking specimens here shown.

St. Katherine Cree Staff

Smithfield will ever be sacred to the Christian public as the great battlefield of religious freedom—the spot where our noble English martyrs laid down their lives for their faith. The manor of East Smithfield had a most interesting staff for its symbol of authority. This is in use at the church of St. Botolph, Aldgate, and, on several grounds, may well claim first attention. This staff-head is in silver, and has for design a swan wearing a collar. The bird stands on a shell, which rests on a tower, indicative of the White Tower in the Tower of London.

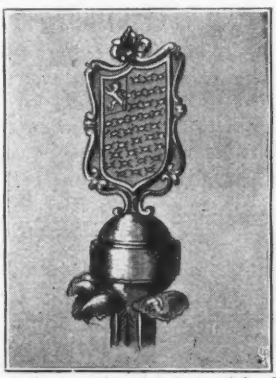
It is interesting to note that this figure of a swan was the symbol used by a former Earl of Essex, who had power over the manor of East Smithfield to levy taxes, while the collared swan was at one time a royal badge.

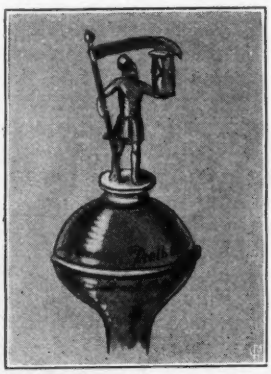
St. Katherine Cree Church, in Leadenhall Street, has several historic claims to remembrance. It is said to have been built by Inigo Jones, who combined two distinct styles of architecture in his design —the Gothic and the Classic. Here was buried the well-known Sir John Gayer, who, when travelling in Turkey, met in a desert a lion. The good knight dropped on his knees praying for deliverance, which was granted. To show his thankfulness, he left a sum of money for the delivery of an annual discourse known as the "Lion Sermon," which is now preached every year in October. The beadle's staff of this church has for design St. Katherine with her wheel. The story goes that she was miraculously delivered from martyrdom through her fervent prayers. She is the patroness of spinners, a number of churches in

Gray's Inn Staff

this country being dedicated to her memory.

Temple Church, where "lawyers most do congregate to worship," is celebrated for its connection with the Crusaders. Here can be seen the finest collection of tombs of the men who fought in the Holy Land for the honour of Christendom in the kingdom. The Knights Templars of England bore an inspiring religious device on their shields—the Agnus Dei—the lamb that signified the Lamb of God. This device is adopted by the Benchers of the Middle Temple, and stands on the church staff, with the addition that the Holy Lamb carries a red-cross banner. A striking custom is observed in connection with this staff. When a Bencher dies it is draped in mourning with crape. During the ordinary Sunday services this Lamb and Flag staff is to be seen in the seat used by the treasurer in the church.





Lincoln's Inn and St. Giles'-in-the-Fields Staves

Another fine staff to be seen at the Temple Church is that used for the authorities of the Inner Temple. It is in marked contrast to the sacred emblem of the Lamb, having a classic origin, and being an adaptation of the Pegasus of the Greeks. This device of a flying horse is attributed to Gerard Legh, a herald at the Court of Queen Elizabeth. The figure is a fine example of workmanship, and on it is recorded a curious fact in assaying, for the Goldsmiths' Hall people found on testing the metal with which it is composed, that it had an excess of alloy, and accordingly they notified it when adding their hall-mark.

Within a short distance of the Temple is Gray's Inn, another great rendezvous of the legal profession. Gray's Inn has been lovingly written on by Charles Lamb, and it possesses a beautiful little church. Its sign is the griffin, which appears on its church staff. Perhaps the best description of this may be given in the identical words of Segar, one of its members, in the quaint language of the middle seventeenth century:

"The Honble. Colledge of Gray's Inn doth bear for their coat, Az, an Indian Griffin proper Segreant with the laudable inscription environing the same. This ayrie fowle or earthly beast, as here it appeareth, is termed segreant, not volant or rampant as some hold, for that he seemeth with his Lionnish loynes to touch the earth, and with his Eaglish partes advanceth himself as if his flight were towards the heavens."

Across the way from Gray's Inn we come upon Lincoln's Inn, the third distinguished head-quarters of the legal profession.

Inner Temple Staff

St. Vedast's, Foster Lane

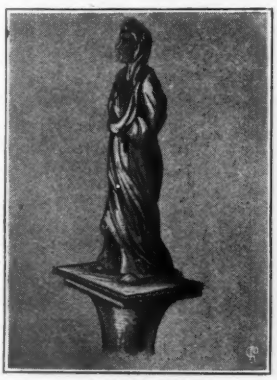
St. Margaret's, Westminster

The chapel is a very fine building, its splendid oak-work attracting attention, as well as the curious East window, which is filled with coats-of-arms of famous lawyers connected with the inn. The arms of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn adorn the head of the official staff, consisting of a shield upon which is depicted a mill-rind field, with a lion rampant in the left upper-corner, and the whole enclosed in a decorated frame, and resting on a handsome orb surmounting a spreading leaved shaft.

The church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, close to Oxford Street, is celebrated for its loyalty to the House of Stuart. In the churchyard is the tomb of Richard Pendrell, who is designated "the preserver of the life of King Charles the Second." A curious record in its history is that at the time of the Restoration there was a feast of bell-ringing, which lasted no less than three whole days. At one time the vicinity of the church had an unenviable reputation for the great number of poor people and beggars who made it a common centre. The beadle's staff, which is in silver-gilt, bears a most unusual design. It is that of Father Time. He is depicted stepping forward with a huge scythe above his head, and in his left hand an hour-glass. On the circular disc beneath his feet is the arrestive phrase, "Remember Death by Time."

St. Dunstan-in-the-West

Situated behind the General Post Office, in Foster Lane, is St. Vedast's Church. It bears a well-designed steeple by Sir Christopher Wren, the famous architect of St. Paul's Cathedral. The interior of the church contains some exceptionally handsome wood-carving, both the altar-piece and the pulpit being beautifully festooned with fruit and smiling cherubs. Robert Herrick, the quaint old poet, was baptised here. When the neighbouring church of St. Michael-le-Querne was destroyed by fire the parish was united with St. Vedast's, and this amalgamation is given as an explanation of the curious device adopted to adorn the church staff. As will



St. Etheiburga's

St. Clement Danes'

be seen by our illustration, the design is that of a circle, across which is a horizontal band, while two hands clasp each other perpendicularly. That this symbol is meant to point to the union of the two parishes is borne out by an inscription on the lower part of the staff, which reads: "My hand and heart for ever join."

St. Dunstan's-in-the-West Church, in Fleet Street, is justly celebrated for having had Izaak Walton, the author of "The Compleat Angler," as a parishioner. A beautiful stained-glass window has been erected to his memory in the north-west of the building, bearing a figure of the famous angler and half-length figures of the notable men he mentioned in his "Lives." Exceptionally interesting is the staff in use at this church. It bears a figure of St. Dunstan in full canonicals. In his right hand he grasps his pastoral staff, and in his left hand he carries a pair of tongs. Those acquainted with this saint's life will recall the legend of how he used the latter instrument in his contest with the Evil One.

Among our early English saints is St. Ethelburga. She was the daughter of King Ethelbert of Kent, and became the wife of Edwin, the warlike northern ruler. Taught religion by her mother, Bertha, when she married she endeavoured to lead her husband to embrace Christianity. Success crowned her efforts. On the death of the king at the battle of Heathfield, Ethelburga devoted herself to a religious life, as was the custom of those days. Several churches are dedicated to her memory, among them being one in Bishopsgate Street. The parish-staff here used bears her figure, dressed in the widow's garb.

Another London church bearing the name of a female saint and standing in marked contrast to the one just mentioned, is St. Margaret's, Westminster. This place of worship is under the very shadow of the world-famous Abbey. It is commonly known as the House of Commons Church. The story of St. Margaret is a pathetic one. The daughter of a heathen priest of Antioch, she embraced Christianity, but this roused the hatred of Olybius, Prefect of the East, who wished to have her as his wife. So incensed was he at her change of religion that he suffered her to be put to death for her faith. Several legends centre round her memory. One is to the effect that she overcame a dragon by holding before it a cross. The staff-head at St. Margaret's Church embodies this idea, but substitutes a sword for a cross, as shown in our picture.

Quite recently a splendid memorial statue to William Ewart Gladstone has been erected in the space in front of St. Clement Danes Church. St. Clement Danes has a fine silver-topped staff which bears the sign of the saint—an anchor. Tradition says that, by order of the Roman governor, Clement was drowned with an anchor round his neck. Thus the symbol of this early Christian's martyrdom still silently preaches from the staff to be seen within this handsome London church.

HENRY DERREN.

The texts on the balustrades of the terraces of Castle Ashby, the Marquis of Northampton's beautiful seat.

The Whalebone's Story

For Bairns and Children of an Older Growth.

By Frank T. Bullen, Author of "With Christ at Sea," etc.

MISS DOROTHY CLARKE, aged eight, usually known as Dolly, was tired of play. She sat in the nursery, looking sad, as if mamma and dada and nurse had left her for always, and so she would never be happy any more. Jack had grown up and gone to school. Baby Phil was too young to be company, and besides, he had gone to by-by. Mamma and dada had gone out for the evening, and nurse—dear, faithful, loving nursie—had gone down to her tea, having left Miss Dolly, as she thought, quite happy with six of her namesakes, a large house for them with lots of beautiful furniture in it, and a kitchen-range upon which it was quite easy to make believe you were a great cook serving up the most splendid dinners.

But suddenly there came to Dolly a feeling that often comes to grown-up people—a feeling that the things we wanted so badly once, and have now got, have lost the power to amuse us or give us happiness; and what is worse, we cannot think of anything that would do so, if we try ever so hard. So that Dolly just settled herself down to enjoy a fit of the doleful dumps, and her bright eyes—she really wasn't a bit sleepy—filled with tender tears of pity for herself.

She did not dream of calling for nurse, or making a fuss, because, being really a sweet, good-hearted little lady, she felt that nurse ought to have just a little time to herself out of the long, long day she so cheerfully gave to Dolly and baby.

And as Dolly sat thus, with her poor forgotten dollies lying neglected around her, and the bright teardrops just beginning to run over the edges of her eyes, she suddenly saw through her tears a piece of black stuff. like a narrow, thin strip of wood, lying at her feet. Of course, she was sitting on the floor.

Without thinking what she was doing, she picked it up, and began idly bending it backwards and forwards until, in spite of her intention to be pleasantly miserable for a little while, she became interested to see how it always came back to its shape again and would not break. She had a dim idea that she had seen something like it before, but could not be sure, and so presently—Dolly had a pretty little habit of thinking aloud—she said:

"I wonder what ever it is? It isn't wood, for it doesn't break; it isn't cane, for it's black. Oh, it is funny stuff!"

And then a very strange thing happened. The little black strip began to quiver in her fingers, though she was then holding it quite still, and a clear, sweet little voice said:

"Dear little Miss Dolly, if you like, I'll tell you my story."

And being a very good and polite child, she said:

"Thank you very much! I should so like to hear it! I love to hear stories—if they are interesting!"

The curious thing that this piece of stuff should talk did not trouble her, because she had always talked to her dollies, knowing well that they were made of wood, or wax, or leather, or rags, and imagined them as understanding her, and talking back most pleasantly for an hour at a time. So she listened very politely to the clear little voice, watching the piece of black, bendy stuff with wide-open eyes that seemed to see all it was telling her, and losing herself entirely in the wonder of the story.

"I am a piece of what people call whalebone, but why, I am sure I cannot

tell; for even you, my dear little lady, who knows nothing at all about me, would never have thought of me as a piece of bone. In fact—you won't mind me mentioning it, I'm sure—I am one of the most wonderful substances grown in any animal, and I come from one of the most wonderful animals, and am used in the most wonderful way by that animal. Not that I am at all stuck up about it, but I like to know it myself, and to tell other people about it who don't know. Now, I must begin at the beginning, or else I shall have to go back every now and then, just as you have to do when in reading a book you skip, and then presently you think the book is stupid, and doesn't tell the story properly, when it's all your own fault.

"Long, long ago, so long that there were no books written, all creatures were very different to what they are now. And some of them were very curious creatures indeed, although it is certain that they were just properly made by God to lead their lives in the old and different world. In the course of time, as the world altered, the animals altered, so as to keep their places in it, and one of the strangest alterations was that made in himself by the whale.

"He had been a great land monster, like an enormously large hippopotamus, or seal, but what he then fed upon I do not know. Whatever it was, he needed teeth to eat it with, and he had them, a great many, in both of his big jaws. But when, for some reason or another which it is now impossible to find out, he began to stay longer and longer in the sea, until he did not care to come on shore any more, of course he had to find quite other things to eat, and of course he had to eat these other things in quite a different way. And besides, having taken to the sea, the whales split up into different families, each of which had ways of their own and lived on special kinds of sea-food which they liked best, or, what comes to the same thing with animals, which they could get easiest.

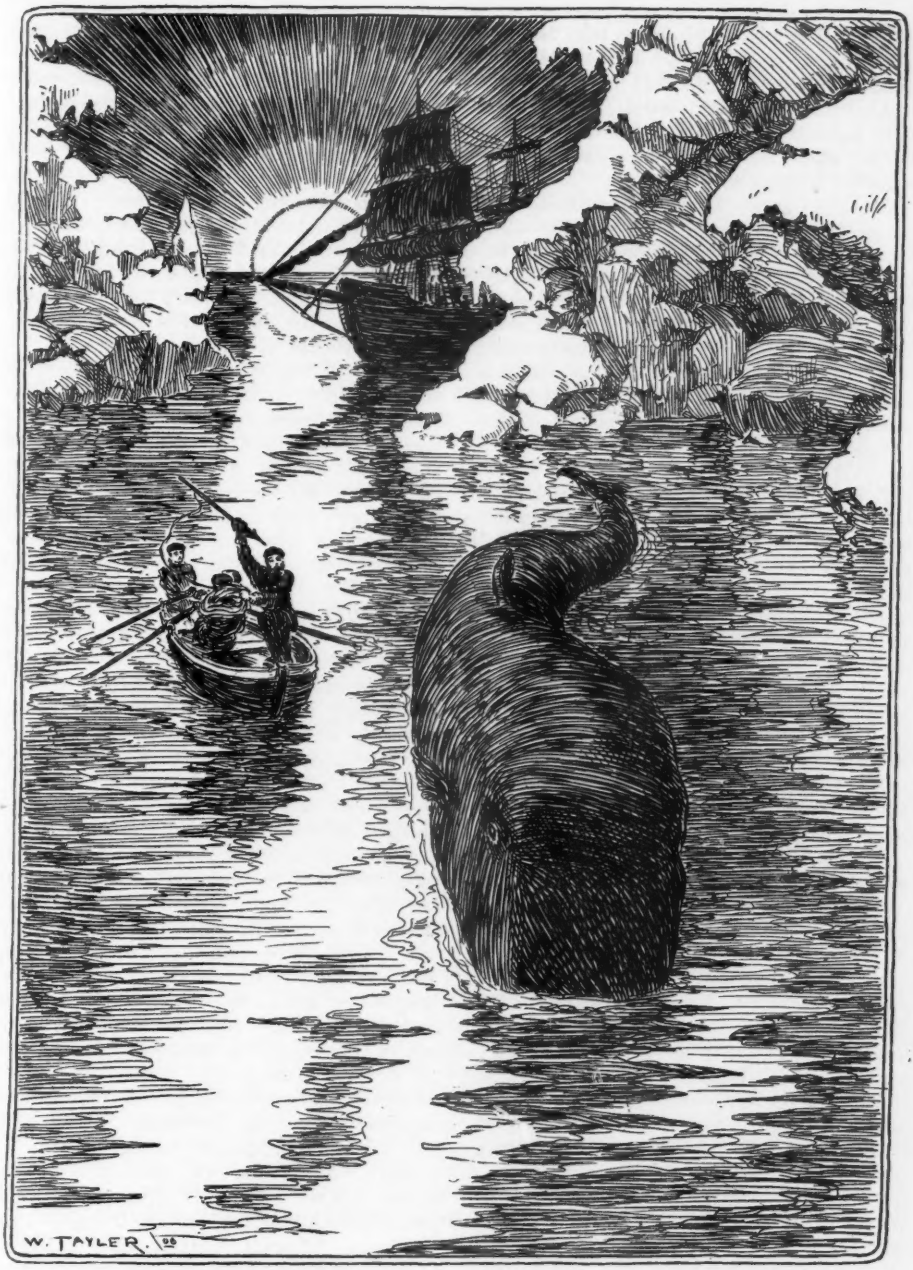
"And now we come to the particular kind of whale to which I belong, and which I think, of course, is the most interesting of them all—the great Greenland whale. His family were rather timid and fearful, although they were so big; and so, being anxious to get out of the way of the other whales, they swam in their slow way far up North, where the ice-mountains grow, where for six months it is always night and for six months it is always day. And it is so cold. It is a place of which you might say that it never gets warmer, although it often gets colder, because it is really never warm at all, even in the middle of what should be the summer.

"This did not trouble the whales much, because they all wore big, thick overcoats of fat that kept the cold out very well; but they soon found that the food they wanted very badly was getting scarcer and scarcer. At that time they used to eat anything fishy that came along, if only it swam slowly enough for them to overtake it, or if only it was silly enough to swim into their mouths. But gradually the things upon which they lived got fewer and fewer, and softer and softer, so that they had no use for their teeth at all. This, you may be sure, troubled them very much, and they had to grow something instead of teeth that would help them to catch this small, shy food of theirs which their teeth could not touch.

"Let me say, in passing, that you are not to suppose that all these changes took place in one whale's lifetime, but came about gradually through the lives of a very great number, each succeeding family doing a little to alter itself so as to be able to keep alive. It all happened in a very natural way, and you may know how in yourself.

"Let us suppose—only suppose, of course—that you are a very unkind little girl, fond of saying and doing cruel things, and giving pain to your friends. You know that it is wrong, and that you should not do such things, but you will not try to stop, you rather try to do more of these cruel things. So you get worse and worse, until at last you cannot be good and kind if you would, and your whole life is a danger to yourself and everybody else.

"But if, when you feel inclined to do something kind or say something nice,



"They let their boats down into the water very quietly, and rowed along gently until they came up to the side of my master, who did not hear them at all"

you do all you can to help on that feeling, it will come easier every time to do so; and in just the same way, if when the bad fit comes on you try all you can to fight against it, it will become harder and harder to do it, until at last you will not want to do it at all.

So the great Greenland whale not using his teeth because he did not want to, for one thing, and for another, because he really had not much opportunity, gradually found them becoming of no use to him; and side by side with that loss he found that he was getting something else which, for the purpose of catching such food as was plentiful where he had come to live, was of the utmost use to him.

"And this something was what people call whalebone. When the whale-baby is first born he has a row of pretty white teeth growing closely together all round his top gums, but very soon these first teeth drop out, and plates of horny stuff with fringed edges on the inside begin to grow downwards from the roof of his mouth. Indeed, it seems as if the rough ridges on the roof of the mouth, that you can feel you have, are growing longer and separating down the middle into two rows, one each side, until they make a sort of a fence of horny plates growing closely side by side and coming each of them down to a point.

"They grow very fast, for the young whale is only fed by his mother for about three months, and if he is to live at all on what God has now provided for him to eat in those bitterly cold waters he must have the right sort of tools to catch that food with. So, of course, those funny plates of bendy stuff come farther and farther down as the little whale's mouth gets bigger and bigger, until presently he finds out that as he swims along through water swarming with tiny little shell-fish he can gather a great many of them into his mouth, and by pushing his tongue up between those two rows of fringed plates he can squeeze the water out and keep the fish behind. You see, they make a kind of a sieve. Well, it was a fine discovery, because he has a curious little trap-door in his throat that won't let the water down, but that he can open at the right time and let the fish down that he has sifted out of the sea. And all the time, with the top of his head just out of the water, he can breathe, for the opening of his breath-pipe is there, and as you can go on breathing and eating at the same time, so can he, only easier. Easier, because your breathing-pipe and swallowing-pipe come into one opening at the back of your throat, while his breathing-pipe runs along the back of his head, down into his lungs, and never comes near his throat at all.

"Now, I was just a little tiny part of one of those plates—one of the very biggest of them—growing right in the middle of his mouth. And as he grew and grew, so we grew with him, until by-and-by we were so long that we could not have been stood upright in this room. The young whale became fully grown—I cannot tell you how old he was, because we do not notice time—but he grew until he was as big as fifteen or sixteen great elephants all rolled together in one lump.

"I know this is hard for you to believe, but it is true. And it did not seem as if ever he was going to stop getting bigger, for he was always catching great mouthfuls of these little shell-fish, the water where he lived being quite thick with them. But he did stop growing, as men do when they get to a certain age, and then he began to get fat—so fat that in some places his blubber, which is something like the fat on very fat bacon, was two feet thick! That was around his shoulders. This he wanted to keep him warm, for you must remember that where he lived the water was as cold in the height of summer as it is with us in the depth of winter; while in the winter all the sea was frozen up several feet in thickness, and he had to stop breathing and eating, and go to sleep beneath the ice until the spring came again, when, of course, his great coat of fat had got quite thin from his long fasting. At least, that is what I think. I do not know how else he could have lived in that frozen ocean all through the winter when the ice got too thick for him to break it up with his head, and I

know he did not go South to get into warmer water. Of course, being such a very small part of this great creature, I do not know all his ways.

"He was very gentle and kind, only eating those tiny creatures of which I have told you, never fighting as other kinds of whales do, and giving shelter in his great mouth to a lot of lazy fish that would not look for their own food, but just hung on to the quiet places about his palate and tongue and took a portion of all the food he ate. But he did not trouble. He was quiet and contented, only wanted to live and eat, and interfere with nobody. You see, he had no idea of getting on in the world, except to grow as big as he could by eating as much as he could get, and he was not able to think about to-morrow, which you and I have to do as we grow up.

"At last, one day, when he had grown very fat—so fat that he could only swim very slowly, and just lazily open his mouth under the water to let his food roll in—there came a dreadful change. Some men in a ship came into those seas when the ice had nearly all melted away, and they had all sorts of spears and guns with them for the purpose of killing the poor whales. You see, they were very poor men, with wives and little children to keep, and the country where they lived was so poor that they could not earn enough there to keep them. So they went out upon the sea, knowing that if they could manage to kill some whales and take the fat off their bodies, and the whalebone out of their mouths, this oil and whalebone could be sold for a lot of money. Then it—the money—would be divided among the men, and they would have food and clothes for their darlings. They came, then, in their ship up among the floating mountains of ice looking for whales, and one lovely morning, when the sun was shining down upon those great white ice-fields and icebergs, and the blue sea in between was looking just like a great mirror, they saw my whale.

"They let their boats down into the water very quietly, and rowed along gently until they came up to the side of my master, who did not hear them at all. And the first thing he knew about them was the feeling that they had stuck several long spears into his body, which of course hurt him very much. He did not know what to do, but felt that if he went down into the deep sea these men who had hurt him so would not be able to follow him, and so he might escape. He had no thought of fighting them—he never had thought of fighting anybody. But when he went down, down into the deep sea, he felt something dragging at his body—it was the long rope tied to the barbed spears, the harpoons, which they had stuck into his poor tender skin, and which would not draw out again.

"And so after a very little while he felt as if he must come up again, because the pain was so great, and he thought he could get a little ease if he yielded to the upward pull. Slowly as ever he could he rose to the sea-surface, but when he did arrive there the cruel men were waiting for him with long, slender, and very sharp lances. These they thrust into his body, trying to find out where they could hurt him the most. Presently they touched his heart, his big heavily-beating heart, and as soon as they did, the sharp, burning pain told him that he could not hope to live any longer; he must just die and become a prey to those hungry men. So after a little while, since his blood was pouring out upon the blue sea in a hundred streams, he died, as quietly as he had lived, and the men who had killed him pulled him alongside of their ship.

"As soon as they had done so they began with sharp spades and big knives to cut off his great covering of fat, which they pulled on board, cut in small pieces, and put away in iron tanks to be boiled down presently when they got back. But the chief thing they wanted was the great upper jaw, containing what they called the whalebone, that being worth far more than all the rest of his poor body, which now laid so limp upon the waves. So they worked furiously to cut off his very big head, and presently, with a terrible amount of hard work, they had the upper jaw cut away from the rest of the body, and with its great fringe of whalebone it was lifted on board. The long blades of

precious bone were shorn away from the white, tough gum in which they were stuck, the heaps of valueless matter was flung overboard, and then very carefully the whalebone was scraped clean and put away. But every fine day after that until the ship got home—that is, when no other work was pressing—the great heap of whalebone blades must needs be brought out and dried in the sun, wiped, scraped, and trimmed, so that they should be fit for the buyers of the stuff, who are very quick to notice any spot of mildew or decay.

"At last the ship reached port, and all the cargo was taken to the warehouses, the whalebone being especially cared for as being the spoil upon which the owners depended for their profit on the voyage. Now, I felt that this was a curious change indeed. I had seen many wonderful changes since first I grew in the whale's mouth, but now in this dark, evil-smelling place, with the most perfect quiet all around, I felt that I had come to the end of all things. How long my companions and I lay there I do not know, not being able to take any account of time, but at last the great doors were opened, the bright day streamed in, and men came in great haste with much noise and dragged us all away. It was very bewildering after our long, long quiet, but the change was not unpleasant, especially when we were carried into a large building where there were many noisy machines and a roaring of machinery louder than I had ever heard during a storm at sea. I felt myself torn from my hold upon my fellow-fibres, sharp knives smoothed down my edges, and left me presently what you see me now. Eleven other pieces like myself were laid side by side in a neat bundle and fastened together for sale.

"I cannot tell you where we went, for we were wrapped in paper, but when again the light broke upon us I saw a long room filled with busy workgirls, who were surrounded by heaps of beautiful stuff for making dresses. One of these took hold of me, and, with a quick, clever movement of her fingers, ran me down into a pretty little silken case in the side of the bodice of your mother's lovely frock, the one she wore when she went to see the King. I felt so cosy and comfortable, although I was sorry to be shut in the dark again. Also I could not help wondering at the great change in my experience—from the roaring ice-fields of the frozen Northern seas and the wonderful deep, dark places of the sea to nestling against your mother's gentle side, helping to make her pretty dress fit her more perfectly.

"I do not know how many times your mother took me out with her, but I know that there came a time when I was again quite quiet, hung up in my snug little house in some corner where no sound ever came, until a little while ago I felt myself taken out with my companions and brought into the light once more. Something bright and sharp ran down the little cosy pouch in which I had lain so warmly, and let me out into the light again. And this morning, as nurse was carrying a handful of us into her room, she stopped here to do something for you, she dropped me, and so here I am."

"What will you do now, you clever little thing?" said Dolly wonderingly.

"If you like, I'll stay with you. But it will not be for very long. I feel sure that I have many more adventures before me yet, because, you see, I do not get worn out or broken, and I may see many strange things yet before I am burnt."

Just then nurse came in to see how her little charge had been getting on all alone, and was delighted to hear how well Dolly had been entertained by the story of the little piece of whalebone.

FRANK T. BULLEN.

Another delightful contribution from Mr. Frank T. Bullen's versatile pen will appear in next month's GOOD WORDS

Sons of the Sea

By the Rev. Charles Spurgeon

THE MEN WHO GUARD OUR COASTS

The Rev. Charles Spurgeon

"THE cream of the Navy" has been applied to the force of coastguards who keep watch and ward round our shores, and the phrase is as correct as it is complimentary.

"Wrecking" was looked upon in ancient times as a trade, and an essential auxiliary to the equally remunerative business of "smuggling"; so that the "preventive man" was an absolute necessity to check such nefarious transactions.

The present coastguardsman is engaged in more congenial duties, and everybody has a sort of reverence for the well-set, tidy, sailor-like man who, with a big telescope under his arm, jealously guards the flagstaff, and every now and then sweeps the horizon with his glass.

The men of the coastguard service would supply the first reserve for the Fleet in the event of war, and are a strictly selected body of fellows, being the very pick of the Navy, for the Admiralty require that every man must have his commanding officer's recommendation, and be fully trained either as a gunner or as a torpedoman. In addition to these qualifications he must be the wearer of at least one good-conduct badge.

Our coastguards have always been famous for "wide and matured experience, good discipline, and steady conduct, the sense of responsibility and the power of initiative, and their strength lies in their trained intelligence."

Such qualities might well be the envy of all, for this age needs men full of energy, and ready to capture pirates and destroy the ships of enemies. Sturdy, indeed, must be the "sons of the sea" who guard our isle.

The solitary patrols, who are unmurmuringly "patter-rolling," peering through the swift-flying scud, or facing the stinging rain as it drives before the "sou'-wester," until their "weather-eyes" are blinded; these are the men that are often unremembered and unrewarded, and yet remain faithful to duty and heroic in danger.

Old England still needs a race of stalwarts to defend her coasts, as inflexible as her ironclads, and as well armed as her battleships.

Politicians not governed by purse-strings, preachers not ruled by popularity, and people guided by high principles are the true battlements of a nation. Bowing bulrushes make bad bulwarks, but staunch and stolid, like the rocks

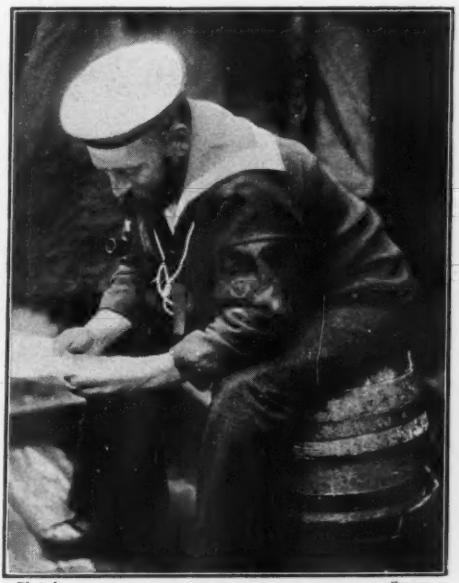


Photo by *Gregory*

"The Cream of the Navy." A Typical Coastguardsman

around, are our coastguards, for only those with hearts of oak can form the first line of impregnable defence.

Such men as in the heroic past never yielded, but

" Stood like an anvil firm and true,
When the blows fell thick and fast,"

are wanted to-day in every service for God and men.

DIVERS AND THEIR DANGEROUS CALLING

Every ship in the Royal Navy has to carry from two to six competent divers, and even the smallest torpedo-boat destroyer is furnished with at least one complete diving equipment of dress and pump.

Much important work is accomplished by these well-trained bluejackets and artificers, especially in the way of wreck examination and repairing damage caused by accident to the propellers and plates of a modern man-of-war. Special pay is given to those holding a diving-school certificate, while extra wages and additional fees are awarded according to the time and depth of water in which they work. Twenty fathoms is the regulation limit for ordinary diving, and for operations at this depth the diver receives 5s. for the first hour, and 2s. extra for every additional half-hour.

I remember watching a diver, ere he descended, being dressed, and I noticed that great weights were tied to him before and behind, amounting to over fifty pounds. Already he had on a heavy helmet of brass, and shoes with thick, leaden soles, but even all this load barely sufficed to sink him.

Spectators had cast silver coins into the sea, and down he went in search of the treasure, and it was not long before he returned, bringing his spoils with him. Had he lost the weights? No, they were still on him, but he did not mind them, for by their means he had dived to the depths and gained a prize.

Thus it is with troubled Christians—before they can become owners of the treasures of God's love they must submit to be weighted with sorrow and trial, but no burden will be too big, as they receive life from above. After the

Photo by *Stephen Cribb, Southsea*

Divers of the Royal Navy descending to their work

blessings are obtained, they shall mount again with the experience of truth, and be possessors of a Heavenly Father's tokens of affection.

On another occasion it was a wreck which necessitated the descent of the diver in order that valuables might be recovered. As portions of the cargo were brought to the surface, and treasures from the cabins were found, one could not help thinking of the many moral shipwrecks that are constantly occurring, and wishing, too, that golden opportunities, precious privileges, and jewels of resolutions might be as easily reinstated.

Our thoughts, like swallows, skim the surface and flit away, instead of diving into the sea of Divine truth.

David says, " Thy judgments are a great deep," and it is only by launching out into the deep and diving down that we shall find the " blessings of the deep." CHARLES SPURGEON.

A Mammoth Sunday-school

Stockport's Example of Gigantic Christian Effort

THE town of Stockport has no physical beauty of its own, although the main arteries which penetrate its boundaries on three sides strike at once into the fair counties of Cheshire and Derbyshire, where many go for health and pleasure. Almost through its centre runs the Mersey, sometimes black as ink, sometimes iridescent with the polluting effluent from abutting dye works; and the dull brick buildings rise in irregular piles on either side, to eminences that once commanded fields and pleasant valleys.

On one of these eminences, dominating the older part of the town, stands conspicuously the Stockport Sunday-school, or "big school," as it is known locally, of which Dr. Macgregor wrote, "the world might be searched in vain for anything in any way approaching its statistics." The same divine declared that Sunday scholars must be reckoned amongst the staple products of Stockport. When it is pointed out that there have passed through this institution, with its four branches, since it opened in 1806, considerably over 6,000 teachers, and perhaps 110,000 scholars, the claim will seem to have merit.

The building has no architectural beauty whatever, but with its straight, unbroken lines, and long rows of old-fashioned windows, each the counterpart of the others, it bears a close resemblance to the cotton spinning-mills which stand thickly around. Nevertheless, it represents an expenditure of close upon £30,000. Its four walls enclose over 100 rooms, several of which would comfortably hide an ordinary parish school, while the largest will accommodate over 3,000 persons. The management expenses of so vast an institution might well be very high. But, as a matter of fact, they are considerably within £1,000 a year; for, except the caretakers, no one connected with it receives payment.

This was not always the case. The school was founded, according to the

The annual "walk" of the scholars of the world's largest Sunday-school at Stockport

inscription on a brass plate in one of the rooms, "for the education and religious instruction of the children of the labouring poor," and the teachers, who worked under the joint curriculum, received remuneration for many years at the rate of 1s. 6d. a day. In process of time, however, as the day-school system developed, the secular part of the instruction was gradually dropped, and the services of the teachers became entirely voluntary.

At the present day, writing is taught merely as an exercise in some of the classes: the numerous science classes which did such good work having passed over to the Corporation Technical School. If a list could be drawn up of those who received the only education they ever had at the Stockport Sunday-school, it would be found to contain the names of local magistrates, cotton-spinners, and magnates by the dozen.

The secret of the popularity of the school is, indeed, this individual association with it. A glance through its classrooms on a Sunday would cause envy and wonder to the managers of many a sickly parish school. Some of its sixty classes are composed of adults only, many of them married couples, some grey-haired, and but a short journey from the grave.

Amongst the founders of the school was the father of Sir J. Voce Moore. He first saw the light in Stockport, in 1826, and served on the committee of the school for a decade. One of the earliest telegrams congratulating Sir John on his election to the Lord Mayoralty of London, some years ago, emanated from the old school.

There are two occasions in the year when the school absorbs the whole interest of the town. One is when the annual sermon is preached, and the other is the annual scholar's procession, or "walk." As the institution is worked on unsectarian lines, no difficulty has been experienced in securing an eminent clergyman or minister to fill the pulpit at the annual service for, at any rate, the last thirty years.

It is recorded, however, that for his temerity in preaching the opening sermon in 1806, the Rev. R. Powell, rector of Wibsey, was severely censured, and sixty-six years elapsed before a minister of the Church of England again occupied the pulpit—Dean Stanley being the first to break through the ban.

Whitehall
15. June 1861.

Gentlemen,

I have had the Honor to lay before the QUEEN the loyal and dutiful Address of the Members and Committee of the Stockport Sunday School on the occasion of the death of their Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. And I have the satisfaction to inform you, that Her Majesty was pleased to receive the Address very graciously.

I was further commanded to acquaint you, that Her Majesty the QUEEN and Her Royal Highness the PRINCE CONSORT graciously consent to become Patrons of the Stockport Sunday School.

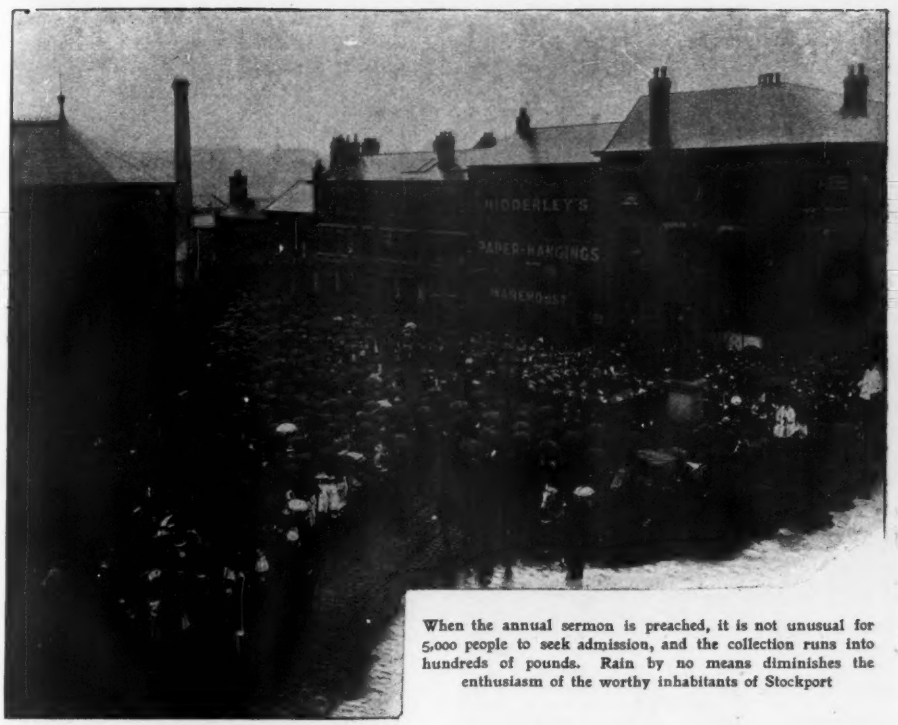
I have the Honor to be
Gentlemen
Your Obedient Servant
G. C. Lewis

J. KERSHAW, Esq. M.P.
J. B. SMITH, Esq. M.P.
T. BAZLEY, Esq. M.P.
&c. &c.

One of the Sunday-school's most treasured documents

Since then, some of the highest divines in Protestantism have preached the sermon, amongst them being Dr. Norman Macleod, Dr. Fraser, the Rev. Newman Hall, Dean Farrar, Dr. Macgregor, Canon Fleming, Dr. J. Marshall Lang, the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, and Dr. G. S. Barrett, the Dean of Ripon, the Rev. J. H. Jowett, etc., etc.

At these interesting gatherings it is



When the annual sermon is preached, it is not unusual for 5,000 people to seek admission, and the collection runs into hundreds of pounds. Rain by no means diminishes the enthusiasm of the worthy inhabitants of Stockport

not unusual for 5,000 people to seek admission. The great room, with its long gallery rising at the back to an arm's stretch of the ceiling, is invariably packed.

The mayor of the town always occupies a seat on the rostrum, and other prominent townsmen are with him. There is a true North-country vigour about the singing, such a tune, for instance, as "Crown Him Lord of All," making the old building vibrate, and stirring many a withered heart with tender memories of bygone times. The collections made at these anniversaries are Brobdingnagian, running into hundreds of pounds. No Stockportian would feel satisfied unless each year brought its record collection.

The first "walk" took place in 1812, the year of the Lyddite riots.

Given a fine day, the procession is a sight worth going some distance to witness. A route of two or three miles is taken through the principal streets, and a final stop is made in St. Peter's Square, where a number of hymns are sung.

It used to be the practice to place the females in the van of the procession, and the males behind, but this plan was abandoned in favour of alternate classes, presumably on the theory that public interest is thereby maintained to the end.

Probably the history of Sunday-schools has nothing to compare with this example of gigantic effort. Many have placed a low valuation on the work done, because no church can claim the school, but in other quarters that is seized upon as a main justification.

Although it is quite true that no sect dominates, the teachers are all required to be members of denominations. No carping, however, will ever rob of its rightful prominence an institution which has given the first lift in life to scores of prosperous Lancashire men, which manages somehow to retain the life devotion of its older scholars, of whom quite a large number are now engaged as school visitors.

Queer, Quaint, and Curious

Pictures and Paragraphs from Far and Near

PREACHING BY PICTURE

Years ago, when Canon Barnett first came to St. Jude's, Whitechapel, his wife found the parish a terribly low and

The magnificent mosaic of "Time, Death, and Judgment," on St. Jude's Church, Whitechapel

degraded one. Just then she had begun to write on the condition of the poor in the East End of London. With a noble self-denial Mrs. Barnett devoted the whole of the money paid for her contributions to the erection of a drinking fountain, to be placed in the church tower facing the street. It is a beautiful little fountain in Doulton chinaware. Above the sparkling water-jet a text is placed: "With God is the fountain of life."

Quite as interesting as this fountain is the splendid coloured mosaic which stands above it. On a slab at one side is an inscription reading:

This mosaic, a copy of the well-known picture by G. F. Watts, R.A., was placed here by friends of the Rev. S. A. Barnett, vicar of St. Jude's, to record the institution of a yearly exhibition of pictures in Whitechapel, and his endeavours to make the lives of his neighbours brighter by bringing within their reach the influence of beauty.

On the other side of the mosaic, which is known as "Time, Death, and Judgment," another slab to explain its meaning is placed. It says:

Time is represented as the strong man moving on to the future; Death as a mother. Time and Death go hand in hand over the world; both are overtaken by Judgment, whose scale weighs deserts, and whose sword of fire burns out wrong. "The Lord is a God of Judgment; blessed are all they that wait for Him."

PEKIN'S SACRED STONE JUNK

One of the strangest objects in the world is the imperial stone junk of Pekin, which stands in the middle of a beautiful lake in the heart of the Forbidden City. The sacred junk lies at anchor waiting

The room over the baptistery of Cheltenham Parish Church in which Robert Raikes taught a Sunday-school class

to take the Emperor, "the Son of Heaven," for a sail. As a matter of fact, it will never sail, because it is built on the bottom of the lake.

The remarkable family of the two "coloured people" seen in the middle of the photograph. There are fifteen girls, but no boys

BUGLE PRACTICE IN CEMETERIES

The place in a Turkish town which is most attractive to the Mohammedan we would consider the most gloomy. The Turk always gives his picnics in a cemetery, and whenever he goes for a stroll it is to the cemetery that he wends his way. The Turk looks upon a cemetery as a pleasant park.

A curious custom of the Turkish buglers is that of always selecting a cemetery to practise their instruments in, and as these places are so vast, a number of such men can play at the same time without interfering with each other or with any funeral party who may be there.

The Turkish bugler always selects a cemetery in which to practise his instrument

DECORATED WITH URNS

The Theistic church in Swallow Street, Piccadilly, London, has the unique distinction of having its walls adorned by seven cremation urns, each of which contains the remains of a departed member of the church.

As will be seen from our photograph, the urns are of artistic design, and in no way detract from the appearance of the building, indeed, if it were not for them the walls would look rather too severe.

One of the urns, a small white one, holds the remains of the child of Mr. Voysey, a son of the minister of the Theistic Church.

The cremation urns on the walls of the Theistic church, Piccadilly

FIFTEEN DAUGHTERS, BUT NO SONS

The father of the remarkable family shown in the photograph on page 399 is Thomas H. Norman, who, with "mother" on his left hand, sits in the centre of the picture. He is employed in the General Post Office at Washington, and is forty-four years old, while his wife is one year younger.

In their twenty-six years of married life this couple have been blessed with fifteen children. They are all girls, and the eldest is twenty-five years old, while the age of the youngest is about nineteen months.

The parents are what the Americans euphemistically call "coloured people," and all the children have features strongly indicating their African origin, though, as a glance at our photograph will show, their features are wonderfully varied; and, stranger still, the children are all of a different type from their parents. Every one of them is bright and intelligent.

COFFIN CUPBOARDS

While it must be acknowledged that a coffin is a very good substitute for a cupboard from a strictly utilitarian standpoint, few people would care for such an ornament even in this practical age.

The combined china cupboard and coffin

A former Jamaica slave was recently asked by her mistress what she would like as a present from England. She chose the coffin pictured on this page, and is using it for a china cupboard, the foot being mounted on a heavy pedestal in order to prevent it from falling over. It is handsomely covered with red plush.

There are several instances of coffins being put to similar use in various parts of the United Kingdom, but the custom is not likely to be widely followed.

OF RELIGIOUS ORIGIN

All salutes, from taking off the hat to presenting arms, originally implied respect or submission. Of military salutes, raising the right hand to the head is generally believed to have originated from the days of the tournament, when the knights filed past the throne of the queen of beauty, and, by way of compliment, raised their hands to their brows to imply that her beauty was too dazzling for unshaded eyes to gaze upon.

The officer's salute with the sword has a double meaning. The first position, with the hilt opposite the lips, is a repetition of the Crusader's action in kissing the cross hilt of his sword in token of faith and fealty, while lowering the point afterward implies either submission or friendship, meaning in either case that it is no longer necessary to stand on guard.

A BIBLICAL MUSICAL FAMILY

In 1 Chron. vi. 31 we read of those "whom David set over the service of song in the house of the Lord," and special mention is made of "Heman, a singer."

In the twenty-fifth chapter we have an account of his family. "And God gave to Heman fourteen sons and three daughters."

And we read in the sixth verse, "All these were under the hands of their father for song in the house of the Lord, with cymbals, psalteries, and harps, for the service of the house of God."

If we add to these their father's brother, Asaph (1 Chron. vi. 39), and his four sons (1 Chron. xxv. 2), we have undoubtedly the most musical family mentioned in the sixty-six books which go to make up the Bible.

AN EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF GREAT INTEREST.

IT is now more than forty-six years since the first number of GOOD WORDS appeared, and during that long period the magazine has consistently and successfully realised the aim of its first Editor and Publishers in supplying, at a cheap rate, a high-class and varied literature the tone of which should be at once healthy and consistent with Christian beliefs.

Looking back upon the past, it is not too much to say that few magazines can show a more brilliant list of contributors or a higher ethical standard. But as one of its primary objects was to reach the people, it is felt that the changed habits of modern life in reference to serial literature require new arrangements in order to secure the wider field that is being opened up, and thereby to increase at once its circulation and its usefulness.

It has accordingly been decided that the monthly issue of GOOD WORDS as a sixpenny magazine shall give place to a ***weekly issue at one penny,*** the first number of which will appear on May 1st.

Notwithstanding the greatly reduced price, every endeavour will be made to sustain the reputation and character of the magazine.

Among the various features which the new issue will contain, it is intended to republish from week to week the Memoirs of the first Editor, Dr. Norman Macleod, revised and abbreviated by its Author, the present Editor of GOOD WORDS—

DONALD MACLEOD.

The Spirit of Spring

This lovely picture, magnificently printed in eleven colours (size 16¾in. by 11½in.), will be presented with No. 1 of GOOD WORDS (weekly edition), on sale May 1st, price One Penny

Further particulars of this great development in Religious Journalism appear on page 441

THE RELIGION OF AN ARTIST

An Interview with Sir William B. Richmond, K.C.B., R.A.

By Harold F. B. Wheeler

IMITATION is the genius of mediocrity. Sir William Blake Richmond is intensely individual; he is all Richmond. For this reason, perhaps, he is the most criticised man in the world of Art to-day. It was the fashion to abuse him in no measured terms while he was engaged on his decoration of the choir of St. Paul's—once a great grey vastness, but now rich with colour—but already the tide of public opinion is turning.

Why? Because we, as a nation, are inherently conservative, for one reason; and for another, because the west end portion of the scheme is complete, and can be seen without the impedimenta of scaffolding and bulging sheets. People are asking why operations have stopped, and are noticing the difference between the mosaic-lined portions of the cathedral and the cold stone of the remainder. And, lastly, the man in the street, the country cousin, and even the aristocracy are beginning to appreciate Art at its true value. The day of the cheap oleograph, although it doubtless served a useful decorative purpose in that it usually covered an atrocious wall-paper, is over.

Had Sir William Richmond been an imitator, the follower of one particular school, there probably would not have been such a flutter in the dovecote of the critics, for many of them prefer a composite man, one who is half himself and half somebody else. The decorator of St. Paul's, the painter of "An Audience in Athens during the Representation of the Agamemnon of Æschylus" — now in the Birmingham Art Gallery—of a unique representation of "The Ten Virgins," and of many other anti-rut pictures, is wholly himself. His own impulses and his own enthusiasms are on every canvas he has ever covered.

When I paid a visit to Sir William Richmond the other day he was endeavouring to make the most of the gradually fading light as I entered the studio. Attired in a white overall—the surplice of the chorister who praises his Creator in paint—he was touching up the background of his Academy picture. I noted the constantly changing effects as he created them, until he was satisfied and passed on to some other detail. Genius is not necessarily the capacity for taking pains, notwithstanding Napoleon's dictum, but I have noticed that master minds invariably possess that faculty.

There is scope for idea-making in Sir William's studio; it is big and lofty. Hanging up, or on easels, are pictures in a greater or lesser degree of unfinishedness.

"I usually have several pictures to work on," remarked Sir William, "and when I get tired of one I pass on to another. Although I may not touch a partly finished composition for months,

By permission of the Artist

A Maid of Athens
By Sir William B. Richmond, R.A.

or even years, I can always remember the exact idea I was working out when I first started it. Nor do I have any difficulty in adapting myself to any particular style I may have been using at the time.

"Ideas are usually nebulous at first; they come as a sort of cloud. Then Nature steps in, and they grow, and you build the concrete upon the abstract.

"I believe everybody has imagination. There are few useless people in the world; but many put such slight value upon their usefulness as to become almost useless. Everybody has some power of creation, which is really an ideal power of imagination.

"It is my opinion that every man and woman should work with their own hands. We have all got two of these wonderful instruments, and no machine can ever rival them in skill. All forms of handicraft are intensely ennobling. Board schools depend too much on book-training, whereas I think more attention ought to be bestowed upon craftsmanship."

We had passed from the studio into an adjoining room. Books and plaster casts, curiosities from East and West, lined the walls. A desk littered with letters invited work; easychairs invited rest.

"What is the creed of the artist and the mission of Art as you yourself conceive it?" I ventured.

"God is in all the world," answered Sir William. "The much-abused pantheist, who held that the Creator and the universe are one, and that God revealed Himself in Nature as well as in the human intelligence, was not so very wide of the mark, after all. St. Paul said, 'In Him we live, and move, and have our being.' We inherit the anthropomorphic idea of God which belongs to the decade of Paganism. The God of the Jews was alternately benign and cruel. He was looked upon as the Captain of the tribe who gave them orders to kill their enemies, telling the latter at the same time that the opposing forces were doing a righteous action.

"The worship of stick and stone was only embodying in a concrete form a special deity. The Greeks had the deepest reverence for Jehovah, but they chose to embody the Deity in human form, and it became necessary to employ the greatest artists to materialise their idea of an All-beautiful, All-powerful God in the shape of a man.

Photograph by *Ernest H. Mills. London*

Sir William B. Richmond in his Studio

"Genius is aptitude strengthened by labour," says Sir William Richmond, and his own career has proved his statement to be true. Three generations of artists are concentrated in the painter of "The Ten Virgins," "An Audience at Athens," and other well-known pictures. It took five years to complete the decoration of the choir and sanctuary of St. Paul's Cathedral, which in all probability will be Sir William's greatest monument

"Then came Christianity, which was more a development of the Greek mind than of the Jewish mind. Christ took the world by storm. In His own person He embodied all that is most beautiful in human nature. He was loving, long-suffering, peaceful, gentle, and lived a life of entire self-sacrifice. The world was prepared to receive His message. Now it appears that we are going to develop out of all these various seeds which have been sown into another form of pantheism, not only through Science, which is showing to us the Infinite in all things, but through Nature, which we are worshipping in a kind of whole spirit as never before, and for this reason:

"We have got away from the necessity of embodying God in human shape, and are beginning to see not only the marvellous power of material creation through Science, but the exquisite power of sky, sunrise, sunset, moonlight, the starry night, and so on. We are worshipping Nature in a kind of whole spirit as never before, and in all probability see these things with greater interest than did past generations. And who has revealed them? The great artist——"

Sir William glanced at me with smiling eyes as he cried enthusiastically:

"And who is the great artist who has shown us how to see Nature?

"Turner!

"I look upon him as one of the great prophets of God. All great artists are seers for the people; they draw them to Nature by showing them what Nature really is. After a man has visited an exhibition, where he sees the mind of the artist embodied in his work, he has his eyes opened, and he sees Nature as the prophet-artist told him. By degrees he sees it for himself. We are creating Nature so that people may understand it.

"An artist is a member of the most religious profession there is. He is working out in his own consciousness the spirit of observation, which he passes on to others. I hold that the mission of the artist is to reveal to the people what he himself sees with absolute sincerity. A good picture does more than any book can do

"If what I say is true," Sir William continued, "is it possible to spend Sunday in a better way than by going to church to fulfil our instinct of praising God in a multitude, and then visiting a picture gallery or museum, with its refining influence, learning the lessons which every great artist who is a creator teaches, and then going into the country, taking with you the inspiration you have derived, and studying and enjoying Nature at first hand in the fields?"

My lips were framing an objection to this in the case of dwellers in the metropolis. The painter evidently knew what was coming, and answered my unspoken criticism.

"No city in Europe has so many beautiful parks as London," said my host. "I have visited every city on the Continent, so I know what I am talking about. It is rus in urbe. You haven't to go outside the radius to follow my suggestion."

"But Sunday labour is an insuperable difficulty in the minds of many people," I ventured.

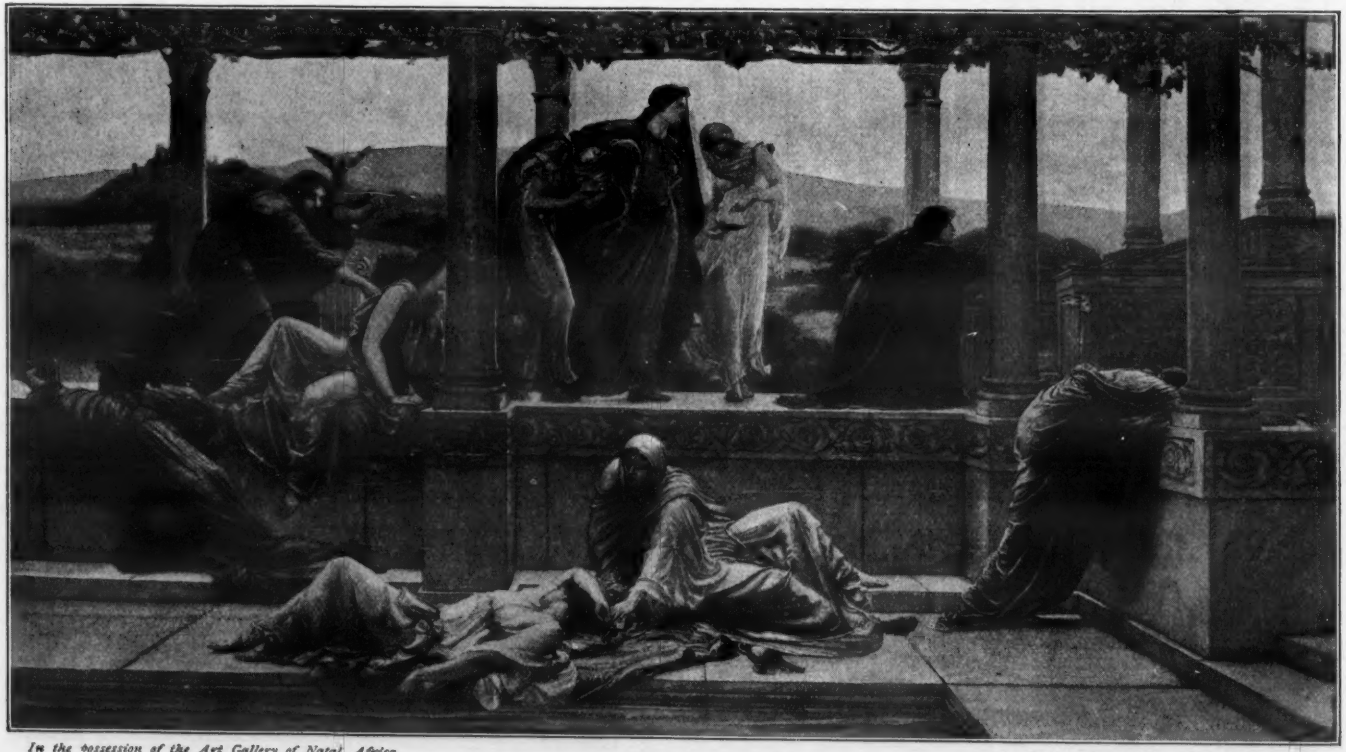
"I certainly believe that everyone ought to work six days a week only, but what does it matter if your rest-day is Wednesday, or Thursday, or any other day of the week instead of Sunday? The Bishop of London's rest-day is Friday. There are so many churches which have daily services that public worship need not necessarily be foregone.

"The Sabbath was not observed by the Jews for nothing. They were, and are, an extraordinarily wise people, and recognised the necessity for rest. God, with His all-powerfulness, rested on the seventh day.

"Again, I would have no wholesale drinking in public-houses on Sunday. I would make it obligatory that no man could obtain liquor unless he had food to eat with it."

I believe I am right in calling Sir William B. Richmond a Christian Socialist—one would infer so from the above remarks—so I asked him what he thought of the way Labour had voted at the late General Election.

"I am delighted that there are so



In the possession of the Art Gallery of Natal, Africa. *and reproduced by special permission of the artist*

The Ten Virgins

From the Painting by Sir William B. Richmond, K.C.B., R.A.

many Labour M.P.'s," he replied. "While they are feeling their strength they will also be learning their weakness. With the atmosphere of cultivated men about them, and the restraint they will be obliged to exercise in such an assembly as Parliament, they will raise the level of the working man very considerably."

"Does the commercial instinct combine with the artistic temperament," I queried, "or does it degrade Art?"

"I don't believe it is possible to serve God and Mammon," Sir William replied. "The riches of the artist should be sufficient, of course, to pay his rent, hire of models, and cost of colours. Your real wealth is what you have got in your brains—riches of intellect and intelligence—and not in the number of shekels you have in the bank.

"Religion ought not to mean dulness, but enjoyment, which is an attribute to the possession of a pure heart and a love of beautiful things. Every good action may not seem to be wise from an essentially material point of view, but no money can buy the deep-rooted happiness which a good conscience can alone bring."

"And now just a word about the mosaics at St. Paul's," I ventured. "Am I not right in thinking that most Anglican places of worship formerly possessed mural decorations?"

"Certainly," answered the artist. "Some three thousand churches still retain vestiges of wall-pictures. They were hacked or ruined by the Puritans, whose chief idea of goodness was dulness. I visited most of the churches enriched with mosaic in Italy and Greece, as well as many in Asia Minor, before I prepared my scheme for St. Paul's. The Dean and Chapter have been obliged to stop operations owing to the condition of the foundations, due to underground railways. Consequently, all the money has to go in repairing the fabric.

"A Bill ought to be passed precluding any further tube schemes from invading the vicinity of the cathedral."

Just then I turned my head and caught a glimpse of the Italian sky of Sir William's Academy picture, and as I could not conscientiously rob its creator of the remaining light, I left the master to his work.

HAROLD F. B. WHEELER.

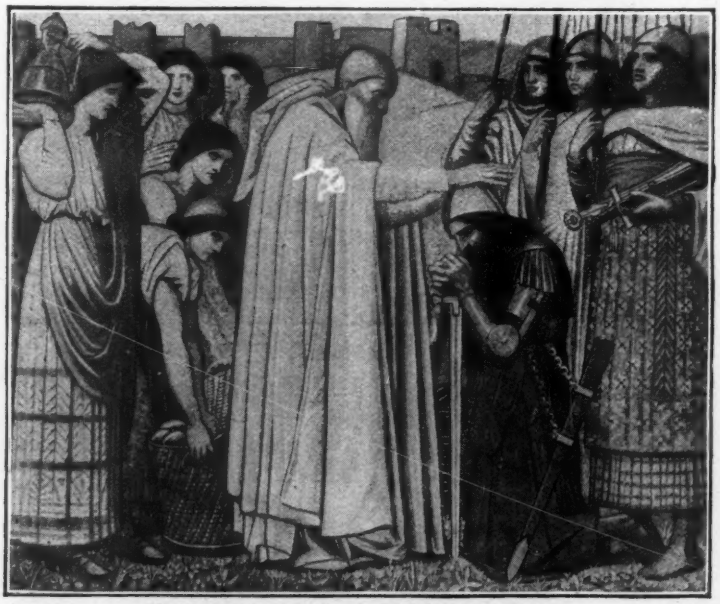


Photo by "Melchizedek," one of Sir. W. B. Richmond's mosaics in St. Paul's *Hollyer*

Independent Celia

A Complete Story. By Inez G. Thompson

ON the morning of the second day after Jacob Cobb's funeral Mrs. Arthur Wyatt tapped at the Cobbs' front door. She wore her best flowered sateen, despite the hour, and carried a plate covered with a fringed napkin. She composed herself to the usual expression of solicitous sympathy when she heard the knob turn.

"Good-mornin', Celia," she said gravely. "I've brought over some of my fruit-cake for your mother. There's something important I want to see her about, if she's able. You go and ask her, and I'll wait here."

"Oh, no; come in, Mrs. Wyatt!" replied Celia cordially. "Mother will see you—and thank you very much for the cake. It's sure to be delicious if you made it."

Mrs. Wyatt's gravity relaxed slightly under the influence of praise so evidently genuine, but she shook her head disapprovingly at Celia's back. She had noticed that the front-room windows were open, the curtains up, and there was a bowl of flaunting tulips on the hall table. Celia was pale and heavy-eyed, but she had smiled quite cheerfully.

There were more flowers and sunshine in the room where Judith Cobb lay on her invalid's couch. She, too, smiled almost as cheerfully as Celia when she greeted her caller, and put aside some fleecy crochet work. Mrs. Wyatt's displeasure could not be restrained.

"I'm glad to see you bearin' up so well," she said abruptly, as she seated herself. "Generally it takes folks some time to get back to everyday living, but I see"—she swept a comprehensive glance about—"I see Howard's gone back, and you and Celia are going right on just as usual."

The invalid's face grew a shade paler, her sensitive mouth quivered, and Celia interrupted quickly, as she resumed her sewing in a low chair by the window.

"Yes, we are trying to do as—as father would have us," she said.

Mrs. Wyatt eyed her uncertainly, and sighed as she resumed:

"Well, maybe it's just as well you're reconciled, for the world goes on just the same with or without us." She sighed again; then, after an effective pause, turned to the couch and changed the subject with some briskness. "I s'pose you're wondering what I'm here for, so I might as well tell you and get it over. Now, here you are with the shop left on your hands, and the post-office and all, and Howard not goin' to leave school for a year almost, and Celia teachin' over at Lowater, and no one exceptin' that young William Bean to help you. Now, Arthur and me we talked it over, and we've decided to make you an offer for the whole thing 'fore some outsider comes along and cheats you. He'll make you a fair offer in a neighbourly spirit, and will you give him the refusal of it? There!" She folded her hands at the generous waistline of the flowered sateen, and waited complacently and confidently.

"It is good of you to think of us," said Celia, after a moment, hesitatingly, "but father expressly wished the business to be continued till Howard's education was finished, and afterward he might do as he saw fit. You see, since the town became a seaside resort business has increased, and—well, I have decided to try to run it till Howard can take charge,"

"You!" ejaculated Mrs. Wyatt, after a moment of dismayed silence. "I thought you was a school-teacher! Does your mother agree?"

Mrs. Cobb answered, gently but decisively, her cheeks flushing:

"Yes, I do. She can do it better than anyone else we could get; and she's resigned her position at the school."

"Well, I'm free to say I'm surprised at you!" said Mrs. Wyatt tartly. "Teaching's all right for a girl, but running a post-office and general shop is different. Nathan Young's started a business, and he'll soon get the best of you—a man always can." Mrs. Wyatt sniffed and whisked the fringed napkin off the cake. "I'll just take this back, and not trouble you to do it up," she said, rising. "When I was here to the missionary tea, I noticed your girl didn't iron her napkins the way I like 'em!" She walked heavily down the hall to the door, which Celia opened for her. "When you find out you can't run it I s'pose Arthur will stand ready to take it, but it will be at his own price then," she said calmly.

Celia murmured something incoherent, and when the gate slammed behind the broad back, rushed to her mother's couch and put her half angry, half amused face down on the loving hands.

"Oh, mother, and that's only the beginning!" she said shakily.

Whatever trepidation she felt, however, she concealed successfully from the kindly curiosity of the village. The people soon grew accustomed to seeing the trim figure on her way to and from the shop; and her self-reliance won their confidence. William Bean drove out for orders as usual, and professed unbounded admiration and respect for the new head of the business.

Mrs. Wyatt had betaken herself and a considerable following to the rival shop. Arthur Wyatt was a rich farmer, who saw the possibility of developing the place as a seaside resort, and was determined to get a portion of its paying industries into his own hands. It angered him that a girl should successfully oppose him, and while he took no openly active steps, he placed numerous obstacles in her way.

The post-office occupied one corner of the little shop, and when he came to buy stamps he kept an observant eye on the stock, the customers, and the overworked little proprietor, who was also the postmistress. Two or three times a month he growled through the bars:

"Got enough of it yet?"

In spite of himself, he rather liked the brave smile that never failed to appear on the tired face as she answered: "Thank you, no; not yet, Mr. Wyatt."

As the season advanced trade increased considerably, owing to the cottagers, who felt an interest in the innovation in shopkeepers. Howard, at home for the Easter holidays, went to work with an interest that took much of the responsibility from his sister, and she felt that whatever sacrifice she had made was more than balanced by results.

One afternoon she was obliged to go to the further end of the town on a shopping expedition. On her return she found Howard, heated and exasperated, sweeping up fragments of glass.

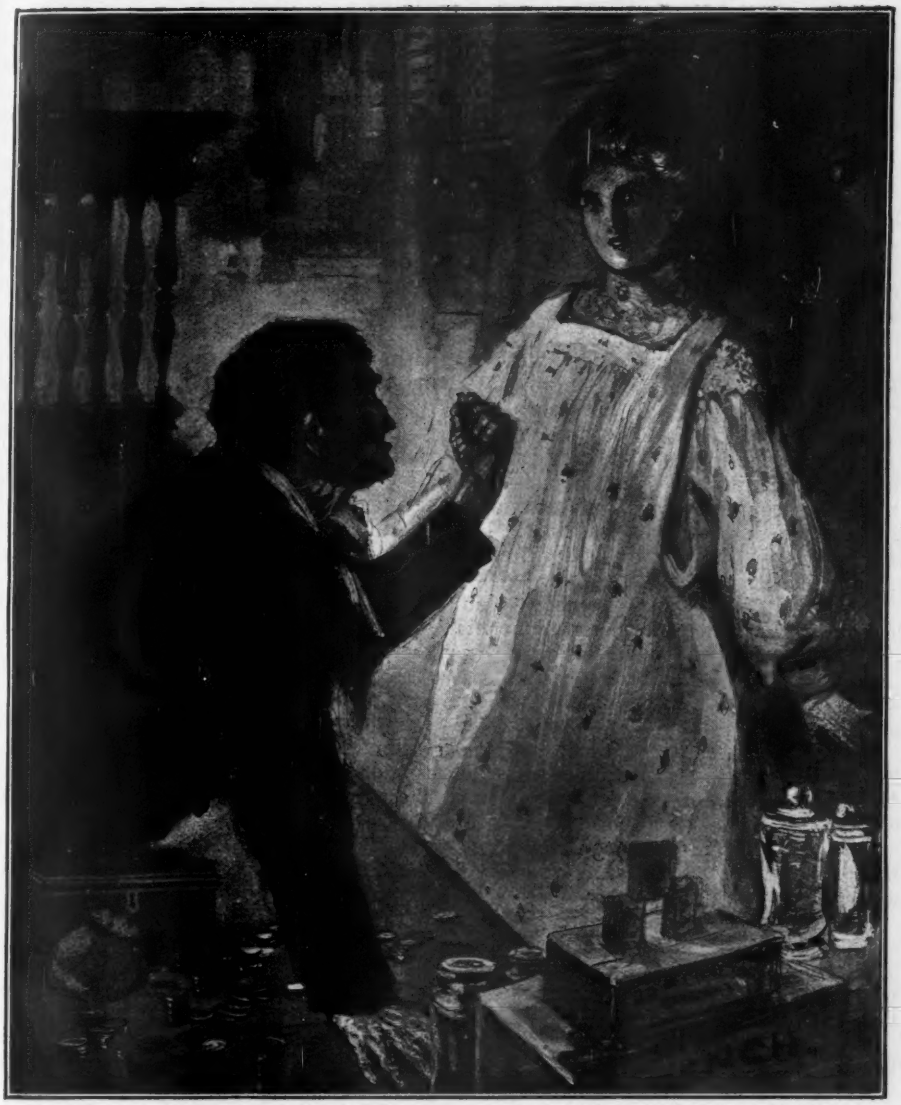
"A horse backed his cart into our side-window," he complained. "Every pane is smashed; but I've boarded up the window, and I'll have new glass put in to-morrow. I've sorted the letters, and—and I may as well tell you at once that I'm not going back to school. I'm not going to have you work yourself to death to support me, and I mean to put a stop to it, and look after you, and——" His voice was choked in a cloud of dust as he whisked the broom vigorously.

"Has Mr. Wyatt been talking to you?" asked Celia quickly.

His start of surprise confirmed her suspicion. Then she told him, in detail, the annoyances to which she had been subjected, dating from the time of her refusal to sell. Howard's face was aglow with indignation.

"Why, what a sneak he is!" he cried. "He was trying to work me up to making you sell, or get you out of it in some way. You were too smart to suit him, sis. But, you know"—he broke off dubiously—"you know you are looking dead tired Cele."

She dismissed that phase of the matter with a laugh.



"Now, then"—he grew suddenly sullen—"you hold your tongue while I look about a bit, an' then I'll tie you up all nice and comf'table while I get along!"

"What of that! I'm well enough, and before many months you'll be home. We must do what father wanted us to do, Howard—you and I."

"Yes," he said soberly. "I'll do my very best, Cele. But that man did work me up!"

They sat discussing their affairs until closing time; then Celia rose to go to her books, and Howard rode off on his bicycle to see a friend.

She watched him out of sight a little wistfully. She was young for her cares, and the loneliness of the deserted street oppressed her.

When she stepped inside she did not bolt the door, as was her custom, for she had half an idea that perhaps Maggie

Morris, her dearest friend, might come to see her. She opened the safe and took out her books.

At the same instant the door opened and closed softly, and she heard the lock click. With a quick intuition of danger, she twisted about without rising. A man came towards her from the door, and paused on the other side of the counter, removing his battered hat with an ironical bow.

"Greatly obliged, miss," he said, leering. "I noticed the broken window, an' stepped in to take a nap an' care for the property. The young gent woke me when he boarded it up. Let me help you to take care o' what's in that safe. I'd have done it afore, but I couldn't open it."

Hardly comprehending, Celia rose and made a half step towards the door. He reached across the counter and clutched her arm, jerking her back roughly.

"No, you don't!" he snapped. "You hand over what there is in ready money there, an' you open your mouth, or try to fool me, an'——" He emphasised his words by a shake. "Quick, now! Hear me?"

When he released her, Celia dropped on her knees and obediently opened the cashbox. Her mind almost refused to work, and the shock held her silent. She rose, passed the money over, and drew back against the wall, staring wide-eyed while he counted the coins.

"Now, then"—he grew suddenly sullen—"you hold your tongue while I look about a bit, an' then I'll tie you up all nice an' comf'table while I get along. You stand mighty quiet!"

He went about, deliberately selecting handkerchiefs, ties, tobacco, a jack-knife, stockings, and food, which he made up into a compact bundle, pausing now and then to listen and grin at the helpless girl as if he enjoyed her suspense. When his arrangements were completed, he picked up a roll of clothes-line, cut off a few feet of the rope, and deftly tied a running knot.

"Now, then, just you sit down in that chair, an' I'll slip this 'ere right round you, an' there'll be the end o' my bother. But wait a minute, though." He put down the rope, and going over to the opposite counter, tore some white calico from the piece that was used to cover articles when the shop was closed. "Now I'll tie this over your mouth, an' then you won't make a noise an' disturb any folks that may be goin' past," he continued, rolling the cloth into a cylindrical wad. He started toward her again, but paused as he caught sight of the brass rails that separated the postmistress from her customers.

"Now, that ain't right," he drawled, with affected solemnity. "What right has th' post-office to put up an affair like that? This 'ere post-office is public prop'ty, an' I guess I'll see what John Bull keeps here he's so partic'ler about." He glanced at Celia, but was apparently satisfied that she was too terrified to move. In any event, she would have to pass him to reach the door. He went behind the partition.

The despair that had held Celia dumb gave way to a rush of anger at this outrage. All her other responsibilities were slight compared to the respect she felt for her position as postmistress. Hardly knowing what she did, she slipped from behind the counter, catching up the rope that lay noosed in her hands. Instantly the tramp's face was pressed against the bars.

"What are you doin'?" he demanded. "Think you're goin' to sneak off? It happens I've got the door-key in my pocket, an' you stay quiet! Why, I do declare if you ain't brustled up like a mad hen!"

She stopped, facing him with flashing eyes.

"Don't you dare touch anything in there!" she commanded. "You come out from there this instant! You have no right to be there!"

He chuckled. "My, ain't I scared! Well, I never! Where's the key to this little drawer? Business is business."

She did not answer, and he thrust his hand underneath the bars, palm up, his face growing ugly. "See here!" he snarled. "You hand that key over, or I'll come out there an' learn you a lesson you won't forget in a hurry. Now, 'fore I count ten! One—two—three—four—— You comin'?"

Still staring at him, her heart thumping, her breath coming in gasps, Celia moved toward the window, fumbling at the bag she wore at her left side. The rope she held in her right hand, trailing on the floor, and she stealthily widened the noose with her fingers.

She reached the window, and like lightning lifted and slipped the noose over the hairy wrist; then she swung to the left, throwing her weight to pull the cord tighter, and sent all the agony of her fright into one piercing scream.

With a roar of surprise and a torrent of curses the tramp pulled till the partition swayed; but the noose held. His arm had been wrenched forward and secured almost to the elbow, and he was held sidewise against the window in a position that gave him no opportunity to brace his feet or use his left hand to advantage.

He twisted about till he seized the letter-stamp with his left hand, and threw it with all the force he could muster. At the first blow the glass from the lid of a box came down in a rattling, stinging shower, cutting little gashes in Celia's straining hands and thinly clad arms. The heaviest cuts came on his own prisoned hand, but with awful imprecations he kept up the attack till the bars were bent and almost snapped.

Sickened by his threats and the fear that she could not hold out against his maddened efforts, Celia nevertheless clung to the rope, never ceasing her screams.

Once Celia's foot slipped, and she saw the great hand draw back almost an inch. He, too, felt the gain, and gave himself, in terrible silence, to writhing and working his right hand. The rope was new and slippery, and unless help came—— She shut her eyes with a groan, and muttered a swift prayer for aid. The blows on the bars redoubled, and for sheer hoarseness she could scream no more.

She watched the hand in fascinated horror as it twisted and drew, and suddenly it gained visibly. She cried out—for the last time, she felt—then waited. Almost instantly she threw up her head in glad hope. There was an answering "Hallo!" and a hammering on the door.

The tramp made a last tremendous effort as she shouted:

"Break in! Break down the door!"

The rescuer understood, for presently there came a heavy thud on the lock, the door gave way, and Arthur Wyatt fell across the threshold. Over her shoulder Celia spoke to him, and after a blank second he obeyed.

"More rope—the clothes-line over on the counter. Go round where he is and tie his legs together. Tie his left arm to something—to his body. Move quick—I'll hold here."

There was a scuffle on the other side, a reassuring shout. Then Mr. Wyatt hurried round, took her cramped hands from the end of the rope, and made it fast. She dropped to the floor as Howard jumped from his bicycle and entered the shop.

He saw only her huddled figure, and he took a step toward Mr. Wyatt, his hands clenched threateningly.

"Now then, I saw you headed for here, so I followed you back by the lower road, and we're going to settle for a lot of things without further waiting! What have you been doing?"

"Saving your sister's life," replied Arthur Wyatt shortly. He stooped and lifted the slight figure with real tenderness, and from the way Celia's head drooped to his shoulder Howard saw that the cause of her grief was not in this opponent. Mr. Wyatt smoothed her brown hair awkwardly as he spoke:

"You ain't real polite, but I don't know as I blame you. I got to thinkin' to-day that it wasn't fair, holdin' out against you two youngsters. I was moved to come down here and talk it over with this girl. It was the Lord sent me, for I was needed. She's got a burglar in there—tackled him and caught him some way—she'll tell us about it in a minute. I guess you can go back to your schoolin' and try to learn enough to take her place. She can run this shop. If she can't, I'll help her."

It was the nearest to an apology he could bring himself, but his eyes were kind. He held out his hand over Celia's shoulder, and Howard grasped it in silent thankfulness.

INEZ G. THOMPSON.

The King's Choristers

By Mary Spencer Warren

MUSIC has ever been a dominant feature of the services attended by crowned heads, more especially those held in their own private chapels. The value of finished choral singing, and the pleasure to be derived from it, was plainly shown by one of our early English monarchs—namely, Edward IV.; for he it was who established a full choir for the special benefit of himself and his Court, which choir has continued its functions without lapse until the present day. The Royal choristers have been known by various names, such as the "Singing Children and Gentlemen" and the "Children of the Revels"—at the present day the correct description being the "Children and Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal."

At one time the members of the choir were attached very closely to the Court, moving to and fro from one palace to another whenever the monarch did so himself, the distances being traversed either on horseback or in coaches. On such occasions a special allowance per day of 4d. to the boys, and a larger sum to the men, was made to defray expenses, this, of course, being over and above their salaries, which ranged from threepence per day upwards.

No provision for clothing the "gentlemen" of the choir has ever been made, with the exception indeed of coronations. For these stately functions every adult had to appear in a long scarlet robe, and, therefore, so many yards of cloth was dealt out for the purpose. Nowadays, however, the gentlemen are always robed in the orthodox black and white.

The State livery of the "children" has ever been a special feature of the choir, and it is issued now exactly as in bygone periods. It is exceedingly quaint and brightly picturesque, consisting of a long scarlet coat, heavily bound and adorned in gold, plush knee-breeches, silk stockings, and patent shoes with buckles, these items being further supplemented by cambric bands and lace ruffles for the neck and wrists.

The boys are further supplied with a cape, buff gaiters, and a State cocked hat and white gloves.

It is an exceedingly good thing for a boy to be elected to the choir of the Chapel Royal, and it is open to any lad of decent birth and education, providing he has an exceptional voice, a little over the average knowledge of music—especially singing at sight—and has been born in London or the suburbs.

He enters by competitive examination, and may do so at the age of eight years. He is then no further expense to his parents so long as he retains his treble voice.

That is, he is fed, lodged, clothed, and educated—and, moreover, educated in such a way that he is fitted either for a first-class mercantile career, for an after university course, or for the musical profession, many of the boys subsequently adopting the latter. During the whole course of their service they receive, as a matter of fact, one hour's serious musical instruction every day, their tutor being the organist of the Chapel Royal, a musician of recognised ability.

There are only ten boys, and these are all lodged in the house of one of the gentlemen of the choir, who is known as the "Master of the Children."

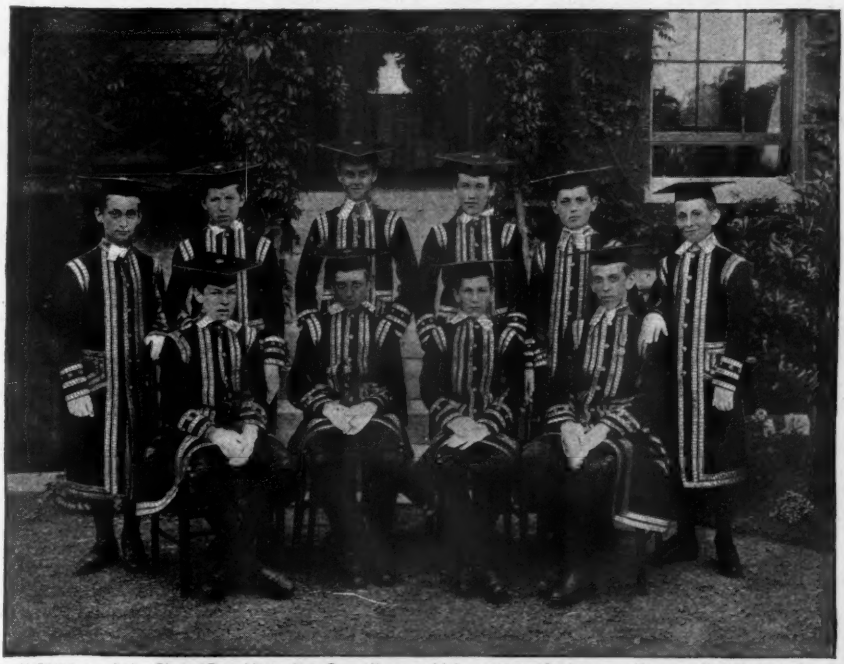
He it is who is responsible for their general education, and it may be mentioned that, fortunately for the future of the boys, this is not too strictly classical, modern languages and shorthand being prominent subjects.

The boys come to and fro from his suburban residence for the services at St. James's Palace Chapel, officiating also at Marlborough House Chapel when the King and Queen are present. Should

there be anything exceptional at Windsor, such as a Royal wedding or funeral, they augment the choir of St. George's Chapel.

They have also rendered the music on the rare occasions of a wedding at Buckingham Palace Chapel, and their bright dress is always conspicuous in the front of the magnificent picked choir who render the part music at the State concerts at the palace.

there indiscriminately; indeed, certain ancient records show that some of the masters reaped quite a goodly sum from the boys' services, seeking engagements for them at various places of amusement, then quietly pocketing the fees. And, State Chapel Choir as they were, their singing was not always strictly confined to sacred music, for early in 1700 they were rendering the regular drama. But George III. brought them back to



"Children of the Chapel Royal" in their State livery, which consists of a long scarlet coat, heavily bound and adorned in gold, plush knee-breeches, silk stockings, and patent shoes

It must not be supposed that a King's chorister is always in State dress. As a matter of fact, the larger items are only issued once in four years. From their rich nature they are necessarily very expensive. But the boys are liberally supplied with private clothes and college caps, and have always an appearance quite equal to that of those of our great public schools.

Nowadays the lads confine their musical abilities to service in the choir, but at one time they seem to have sung here and their legitimate services, and it was during that monarch's time that oratorio was first heard in this country, one of Handel's great works being given by the choir of the Chapel Royal.

George III. was very fond and very proud of his choir, never missed a Sunday service, and followed the music closely from beginning to end.

With much of it he was thoroughly familiar, and was wont to stand up in the Royal pew and beat time with his music-roll.

He did not, indeed, have the boys to live in his palace, as had Queen Elizabeth and other monarchs previous to the Reformation, but he did look after them thoroughly well, and, although he allowed them to go out to render sacred music for the benefit of some of his subjects, he made a special rule that they should have conveyances to and fro, and a good hot supper, with bright fires, on their return.

The numbers of the choir have increased and decreased again and again. It was quite a large choir at the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria, and perhaps never so numerous as during the reign of Charles I.; but, all told now, the numbers are exactly twenty.

The gentlemen also enter by competitive examination, and each must be a finished musician, and must have not only a thoroughly good voice, but be capable of taking a solo at very short notice, and giving that solo a finished rendering.

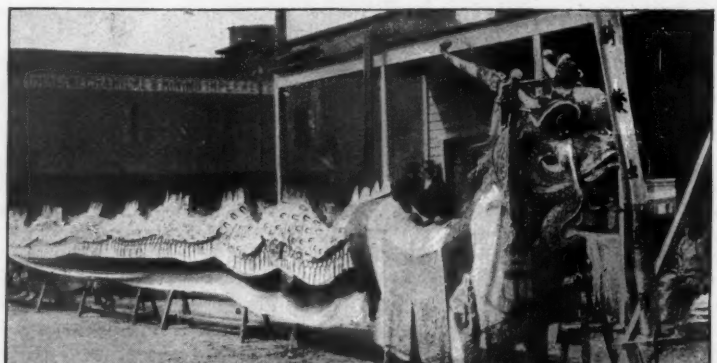
It goes without saying that their services are well requited—differently, indeed, to the old rate of sevenpence per day—and if they remain members until such time as their voices are declining, or should their health fail them after a certain period of service, they are eligible for a retiring pension.

It is interesting to note that to this choir we owe some of the best church music, the greatest of composers having from time to time written pieces expressly for the King's choristers, which pieces have been duly passed on to our great cathedrals, and so disseminated through the country.

When the boys leave the choir they have a special gratuity of £30 or £40, partly from the Lord Chamberlain and partly from the dean, the sum varying with the length of their services and general efficiency. A Bible and Prayer-book are also added by the dean, in which their names and records are duly set forth.

John Chinaman's Demon Dragon

THE Chinamen in California have a curious illusion that they can propitiate the devils which haunt the world by a great demonstration, in which the chief feature is a representation of what is supposed to be the devil-in-chief. The dragon of one of these demonstrations is shown in our picture. It required some seventy-five men to handle it. Forty of these carried the body, and the others ran alongside to relieve them from time to time. It was 200 ft. long and the scales were forty-six inches long. One big Chinaman worked the head portion, and threw it about in every direction, giving the beast the appearance of life, and seeking for victims. The bulging red eyes rolled in their sockets, the red, snake-like tongue protruded and retracted from and into the wide-open mouth. In front danced two gaudily-clad heathens, armed with long poles with a curious lantern-shaped arrangement on the ends, who made a feint of fighting the dragon, retarding his progress. Accompanying this strange beast were a big throng of people and brass bands. Two incense bearers carried quaintly-shaped urns suspended from a wooden yoke across the shoulders. All the men of the company carried arms, and went in couples, each in a different costume, and with various weapons. This ceremony is one of the greatest in the Chinese year.



John Chinaman's demon dragon, which requires seventy-five men to handle, and is some two hundred feet long

The beautiful bowling-green at Avery Hill

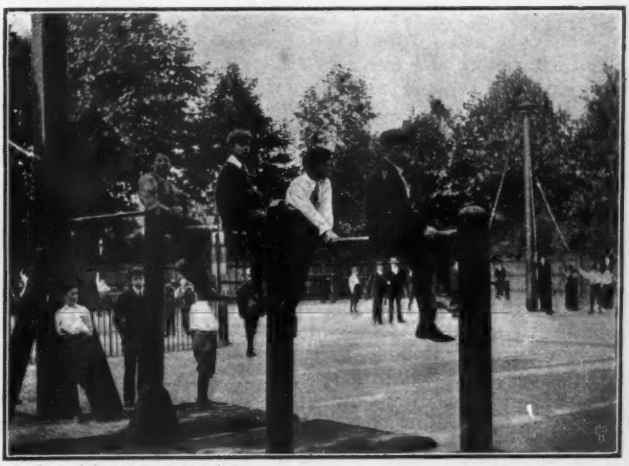
A Municipal Mother of Sport

How the London County Council Encourages Outdoor Games

THE greatest provider of free sport for the people is undoubtedly the London County Council. And this body has wisely taken a very wide view of what are its duties and privileges in this important matter, for it has made abundant provision for no less than fourteen or fifteen different kinds of games and sport in the various parks under its control. It has laid out grounds for them; arranged for an excellent supply of water where necessary; provided implements and accessories for marking out the grounds and keeping them in order; men to look specially after them; and, in some cases, even the actual appliances to play with!

Not many people, even in London itself, have any conception of the magnitude of the task thus undertaken. It would make the directors of an ordinary sports club or pleasure-ground stare, indeed. What would the committee of the average sports club say if it had to provide 434 pitches for cricket? What would the Lawn Tennis Association do if called upon to make no less than 510 lawn-tennis courts? And the Football Association would have its work somewhat increased if it had a matter of over 200 football-grounds to find for enthusiasts in the game, and to keep them in order each winter!

Yet these are but a very few of the sports and games that the London County Council has provided grounds for, and upon which it has to keep a fatherly eye. It is, of course, true that they are by far the most popular ones, but several



Most of the London County Council parks have outdoor gymnasiums attached to them

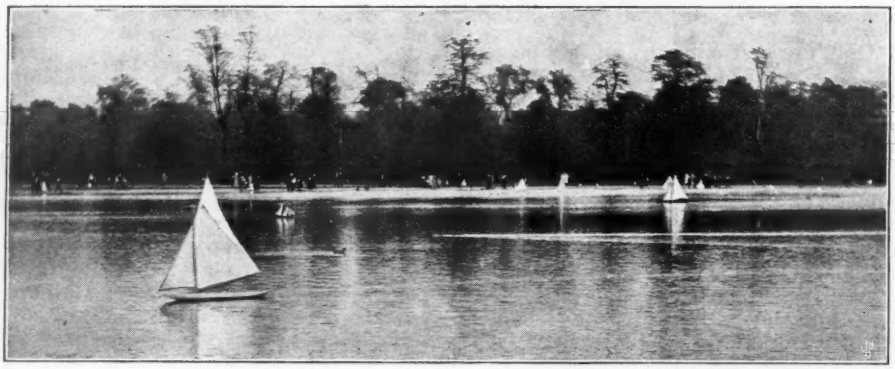
others to be mentioned shortly are by no means without devotees that run into the hundreds.

Take lawn-tennis first, as this appears to be the most popular of all, judging from the number of courts it is requisite to provide for the players. It is in vogue at no less than thirty-seven of the Council's parks, and in them 510 courts are provided there for its encouragement. Its greatest strongholds appear to be Clapham and Finsbury, for both at the famous Common of the former district and at Finsbury Park there are sixty courts wherein the player can practise the hitting of the ball over the net; and, as a general rule, most of these courts

match for the best of the counties in the cricket-championship competition, and the committee of that county might evidently do worse than keep a watchful eye on this Blackheath nursery of budding batsmen and bowlers.

But great as Blackheath is in this, it has to yield the palm to Hackney Marsh, where the enormous number of a hundred pitches are kept up regularly by the Council for cricketers! It can be no unimportant cradle of the summer game where it requires a hundred pitches to satisfy the local demand for the sport.

Like cricket, football necessitates a large area even for one ground, and so it can be imagined what a vast amount



Model yachts are much in evidence at Peckham

are well occupied during available hours of the afternoon and evening. That the East End finds some pleasure in lawn-tennis—a game not usually supposed to be much played by the lower classes—may be seen from the fact that Victoria Park requires twenty-nine courts.

Cricket is provided for at twenty-nine parks; and, with 434 grounds available, it is clear that thousands of people must enjoy the finest of summer games, and must benefit correspondingly thereby. Blackheath stands well up amongst the cricket centres of London in this respect, for there are no less than fifty-two pitches to be found by the Council to meet the demands of young and old Kentish cricketers down Blackheath way. Within the next few years, proper coaching being forthcoming, Kent ought to be a

of space has to be set aside by the Council to supply over 200 football grounds in these twenty-nine parks.

Both Association and Rugby football are catered for, according to the district; and just as the Council supplies posts and fittings free for lawn-tennis at some parks, so in certain places it provides the posts and nets for football. Hackney Marsh is by far the greatest supporter, too, of the winter game; for whilst Hackney has a hundred football grounds on its celebrated Marsh, the second place —Blackheath—only claims eleven grounds for this game. Of course, the crowded East End does require a vast amount of space, and many pitches and grounds, to satisfy the thousands of youths who are toiling indoors all day, and who wish for recreation in the evening or on Satur-

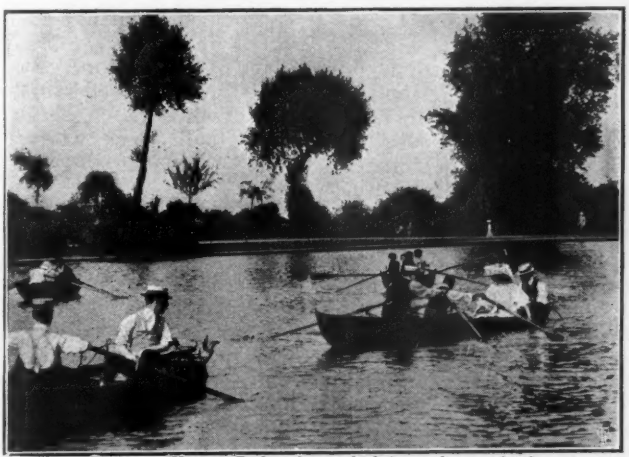
day afternoons. Surely it is one of the grandest and most beneficial things the London County Council has ever done to thus give pleasure and physical benefit to thousands upon thousands who, without its assistance in this way, must have gone on through dreary, sordid days without any real enjoyment or benefit from sports such as their richer comrades obtained.

Five thousand men and boys bathe in Victoria Park from 5.30 to 9 o'clock every summer evening

Bowling is the next favourite sport of the average Londoner. There are fifty-five bowling-greens for the needs of metropolitan men who favour the good old English game of bowls. Battersea Park seems to stand forth as the great centre of the bowling world of London, with Sydenham as a good second. At Battersea there are eight bowling-greens laid out, at Sydenham seven are required.

The bowling-green has always been the synonym—with the billiard-table—for the acme of loveliness, and it is much to the credit of the Council that its many bowling-greens are so excellently kept up to the standard demanded by the many followers of the great captain who was playing a game of bowls when the Spanish Armada came in sight. A game which was so much in favour with so many of England's finest sailors, soldiers, and statesmen in the golden age of Elizabeth must certainly exercise some excellent effect on its devotees which will show itself at some time or other.

The average man in the street looks upon hockey as merely the fad of a few fellows and girls who can't play cricket or football. He will be surprised to learn that there are no less than forty-two hockey-grounds for use in London parks every day during the season. Hockey would appear to have its great centre well within the Kentish borders, for, out of the forty-two grounds, sixteen are located at Avery Hill and Eltham, which would tend to prove that everybody about those neighbouring villages in the "Hop County" either plays hockey or belongs to a hockey family! Hampstead also supports hockey rather strongly, and six spaces have been reserved in various



Boating at Victoria Park, a boon which is much appreciated

parks round Hampstead wherein hockey can be played.

It is generally assumed that the good old English game of quoits is about as dead as the dodo, except on shipboard, when passengers are at their wits' end what to do to pass the time. But this view is a mistaken one. Although the London County Council only provides grounds for quoits where such are in real demand, there have been some twenty-four pitches thus reserved for quoit players, together with, in some cases, the quoits themselves and other accessories. Quoits is not a game where the enthusiasm of multitudes encourages the players to doughty deeds, as does cricket or football. And, since only two or three players are likely to be engaged in one game at the same time, it has not the sociability of hockey or skating to recommend it. But it is a very pleasurable sport for all that; a trainer of the eye and hand quite equal to most of the belauded foreign gymnastic exercises now in vogue in our schools.

So far as its parks are concerned, the Council has done excellently in promoting bathing, swimming, model-yacht sailing, and skating in places where large sheets of water are at its disposal; but such places are necessarily limited.

Six parks can be cited as being training-grounds for rowing, swimming, and skating when possible. These are fairly widely scattered, being at Brockwell, Clapham, Hampstead, Plumstead, and in the East End. They are patronised tremendously, and often have quite a large number of people waiting their turns for a boat or a bathe. Whenever the Council can see its way to making artificial bathing-places and open-air swimming-baths in other parks it may be sure the people will most heartily appreciate such boons.

Croquet has had a chequered career since it first came into prominent public estimation thirty years or so ago. For some years after 1885 it fell into such disrepute that it threatened to become quite extinct. Then it took a new lease of life about five years since, and now—a sure proof that it is very much alive!—there have been demands which have caused about twenty croquet-grounds to be laid out by the London County Council in its various parks for persons who like to hear the ring of the mallet against the wooden ball.

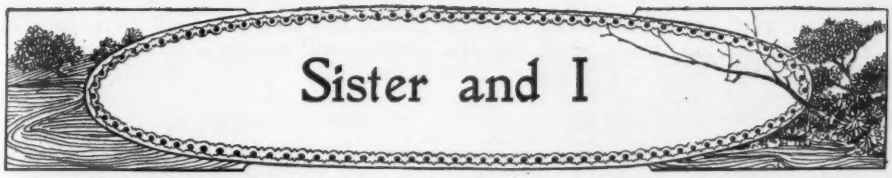
No less than sixteen parks have croquet-grounds provided, and Myatt's Fields, with three, is easily first amongst these. Peckham is evidently fond of croquet, for it has two grounds in its park, whilst even Battersea Park only boasts one. The Council does not provide the hoops, but it would be of great advantage if it did so, as much to its own officials and the ground as to the players who now provide them. For if the hoops were fixtures—so to speak—it is likely that the turf would be much better preserved from injury than it can possibly be when anybody can drive in, or pull out, a set of hoops just as he or she pleases!

Of course, only the aristocrats of the London County Council's clientele play golf. But the Council has had to provide five golfing-grounds for those aristocrats. Hence, by their location, the dwelling-places of the "nobility" of the metropolis, with regard to sport, may be easily found.

Golf is playable, it seems, on Clapham Common, Blackheath, Hampstead Heath, Tooting Common, and Streatham Common. No wonder that Tooting looks down with disdain on Peckham and croquet; or that Hampstead surveys with pitying smile the lawn-tennis proclivities of the Victoria Park frequenters.

La crosse is provided for at five places under the direction of the London County Council, and all five are round about Hampstead. Probably the "swell" suburb of London has adopted la crosse as a substitute for football, since where la crosse grounds are located football-grounds are usually absent.

It will thus be seen that the London County Council, in fulfilling the role of a municipal Mæcenas of athletics, has acted in no niggardly spirit, nor in any partisan fashion, but has adopted wide and generous methods of promoting the pleasure, enjoyment, and health of the millions under its charge. No real request for encouragement of pure and beneficial sport that has been made to it has been refused.



Sister and I

Being the Story of a Boy who thought he understood the Ways of the Gentler Sex

I MUST say that I felt awfully sick when I got the letter on the last day of the term to say that my father and mother were both going away to stay with my grandmother, who was seriously ill, and that therefore it would be inconvenient for me to bring home Tompkins minor, who I had wanted to invite to spend the holidays with me.

My mother wound up by saying, however, that she hoped I should not be dull, as my sister Dot, who had been away at boarding-school in France for four years, had now come home for good, and would be there to keep me company.

Some fellows might not have minded spending their holidays with their sisters. I did, however. Dot was nothing but a girl, and a girl was a poor substitute for a jolly chap like Tompkins. Tompkins, who was reading the letter over my shoulder, seemed to share my opinion.

"Hum!" he said drily. "Jolly lively holidays you're going to have! How old is your sister?"

I conjured up a mental vision of a little girl with long black legs and long fair hair streaming out behind her in the wind—but that was four years ago. Dot must be a grown-up young lady by now.

"About—about eighteen, I should think," I answered, in a shamefaced voice.

It was disgusting having to own up to a sister, especially to Tompkins, who was noted for his contempt of women.

"Just the conceited age—hair put up, skirts let down, that sort of thing," was Tompkin's cheerful rejoinder. "Nice prig you'll come back next term after having been boxed up for six weeks with a girl!"

Well, the next day I went home. Tompkins, who drove in the same brake, condoled with me all the way to the station. He was genuinely sorry for me, I could see that.

"It's awfully rough on you, old chap," were his parting words, "to have your holidays spoilt like this."

I suppose the thinking of this and the worry of it all occupied my mind so much that I forgot to see about the labelling of my luggage, but when I got out at Little Hurst Station—where we lived—none of my luggage got out too. I must confess I was rather upset. Not that I cared a snap about losing the trunk with my clothes in it, but my best collection of beetles and my camera were packed up with my Sunday hat in my hat-box, and no fellow likes to lose his cricket-bag. I told one of the porters of my loss, and he fetched an inspector man, who came up and asked me a lot of questions, and wrote the answers down in a little black book. I blundered a good deal when I was answering him, and he got cross, and said that he couldn't waste his time arguing with a young fool who didn't seem to know what he was talking about.

I am glad Tompkins minor or any of the fellows weren't there to see, but I never felt so near to crying in my life; and the inspector was just turning away in a huff, and saying that he couldn't have any more to do with me, when a dogcart drew up just outside the station gates, and a girl jumped out and came running along the platform towards us.

She was a jolly-looking girl—tall and straight and slim, with fluffy fair hair, done up in a knot at the back of her head, and a pair of big, merry-looking brown eyes. I couldn't help thinking her awfully pretty, and again I felt glad that Tompkins wasn't there. He would have despised me if he had seen me looking with admiration at a girl.

"Hallo, Ted!" she said. "Welcome home, old boy! I'm Dot, your sister, and I've come to meet you. I hope I'm not very late."

And then, before I had time to recover from my surprise, she had turned to the

inspector man, and was asking him in brisk, business-like tones what was the matter.

The man pointed at me with a finger of scorn, and burst out laughing.

"This young gent's lost 'is luggage, miss," he answered. "There's two trunks and a cricket-bag, and a hat-box, and a collection of beetles, it seems, and a butterfly-net and a hand camera. He told us that, and that's about all he has told us. Doesn't know where it's come from, nor where it's going to."

"That will do," broke in the girl quickly, in a calm, even voice. It was evident she was not one to lose her head in emergencies. "I think you have explained sufficiently, thanks. Let me see, what did you say it was? Two trunks, a hat-box, a cricket-bag, and a camera? Are you sure that they were all put in at Horsham Station, Ted?"

She turned to me as she said this, and somehow her bright, confident manner drove all the nervousness out of me, and I answered her quite clearly, for she didn't frighten me like the porters did; and in a few minutes she had given an accurate description of the lost luggage to the inspector, and left instructions that a telegram should be sent to Horsham Station, where it had been lost, saying that it was to be sent on by the next train to Little Hurst.

"I think you will get it back again all right, never fear," she said brightly, as she turned to me after giving her instructions. "We'll go home now and get some dinner. You must be starving."

She led the way to the dogcart, and jumped in, taking up the reins in her strong, capable-looking hands. I'm not much good at driving myself—although I wouldn't let Tompkins know it for the world—but I thought somehow that it was a man's place to drive a woman.

"Shall—shall I drive?" I said, as I scrambled up beside her. "I—I don't—mind trying."

She laughed and looked down at me out of frank, brown eyes.

"No, thank you, Ted," she said. "You see, I'm six years older than you, so I think I had better do it this time, don't you? We will wait until you are a little older, and then you shall drive me about, and I will sit back in my seat and be lazy."

"I didn't know that girls could drive properly," I said presently, after a pause. Dot was certainly showing me that her driving was admirable.

She laughed again.

"Who told you that they couldn't?" she said.

"Tompkins minor," I answered. Tompkins minor was thought a lot of in the Lower School, as I said before, and I was rather proud of being his chum. "He thinks that women are useless fools, and can't do anything. He despises them."

I could have bitten my tongue out the minute after I had said this; for, although, of course, Tompkins minor is quite right, and women are fools, it seemed an awfully rude thing to say to a woman. But Dot did not get or look angry. She only sat quite silent for a few minutes, and then said, very quietly:

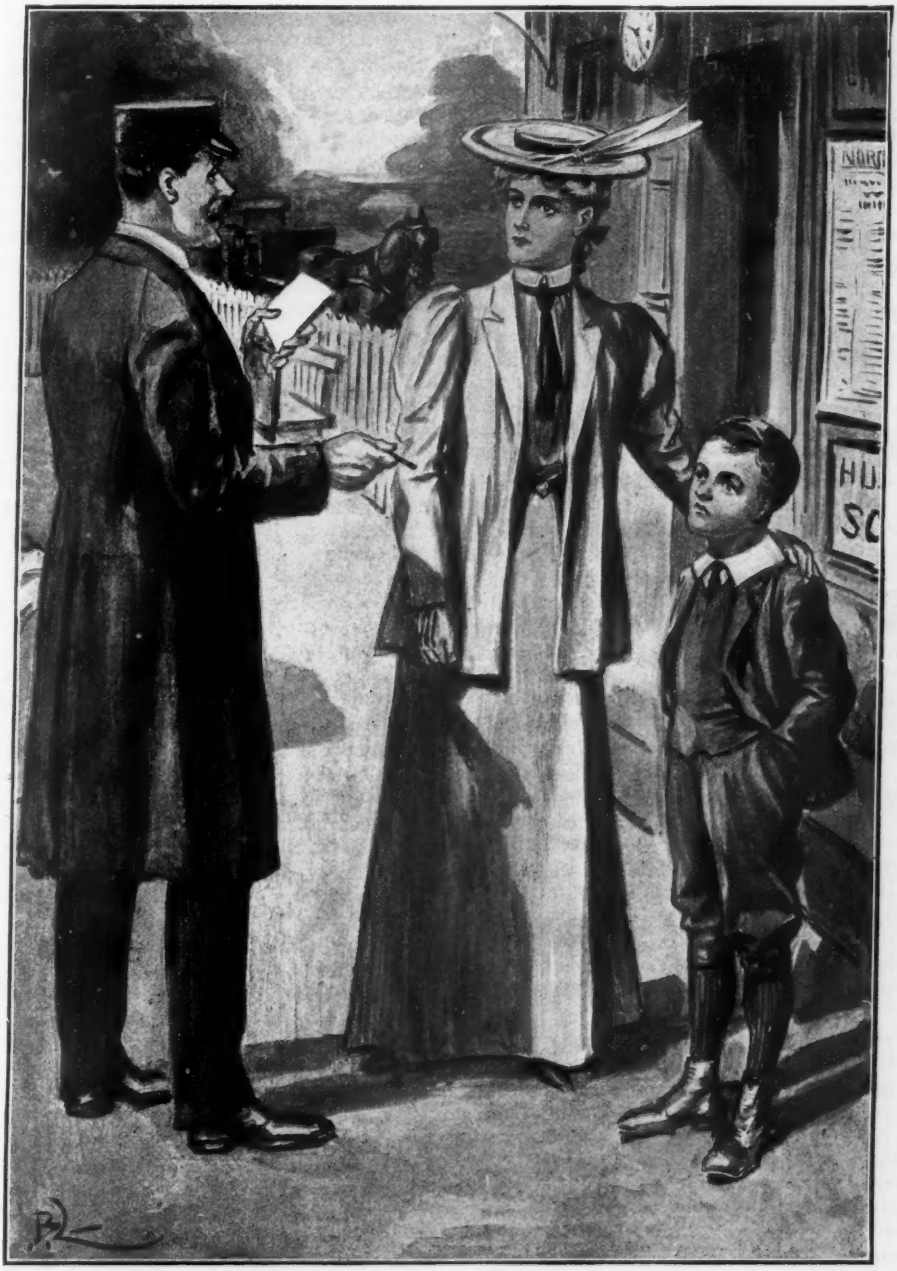
"And who is Tompkins minor?"

"He's my chum," I answered proudly. "He's only a year older than I am, but quite big chaps are afraid of him—he's such an awful bully. He knows how to make life hot for you, I can tell you that, if you don't do anything he wants you to. Young Dawson ran away last term because Tompkins bullied him so dreadfully when he found out that he was poor, and couldn't subscribe to all the games. He said he wasn't a gentleman."

"There is nothing to be ashamed of in being poor," said Dot. She flushed a little as she said this, and her eyes looked suddenly angry. "We are poor ourselves, you know. Father is only a country clergyman. If you are ashamed of being poor, you are not worth much."

I got awfully red at this, for I was ashamed of being poor—frightfully, and it was the terror of my life that Tompkins minor or some of the chaps should find out that I wasn't so rich as I pretended to be. That was why I wasn't going to work hard and go in for the Winchester Scholarship."

Tompkins said that only paupers, whose fathers couldn't afford to pay for them



"This young gent's lost 'is luggage, miss," he answered. "Doesn't know where it's come from, nor where it's going to"

went in for public school scholarships. He despised paupers almost as much as he despised women.

Just as we were finishing dinner we were startled by a loud knock at the front door. Dot jumped up from her chair and went to the window. Then she turned to me with a laugh.

"Bravo, Ted!" she cried. "Here's your luggage!"

I threw my napkin up into the air with a joyful shout. I was really awfully glad to get back that cricket-bag.

I looked gratefully at Dot.

"If it hadn't been for you," I blurted out awkwardly, "I should have never ——"

"Oh, rubbish!" said Dot. She was on her knees on the floor unstrapping the cricket-bag, for she saw that I was eager to get at its contents. "I'm older than you, and so I understand more about lost luggage, naturally. Oh, Ted, old boy, what a love of a bat!"

She held it out at arm's length, and the smooth, well-polished surface shone like yellow satin in the sunshine. It really was a stunner!

"Yes," I answered proudly. "I meant to practise cricket a lot this vac——"

Then I stopped abruptly, for I suddenly remembered that I was spending my holidays with a girl, and, of course, all ideas of practising cricket were out of the question.

Dot looked up with her bright, confident smile.

"Why do you stop?" she said. "Of course you will practise cricket a lot this vac., and I will practise with you. I love games, you know."

My eyes opened wide with astonishment.

"You!" I cried in amazement. "But you're only a girl! Can you—can you——"

"Of course I can!" interrupted Dot, laughing, "although I am 'only a girl,' as you call it. Oh, Ted, old boy, what funny ideas you have about girls! They can do a lot more, I can assure you, than you think."

And the next day, when we had our first game at cricket, I found that Dot played better than I did!

Dot was a splendid one for making you enjoy yourself—she really was. We had some fine games of cricket and tennis together, in both of which games she excelled, and before the holidays came to an end she had taught me to drive and to row, and how to cast a line for fly-fishing.

There is always a drop of bitterness in everyone's cup of happiness, though, and, in spite of the jolly time which I spent during those holidays, there was just one thing which worried me awfully. I used to lie awake at night sometimes thinking of it. I don't know whether I expressed my thoughts much in my face, but one hot afternoon—it was the last day of the holidays, I remember, when Dot and I were lying under the chestnut-trees by the river, reading—she suddenly put down her book, and asked me what was the matter.

I flushed up like a turkey-cock all over my face, but I did not answer. And then Dot gave a queer, tender sort of smile, and put her hand on my shoulder.

"Ted," she said gently, "don't be afraid of telling me anything, dear. I'm your sister, and if you're in a scrape I'll do my best to get you out of it."

I coloured up more than ever at that, for Dot had such a nice way of saying things that somehow I didn't like to say that I didn't want to tell her of my secret because I knew that girls couldn't be trusted, and always let cats out of bags—at least, that is what Tompkins minor told me.

"You're quite right," I said, in rather a shamefaced sort of way, "there is something the matter; but I can't tell you what it is, because—well, because ——"

Dot was looking straight at me, and I saw a sudden flash, perhaps of indignation, come into her eyes.

"You think you can't trust me," she said quietly. She seemed to be able to read my thoughts like an open book. "Well, Ted, I think it is a pity that you haven't got more respect for women. Believe me, women are not so silly and useless as you think them. They can be just as honourable, and just as noble—ah, and just as brave, too, sometimes!—as men. And I—I never betray a confi-

dence—I'm not that sort. Won't you trust me now, Ted?"

Tompkins would have called me a fool, I suppose, but there was something so strong about Dot, something so self-reliant, that I felt somehow that, although she was only a woman, she was one who could be trusted, and that it would be a relief to tell her. Besides, I was tired of bearing my trouble alone.

"I—I was awfully hard up last term," I said falteringly. "There was such a lot of things to subscribe to, and then some of the fellows got up a feast in our dormitory, and I was ashamed to say that I was too poor to subscribe to it, and I—I borrowed nearly £3 of Tompkins. His father is very rich, you know, and gives him heaps of money. We weren't allowed to borrow money, you know; and he says if I can't pay up next term he shall tell the Head. Oh, Dot, it's awful—I can't pay up!"

Dot's face grew grave as she listened, and I thought at first that she was going to be angry; but her eyes still looked at me in their straight, frank way, and she did not take her hand away from my shoulder.

"Why were you ashamed to say that you were poor?" she said, after a pause.

"Because—because if I had said that I was poor, Tompkins would have told everybody that I was not a gentleman, like he did of poor Dawson, and I couldn't have borne that. It would be awful for people to think that you weren't a gentleman."

A queer, little smile—half of contempt, half of amusement—crept over Dot's face.

"Ted, dear," she said presently, "the best thing for a man to be is a gentleman, isn't it? Father always says so—you know that."

I nodded my head. There was a funny sort of ache at the back of my throat which made me unable to speak. I was wondering vaguely what my father and mother would think of the confession which I had just made to Dot.

"Well, then," added Dot gravely, "being a gentleman, in the truest sense of the word, does not mean merely being rich, or powerful, or smartly dressed, but it means being honourable and truthful, and, above all, good. And a gentleman—a true gentleman—never despises women"—her lips curled a little as she said this; she was evidently thinking of Tompkins—"but treats them with the respect which is their due.

"Ah, Ted," she said impetuously, "you are a boy now, but you will be a man some day, and, above all things, be a gentleman! Never be afraid of anything, but live out the grand splendour of your own true life, and be true to yourself, as well as to everyone else. Don't be afraid of Tompkins, or think of what he will say, or, if you copy him, you will never be a gentleman, but a—a——"

She paused, and a flush sprang up into her face.

"What?" I asked humbly.

"A cad!" said Dot, flushing.

And then she came close up to me, and put her arms round my shoulders, for she saw that I was crying.

"Don't worry about that money," she said gently, "I will pay it for you. I shall only have to countermand a new dress which I ordered the other day, that is all; but you must do two things to repay me."

"I will do anything for you, Dot—anything in the whole world!" I sobbed, all my prejudice against women gone for ever, and feeling thoroughly ashamed of myself. "What are they?"

"Don't have anything more to do with Tompkins; he is not a friend worth having."

"I won't, Dot. You have made me see what a cad he is. And the other?"

"Don't be ashamed of being poor any longer, and when you go back to school to-morrow begin to work your hardest for the Winchester Scholarship."

"I will, Dot. And what's more, I'll win it, too!"

And I did.

THE END

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NOT in blind dark we grope;
For certain is the way;
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Fading one by one away,
Dimming in distance and dusk of day,
Move the silently gliding years,
Deep-freighted with hopes and fears,
Out to the far unknown,
Each one passing alone
Into eternity

Look Up

LOOK up! Beyond the stars
Thy God is watching thee:
The light breaks through the heavenly bars;
Thy sorrows soon shall flee.

Parliamentary Sons of the Pulpit

By Edgar Rowan

IF you would find the celebrity of to-morrow you must look in some vicarage nursery to-day! That is a sweeping statement, and those of us who are not "sons of the pulpit" may find comfort in reflecting that the rule has its exceptions. But none the less it outlines an interesting fact.

In a recent article in the "Nineteenth Century," Bishop Welldon pointed out that the boy who finds himself playing trains or teasing a cat in the nursery of some vicarage to-day may congratulate himself on a good start in life. The Bishop writes:

"It has been my self-imposed task to examine the parentage of every person whose name occurs in the sixty-six volumes of the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' and if I confine myself to the centuries succeeding the Reformation, during which the Protestant clergy have been allowed to marry, it is safe to assert that no other profession has sent out so many children equally successful and equally distinguished.

"The names of sons or daughters of the clergy which I marked as worthy of remembrance for some service performed in religion, or politics, or literature, or science, or art, or commerce, or philanthropy, or warfare, or some other aspect of the various life of the nation, amounted to 1,270. The significance of these figures becomes enhanced by a comparison between the clerical and other professions. The children of lawyers and of doctors who have attained eminence have been respectively 510 and 350."

Photo by Reginald Haines, London

Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, President of the Board of Education

No doubt there are good reasons for this. Heredity and environment are powerful in the creation of character, and the atmosphere of the average vicarage or manse undoubtedly tends to encourage that devotion to study and earnestness of purpose that are at the roots of success. So it is that one looks around to-day on statesmen, soldiers, authors, and men of note in every calling, to find that the "sons of the pulpit" are everywhere to the front.

No more interesting field could be examined than the new Parliament, now sitting in its first session. The "vicarage nursery," if the phrase may be allowed,

is once more well represented. Nor is it only the vicarage that has this proud record, for from many a manse have the sons of Nonconformist ministers won well-earned honours.

To a son of the manse, for instance, has been entrusted one of the most difficult tasks of the day. No one pretends that the Minister of Education has a sinecure at the best of times; but to-day, when many of the most earnest men in our land find themselves in conflict over the question of the State schools, the post is one calling for exceptional tact and skill. It is therefore a high compliment to Mr. Augustine Birrell that his recent appointment as President of the Board of Education found favour with men of all parties.

Mr. Birrell is an interesting example of the rule already referred to, for he is the son of the Rev. Charles Birrell, of Liverpool. His mother was the daughter of a Scotch preacher, so his descent from the pulpit is doubly secured.

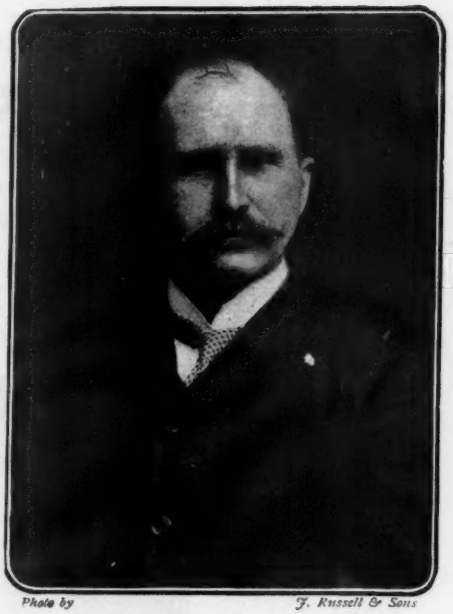


Photo by *J. Russell & Sons*

Captain Cecil Norton, Junior Lord of the Treasury

Photo by *J. Russell & Sons*

Sir J. Lawson Walton, K.C., Attorney-General

Among the many brilliant sons of the pulpit Mr. Birrell must assuredly take a high place. Indeed, he is so brilliant in so many different directions that it would be interesting to find out whether he is really one man or a syndicate! Some people know him as a leading K.C., who has been Professor of Law at the London University, and published valuable text-books on the duties of trustees and other legal topics. Happily, these learned but, to the lay mind, rather dry volumes do not represent his sole literary output; for the Mr. Birrell known to a wide circle of book-lovers is one of the most entertaining essayists of the day. "Obiter Dicta" and "Res Judicatæ"—what delight these books with the forbidding titles have given to thousands! They are the work of an enthusiastic book-lover. How winningly he chats of his favourites! One might, for instance, form quite a formidable regiment of those who have first read "The Bible in Spain" through coming across Mr. Birrell's racy and delightful essay on George Borrow.

Photo by *Ernest H. Mills, London*

The Right Hon. Sir Henry Fowler, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster

But there is another public to whom the name of Mr. Birrell suggests the brightest and wittiest speaker of the day, whether he addresses a political audience or an after-dinner gathering. His brilliant epigrams have given the word "Birrellisms" to our language.

Again, the busy politician thinks of Mr. Birrell as the man who for many years edited the Liberal electioneering pamphlets. No wonder that a leading London newspaper remarked not long ago: "It only remains for Mr. Birrell to write an amusing book on Bimetallism, and he will have no more fields to conquer." Perhaps when Mr. Birrell is released from the cares of the Education Office he will oblige with this final task!

Near Mr. Birrell on the Government "Front Bench" sits a Parliamentary veteran in the person of Sir Henry Fowler, who is another "son of the pulpit." Two records stand to his name: he was the first Wesleyan Methodist and the first solicitor to attain Cabinet rank. His father, the Rev. Joseph Fowler, was one of the most distinguished Methodists of his day, holding the office of secretary to the Wesleyan Conference for many years.

Like a true son of one of Wesley's "travelling preachers," Sir Henry Fowler spent his boyhood in many towns. Born in Sunderland, he received his education in Leeds, Newcastle, and London; but it was in Wolverhampton that he settled as a solicitor when his law studies were over, and the people of the Black Country hail him as one of themselves.

He soon threw himself into local politics, and donned the aldermanic robe at the early age of thirty, becoming mayor of Wolverhampton at thirty-three. In 1880 the town of his adoption sent him to Parliament, and he has represented the capital of the Black Country at Westminster ever since.

If anything were needed to seal his connection with Wolverhampton it would be found in the fact that his daughter, Miss Ellen Thornycroft Fowler (now Mrs Felkin) has made the Methodism of the Black Country known and loved far and wide in her popular novels.

Sir Henry had only been four years in Parliament when, in 1884, he took his seat on the Treasury Bench as Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Higher offices soon followed, and under Lord Rosebery he found himself at the India Office, at the head of two hundred million dusky subjects of the Queen. It was a step that might have dazzled many men — the Methodist preacher's son wielding a sovereignty mightier than any Oriental potentate.

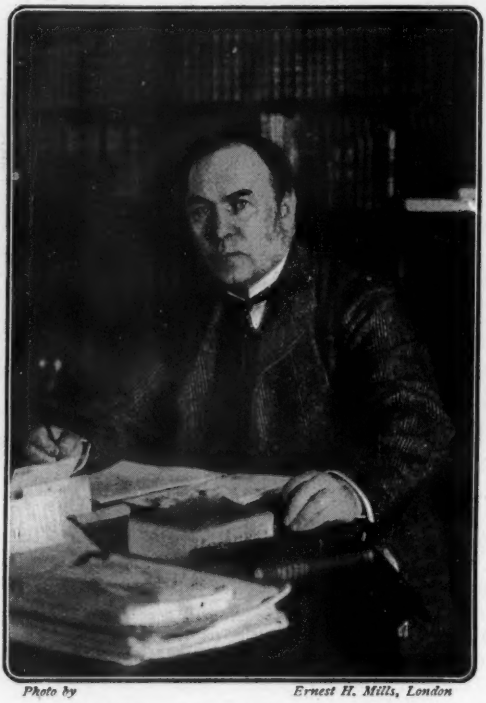


Photo by *Ernest H. Mills, London*

Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P., "the Member for Methodism"

Rector's son, cavalry officer, member of Parliament for an important London constituency, and Junior Lord of the Treasury — that is the record of Captain Cecil Norton, the member for West Newington. His father was the Rev. W. Norton, an Irish rector, and the good work that he has accomplished is another argument in favour of being born a "son of the pulpit."

In addition to his natural interest in all Army questions, Captain Norton has won for himself the reputation of being the special friend of the London policeman. He has succeeded in making such subjects as constables' boots really interesting, so that the House of Commons has to listen, and when the members of the force have any grievance, the honourable member for West Newington is their strong advocate.

The new Attorney-General, Sir J. Lawson Walton, shares with Sir Henry Fowler the honour of birth in a Methodist manse, his father having been the Rev. John Walton, for some years Wesleyan missionary in Ceylon, and afterwards President of the Conference for Great Britain.

In spite of his parentage, the great K.C. and member for Leeds once failed very signally in scriptural knowledge, but he is so difficult to disconcert that he was by no means put out at the time, and has often laughed over the incident since. He was addressing the jury for his client, when the sentence "if two men had been so closely connected as this, one would have compared them to Jonathan and —— and ——" brought him to a dead stop. "Jonathan — Jonathan," he repeated, and then, tapping a friend on the shoulder, he asked, in a very audible whisper, "Who ever was the other man?" The reply was satisfactory; and with the amended version, "to David and Jonathan," the great advocate went peacefully on as though nothing had happened.

Like all lawyers, one of his difficulties is getting people to tell the truth; and in this connection he tells an instructive story, which he had first hand from the judge in whose court the incident occurred.

Two female witnesses were trying to prove a gift. One had been examined, and was followed by her friend, who confirmed her evidence absolutely. How-

ever, the judge, for reasons which seemed to him sufficient, could not believe their story, and decided that no gift took place. He learned afterwards that his view of the case was correct, for a friend of his overheard the two witnesses comparing notes after the verdict.

"Mary, did you kiss the book?" said the first.

"No, I didn't, Jane," was the reply.

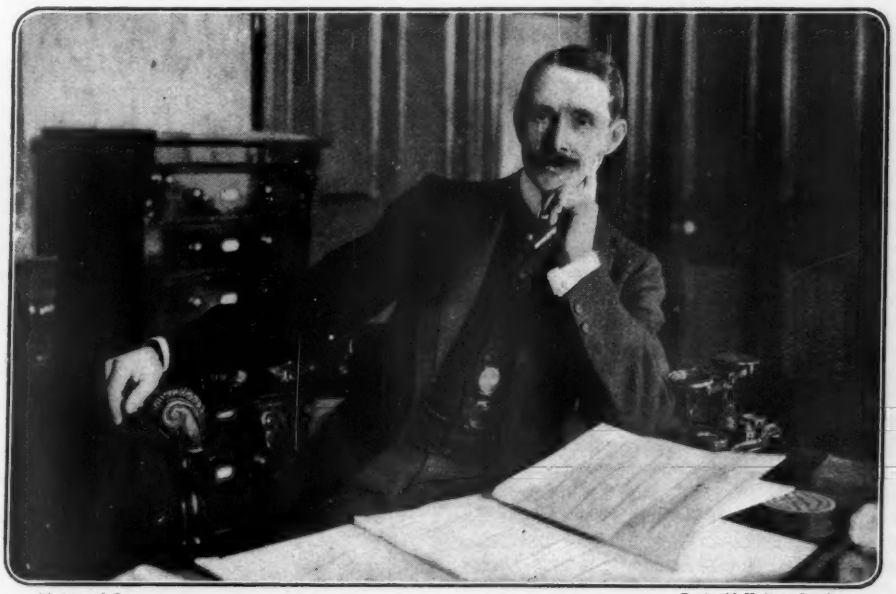
"Ah," said Jane, "that's all right, then!"

Many people imagine that if they keep their lips an inch or so away from the Bible when "kissing the Book" on taking their oath they can commit perjury with an easy mind.

So far as Parliamentary honours go, a Methodist manse seems the gate to Westminster, for Mr. R. W. Perks is another distinguished M.P. whose father was a Wesleyan minister and a President of the Conference.

Into the work of the Church to which he was born Mr. Perks has thrown himself heartily. The famous New Century Scheme, by which a million guineas were raised for Wesleyan work, was engineered by this enthusiastic layman, who devoted to it all the energy and tact that had already won him success in other fields.

For twenty-five years he was a solicitor in partnership with another distinguished Methodist M.P., already mentioned—Sir Henry Fowler; but engineering has also claimed him, while he is an acknowledged expert on railway management.



Photograph by *Reginald Haines, London*

Mr. J. Williams Benn, M.P. for Devonport, and formerly Chairman of the London County Council

"The member for Methodism," as he has been called, is a keen Christian worker, and if there is one branch to which he gives special attention it is to the excellent Sunday-schools of his denomination.

One "son of the pulpit" is accompanied in Parliament by his own son, so that the pulpit has transmitted its successful influence to two generations. The members thus distinguished are Mr. J. Williams Benn, who represents Devonport, and his son, Mr. W. W. Benn, who represents St. George's-in-the-East, and has the added distinction of being the

youngest member in the present Parliament.

North of the Tweed, Mr. J. Williams Benn would be called "a man of parts." Born at Hyde, in Cheshire, in 1850, the son of the Rev. Julius Benn, he has crowded a tremendous amount of very varied work into his life.

A journalist and member of a publishing firm, he gave his spare time to the study of municipal questions, having the foresight to recognise the growing importance of local politics. When the London County Council was formed in 1889 he was among the first members, eventually becoming chairman of that important body in 1904.

Wherever he goes to speak on the subjects that lie near his heart they tell you that he is the only man who can give an interesting lecture on trams and sewers and the other details that concern the county councillor. This is largely because he does not despise the use of the limelight lantern to make his meaning clear, and he is so excellent an entertainer that he is not offended if his listeners enjoy themselves. When he turns from the task of instructing the public he can be yet more entertaining, for he is the cleverest amateur lightning cartoonist of the day, and still delights his friends with his skill. So well is this known that some years ago he had to complain of the statement, in a controversy, that he had once tried to get a footing on the music-hall stage as an entertainer and failed. Perhaps his chief objection was the suggestion of failure, for Mr. Benn does not fail.

He is one of the men who love London, and fight her battles with the ardour of a knight-errant. One of his dreams is to see the Thames a crystal-clear stream well stocked with fish. "I hope," he once told a Parliamentary Committee, "to be able one day to give members some good fishing from the Terrace." He has trained his son to the great game of politics, and it is a proud father that accompanies the youthful member for St. George's-in-the-East to the House each day.

This list of preachers' sons who have reached the coveted green benches of Westminster is far from exhaustive. Mr. A. R. Rainy, M.P. for Kilmarnock Burghs, for instance, is a son of Principal Rainy, the venerable Scottish Church leader. Mr. Stopford W. Brooke, who represents Bow and Bromley, is the son of the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, who was for many years chaplain to Queen Victoria, and seceded from the Church of England to devote himself to literary pursuits. So one might mention many others who uphold the proud traditions of "sons of the pulpit," and prove that one of the best things in the world is to select a preacher for your father.

EDGAR ROWAN.

The Rector's Mystery

A Serial Story of Deep Human Interest. By Ethel F. Heddle

CHAPTER XXI

MAGDALEN'S LETTER

It was very late when Mrs. Vickers heard Mr. Nugent descend at last from the nursery. The doctor had gone an hour since, and a nurse had been telegraphed for. Mrs. Vickers, who had cried a little, and yet eaten a very good dinner, had now reached the stage of regarding the affair as an accident for which she was by no means accountable, and she went out to meet the rector determined that he, too, should regard the matter in the same light.

"Now, do come and have some dinner! I have kept everything, though the fish is ruined. How is she? It was a most regrettable accident! How could I imagine she would climb there? I never dreamt of it!"

"I do not approve of locking children in dark rooms," he said, something in his voice she had never heard before. "They are pieces of very delicate mechanism, and their nerves are not like yours and mine! Luline had an especial horror of the dark. To think of her there, locked up—good heavens!—beating her little hands on the door, as the nurse tells me she did! It maddens me! I was away, and Magdalen——"

He broke off, his tone one of the keenest pain, and the lady flushed angrily.

"How is she?"

"I cannot say. The doctor cannot say. We have wired for a great London specialist for children. The doctor cannot decide which is most hurt—the head or the back; and her nerves—oh, my God! My little frightened child!"

He had put up his hand with a sharp cry, half a moan, and he hid his face. Mrs. Vickers flushed more and more.

"I never meant——" she said fretfully. "I used to be locked up. When will the doctor come?"

"He will be here to-morrow night. We must wait till then. She is conscious for a little."

"Did she know you?"

"For a moment—she was calling for Mrs. Sinclair. Have you—has no one—any idea where they are?"

"Not the slightest. The servants all got a month's wages, and the place is left in the care of the lodge-keeper. They don't know. But do come and eat something!"

"I cannot!" he said; and then went into the study, where Mrs. Vickers did not follow.

He flung himself into an easy-chair, and turned over all the events, all the hopes and disappointments and pain of the day.

Then he stared mechanically at the table, till a pile of letters caught his eye, and he looked through them rapidly.

And then his face flushed, as one was in her handwriting. Ah, she could not be so cruel! It was news of her. He would reach and bring her back to his darling! But this was what he read:

"Molly and I are going away, and we think it better not to tell even you our address, as Francis Oswald would ask you for it. In doing this, you must not think us ungrateful. It is because we feel so deeply all that you have done for us that we would wish now to try and stand alone, and be no source of anxiety or difficulty to you. We can never forget you, and we would pray God that He will bless and reward you! But it seems to us that we are trying to thank you best by passing out of your life for ever. My love to Luline.

"MAGDALEN OSWALD."

"By passing out of your life for ever!"

He re-read the words, then drew a sheet of paper towards him, and wrote out the following advertisement:

"Luline has had an accident. She is calling for you. Will you not come back?"

That was all. He made several copies of this, and addressed them to the best known papers in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

Then, pale and haggard, he went back to the nursery, forgetting all about the neglected dinner.

The night fell darkly at the rectory.

CHAPTER XXII

This love just puts its hand out in a dread,
And straight outstretches all things.
—E. B. BROWNING.

CHILL October was past, and dreary November, and now it was within a week of Christmas. The shops were gay, the London streets were crowded, and already people began to draw breath, remembering — let cynics say what they might — that the "hallowed and gracious time" brought at least a holiday. Bob Cratchitt may not even have sufficient in hand for the turkey and the plum-pudding; but at least he has two days of rest. It is the rich and the fashionable who can afford to despise Christmas, not the poor or the hard worked.

On this certain wet afternoon in December the National Gallery was almost empty, and the mists outside seemed even to have penetrated into the stately interior, where a policeman was yawning by the entrance to the rooms reserved for British Art. One is apt to wonder if the officers of law and order in such places have ever glanced towards the priceless treasures entrusted to their charge.

"What a lovely place to pass one's time in!" a friend of mine said once to a verger in the Abbey; and he answered, with rather a weary smile:

"Yes, miss; I thought so twenty years ago."

To-day, in the room in which is the famous Raphael, a girl had just sat down wearily, her hands in her lap, and her eyes bent on the floor. The Raphael did not seem to attract her at all; albeit Molly had once been a passionate picture-lover.

She had come in here to rest after a shopping expedition in Regent Street. Magdalen was seeing Sally, who had returned to London, and was now in Islington, and Molly dreaded the thought of the empty rooms.

Her face had lost a good deal of its colour, and all the brightness and sparkle had left it. Somehow it was a very sad face now, with restless eyes that had a ceaseless questioning, and lips that looked as if they had forgotten how to smile.

These had been hard weeks. Molly had fancied life was all sunshine; now she thought it was all gloom. They had hidden themselves determinedly, and she had heard nothing more of either of the Oswalds. Apparently Francis was making no further move—he would at least spare her father's memory; but of the rector and George they had heard nothing. And after Christmas they were going to the Riviera.

Molly was quite an heiress in a small way, though money brought her no pleasure. Had she been poor, she sometimes thought, it would have been almost a relief; for then she could have worked, and work is a wonderful healer and restorer; but work was not necessary, and therefore seemed unattainable.

"I wonder when Magdalen will be home? Last year we were beginning to decorate for Christmas by this time, and I was full of business over my tree and the children's school-feast; and the rector came and dined twice; and Magdalen—I wonder if he misses Magdalen? I wonder if George misses me?"

She sighed then, heavily, and a young man in a dark grey ulster and tweed cap started and looked round; a little boy was with him, and George—for it was Oswald—stood looking at Molly in eager delight, waiting till she should glance up and see him. At last! At last!

"I say, George, these pictures are awfully stale. Let's go out and have

George walked up to Molly, and the girl looked up suddenly and saw him. All the colour flashed back into her face, and the light into her eyes (*See page* 436.)

some tea in an Aerated. There's one at the corner of the Strand."

Blessed and healthy appetite of thirteen! George, who had seen his small cousin's lunch at 1.30 p.m., had not imagined even schoolboy nature would require further sustenance till at least four or five p.m.; but he turned round eagerly, putting half-a-crown into the boy's hand.

"Look here, Gus. I want to see the pictures a little longer; but you go and have a good tea, and then join me here. I'll be out there, by that girl with the apples."

Gus needed no second bidding. He was off, and George walked up to Molly, and the girl looked up suddenly and saw him. All the colour flashed back into her face, and the light into her eyes. For the moment "Love just put its hand out, and straightway she forgot all things"—only she knew that he was there, that he looked at her with radiant eyes, and that they loved each other.

"Molly!"

And then he sat down beside her, the Raphael as unheeded as if it had been a sign-painter's daub, and he took her little gloved hand.

"Oh, Molly, how could you be so cruel?"

"I was not cruel, George."

"Not cruel? To hide yourself from me; to let me leave this country without seeing you? Ah, Molly, you did not love me as I love you, or you could not have done it!"

George's very voice had an instantaneous effect on Molly, and the colour crept up in her face, and her eyes shone. She forgot that they were separated, she forgot her resolves—almost she forgot the tragedy of October. She only knew he was there, his eyes devouring her, and that he loved her.

"But you have not left the country, George," she said, with just the phantom of her old merry smile. "And, even if you had—well, it is better so. It is true, George, the pretty sentimental song you made the parody on when I sang it to you, 'It is best to leave you thus!'"

But George would not hear the end.

"It was not," he said, decisively, "as I shall prove. And what is more, Molly, it wasn't a bit of use. I put off going to Singapore to search for you, but I promised Francis to start next week, and I must. And I had left a letter with the rector for you. I would not give you up. When I knew what it was that you thought separated us, I was the more resolved. Your father, while he lived, could be forgiven for forbidding this; but now—now you hurt no one's feelings. I can't do without you, Molly—I can't! And if you are tired of England for a little, why, so much the better. We will settle down in Singapore. Everything is sunshiny there, my darling, and there are no end of jolly people. And people in a colony don't poke and peer, and want to know who your grandmother's aunt was before they call.

"They take us for what we are, Molly. I suppose it's raining outside, but I feel as if it was a June day. I have found you, and I shall not let you go. We will be married; or, if you can't get ready soon enough, I'll go on first, and you'll come and join me there."

Was everything slipping away from her? Her resolves, her determination, even the reasons she had deemed so decisive before. Molly felt as if the ground were giving way under her feet.

"George, I must not—I should not listen!"

"Why not?"

"Oh, George! My father, and your—your brother——"

"My half-brother; and I never cared for him," George corrected, in his matter-of-fact voice. "Of course, it was a dreadful thing, Molly; and of course we'd both much rather it had not occurred; but because my half-brother was an intemperate and passionate man, who made your aunt miserable, and because your father avenged her wrongs wildly and unlawfully, these are no reasons why your life and mine should be sacrificed. Come, Molly; you trust the rector—ask him."

"George, you would think of it—you would remember your wife's father."

"I might just as well say you would think of my brother," George said. "I don't intend to think of it. If the present

is full of joy and peace, do you think I'm so dreadfully fond of worry and trouble that I will go about thinking of them? No, Molly. You may just as well give in. You love me, darling—you allow that; and I can't live without you. These are the only facts we ought to consider."

"But Francis——"

"I'm not tied to Francis's apron-strings," George said. "If he wanted to marry a Hottentot, I'd say, 'All right, old chap; please yourself!' And I claim the same privilege. Molly, Molly—are all your objections not over yet?"

"There is Magdalen. She has suffered so much already."

"And she is making the best man in the world suffer, too," George cried. "The rector is quite changed, Molly. I always knew he loved her. With her gone, and poor little Luline——"

"Luline! What of her?"

"You never heard, of course. That idiot, Clara Vickers—excuse me, but she really is one—locked the child up in a dark room for some little fault, and Luline climbed up on a window-ledge and fell. And her spine is hurt. The doctors don't know whether she'll outgrow it, or whether she will lie there all her life. Think of little Luline! A child that was never still. The rector bears it like a man and a Christian, but he is broken-hearted. And she keeps calling and fretting for Mrs. Sinclair. That just cuts the rector up. The doctors say it is so bad for her. And Lady Elizabeth is so very frail and feeble. Altogether, the whole place is changed—even the look of the rooms and the tables.

"You women know how to make a place look like home, Molly; and that is what a man never can do. He never gets beyond planting down chairs and tables. I dined there before I left. The rector is getting grey, and he is barely forty. He looked round at the rooms, and sighed—he has a trick of sighing now, when he is alone. 'I don't know what's gone out of all the place,' he said; 'but there's something, isn't there, George? And we miss it—Luline and I.' I could have told him what it was. I knew, for I wanted you, Molly. He wants Mrs. Sinclair."

"She never knew; we never heard of Luline," Molly said sorrowfully. And then she stopped, for Gus had returned, a little sticky about the fingers and mouth, and George made them known to each other.

"Well, have you had a good tea?"

"They have awfully jolly buns—those big ones; and I got some sweets, George. Isn't it time we were going home?"

"Gus is out with me for the day," George explained, taking Molly's parcels with the old air of proprietorship. "Perhaps it is, Gus. I'll put you into a hansom, for I must see this lady home. But, first, in case anyone asks you what you saw, you had better look at the Raphael. This is the Raphael."

"I don't like it a bit," was the only reply Gus vouchsafed. "Why has the old chap bare feet? Let's go, George. I'll say I saw it all right. Dinner-time must be coming on, and I'm jolly hungry!"

"Merciful goodness! After six buns! Well, I suppose I ate like that once!" And Molly could laugh as George spoke, pushing her parcels into his pockets. "I'll come home with you, Molly. We must discuss everything and arrange things."

"Oh, George, I never said——"

"You said quite a number of things," he answered coolly. "You women call yourselves kind and gentle, and yet, with the best intentions in life, you go about making men miserable. Look at the rector. And Mrs. Sinclair, with all her gentleness, as obstinate, I suppose, as you."

"She did not know of Luline."

"Well, we shall tell her. It's of no use saying more, Molly; and if it wasn't for that bothering old policeman I'd take you in my arms and kiss you!"

At which Molly got to the door hastily.

They took a hansom, after seeing Gus safely into his, and South Kensington was reached, though darkness had fallen long ere that.

The little drawing-room was in deep

shadow, but Molly could just see Magdalen's slender figure, seeming lost in the big chair, and the red glow of the fire flickering on the rich masses of her dark-brown hair.

She went and put her hand on the shoulder next her, George standing near with a huge bouquet of chrysanthemums and holly, which he had stopped to buy as they drove home.

"Asleep, Madge?"

"Yes, and dreaming—dreaming of Luline," Magdalen said, rousing, and looking up wearily. "I don't know how it is, but I have dreamt so much of her lately. Don't think me a coward, Molly—don't think I would ever shadow the rectory with our sorrows; but if I could only hear how my little girl was—my wee lassie. She was such a clinging little thing."

"I can tell you how she is," George put in suddenly. "She is very ill, and fretting for you; and everything at the rectory is going to wreck and ruin without you."

Magdalen started to her feet.

CHAPTER XXIII

"THE TOUCH OF A VANISHED HAND"

THE weather at Bishop's Thorpe was decidedly depressing, and, being Christmas week, Bishop's Thorpe felt this keenly. There was not a vestige of snow, nor a promise of it. Instead, there was a damp, clinging, sticky mist, only broken up by rain; and really rain and mist at Christmas were insults unworthy even of British weather.

The rector, walking slowly home on this gloomy December evening, was wondering how he was going to get through the festive season. He tried to do his best by the sleepy little village in every way, but Bishop's Thorpe had a mind chiefly bucolic. It would follow a lead, but it was neither of any originality nor of any energy; and the rector, single-handed, thought of the tree, the school-treat, the old folks' tea, the decorations, and the squire's fête, with the sense of a burden pressing heavily on shoulders already rather tired. The past months had been hard.

Luline, his merry, laughing child, whose little feet had been rarely still, whose rippling laughter rang through the house, lay pale and wan and listless in the nursery, and he could not rouse her to even a shadow of her old self. The doctors could not, they said, pronounce definitely on the precise extent of the damage done, but he could see that they thought his little girl's lethargy was a bad sign, and he could not rouse her from it. Maga! She wanted Maga! It was the one fretful, wailing cry, and the rector heard with a set, suffering face. He was like Luline—he wanted Maga too!

He had had a long walk over the parish, for there was a good deal of sickness about, and he hurried as he neared the familiar gate. The child would be wearying, for he always sat with her as much as possible, and Lady Elizabeth had been unusually frail and feeble, and, as she refused to have a hired nurse, the rector could scarcely snatch enough time for sermon and study. He took off his wet overcoat in the hall, and shook the drops from his soft felt hat. He had been away since lunch, and it was six o'clock now—later than he expected.

Rather to his surprise he saw that Sarah had lit a log fire in the drawing-room, and tea and hot cakes stood ready on a daintily-covered white table. Sarah was improving! And then he saw a few yellow chrysanthemums in his favourite vase placed by the Queen Anne teapot. He drank a cup of tea hastily and thirstily, rested oddly by the strange home look of the drawing-room, and then he went on to see his mother. There, too, things seemed to have improved. The fire burned clearly, and a log blazed cheerily on the top of the coals. The medicine bottles were banished to a side table; the room looked bright and warm. Some household lilies were in a big vase on the table, and the old lady, dozing on her spotless pillow, wore a new flannel dressing-jacket, with dainty lace falling over her soft old hands. Mr. Nugent saw all these things dimly—he noticed them because the room had looked a trifle dull and stiff lately—and then he bent over his mother, who was dozing.

She roused a little, and then, looking

up, patted his face, as if she were the young mother again and he her boy.

"Are you wet, Rex?"

"A little," he answered. "But I am anxious to go to Luline. And you, mother, do you know you look brighter and better to-night?"

"We all do," she said. "The house is changed already. Look at these flowers and these pretty cushions. Molly sent them. But go and see the child, Rex; she is longing for you."

Then there was news at last from Molly, or had she only sent the flowers?

He mounted the stairs with rather a tired step—someone listening thought it sounded more weary than she ever remembered; and then he saw the fire and lamplight flooding out into the passage from the nursery, and he thought Nannie had made a blaze. She was quite right; the semi-darkness of the room had been enough to depress anybody!

"Daddy!" Luline's voice called weakly. "Daddy! Oh, she's come! she's come!"

He took three steps, and stood in the doorway. And from the room there came a little laughing child, full again of life at the touch of a loving hand and the presence of a loving figure. Luline, all her depression and weakness vanished as if by magic, sprang at him, crying:

"Maga has come!"

And then—or was he dreaming?—she came forward from behind the bed—Magdalen, in the soft, dove-coloured gown, with a curious, shy joy in her face, with trembling lips, and one little outstretched hand.

"How cruel you must have thought me! But I never knew of the accident."

"You saw my advertisement in the papers?"

"No; George told us.'

He had drawn her on to the hearthrug. How he loved her! How they had missed her!

"Maga's going to sleep here," Luline observed, regarding the two happily. "On a little bed she found in the attic, and it folds up. I dreamed Mrs. Vickers was here and spanked Spot; and then she locked me in the room, and Maga came and let me out. And I woke crying, 'cos it wasn't true, and oh, daddy, there she was! And she kissed me, and cried too, didn't you, Maga? 'Cos she's so very fond of us, daddy, and so very glad to be home."

The rector heard, the happiness grew in his eyes and lips.

"Is that true?" he asked. "Are you so very glad to be home?"

"Very glad—oh, very glad!"

"I feel as if a burden were rolled off my shoulders," he said later in the evening when they were alone. "Luline fretted for you continually. Ah, Magdalen, why did you ever leave us?"

The question broke from him; instinctively he put out his hand, and Magdalen rose as if his touch mesmerised her.

"Did you care so much—or, rather, did you really think I cared so much—what the world might ask or say? What is society to you and me? I loved you but you made nought of my love for the sake of society, and you need dread no more. Francis Oswald will do no more. The past is dead. And were it not, were it to rise again and face you, you would face it by my side. I cannot do without you, neither can Luline. I love you next to my God; I need you, Magdalen; I need you bitterly. Will you say me nay still?"

For all answer Magdalen laid her head on his breast.

CONCLUSION

There was a nine days' talk, not only in Bishop's Thorpe but in the county, when the rector married Magdalen about a month later. It was very quiet, the ceremony being performed in London, in St. Paul's, Onslow Square, by the Vicar, who was an old and valued friend. So the rector had married the "Mystery." And really, once the thing was done, people said it was to be expected.

"A very pretty woman still, and a genius at parish arrangements, and the child devoted to her!"

And it was reported from London that the vicar of St. Paul's knew all her story, and had still congratulated his old friend, and asked leave to perform the ceremony. And after that Bishop's Thorpe could say no more. They decided that her father must have committed a forgery, and then

they let the subject drop. Bootless curiosity grows tedious after a time.

Molly sailed for Singapore shortly after George, and, though Francis never saw her, he sent a massive silver inkstand with his card, and Molly answered politely and even gratefully.

Across the eight thousand miles the great ship carried her, and then as it swept slowly through the gleaming waters, and past the sunny islands which guard Singapore, Molly looked over the taffrail and saw George waiting for her. George in a white suit and a big white sun-helmet, but a very familiar George all the same.

And then she was driven through the picturesque, palm-shaded roads, then rickshaws, drawn by copper-hued pig-tailed Chinamen, and slow bullock-waggons, and stately Indians all seemed to her the moving pieces in a strange kaleidoscope; and the carriage had turned at what seemed an English avenue, and before her was a luxurious bungalow, with cool, dark rooms, and a wide and lofty verandah. Here there were more Chinamen, who slipped in and out from behind the pillars in their spotless white suits, and brought tea and waited noiselessly at the table with wooden and sphinx-like faces. And there was a kindly hostess smiling gentle welcome. And the next day a very quiet ceremony in the big punkah-wafted cathedral. And then—home!

George found his wife waiting for him next night after his return from business in her silvery-white gown, and he filled her hands with tuberoses and stephanotis from their own garden before he stooped to kiss her.

"'Sweets to the sweet,' flowers to my flower. My Molly, is it all true?"

"It seemed like a dream," Molly said. "I shall waken up and see dear father in the hall or the rector in church. I shall waken up and find you gone!"

"I don't think so," George said.

And then they went in together, hand in hand, with a glad light on either face, and the peace of a great happiness in their heart.

Two years later the George Oswalds returned home for a six months' holiday, and they went first of all to the Rectory. There were changes there. Lady Elizabeth was dead, but Luline had grown into a very happy maiden. No mother was ever more tender or watchful than hers, and a great peace filled the grey old Rectory.

Molly smiled at the group on the lawn, as she and Magdalen watched it, on the afternoon of their arrival, from the shady window. Two babies rolled blissfully on the grass, while a white-capped English nurse and a stolid Chinese ayah stood close by, and Luline was being told the latest of Spot's wickedness, by George, while the rector stooped to toss his golden-haired son and heir, and then deposited him in Luline's lap.

"There, darling, keep that rogue in order! And where is the little mother?"

"He is never happy without Maga," Luline said, pushing the baby's glossy curls into a big wave on the top of his head. "And neither am I! I wish you would come—and tea will be cold. You bring them, George; but first please whack Spot on the nose. He has wriggled the cover off the muffins. That's his way of saying tea is ready."

"Come, Magdalen," the rector said, as Molly ran out at the sound of a wail from her baby; "we are waiting for you, dear. What are you thinking of?"

"Of our happiness, and how I can ever thank God. Even in my prayers I do not thank him as I ought. Teach me to pray as I should, Rex."

"Do you need to be taught, you who love so much?" And the rector put his hand on hers, as their eyes met in the soul-satisfied look of a great love which has come through the furnace, and is, therefore, evermore purified from dross.

"Maga—Maga!"

"Come," the rector said. "They cannot do without you."

And with her hand on his arm they went out together into the sunshine.

THE END.

No. 1 of the weekly edition of GOOD WORDS *will be on sale May 1st, price one penny. Readers will do well to order a copy without delay, and a form for this purpose will be found in the advertisement pages. Further particulars of this great development are given on the opposite page.*

From 6d. to 1d.

THESE are the days of great things, and in no department of activity have things developed quite so rapidly as in journalism. For this reason the monthly magazine is obviously handicapped, and as the policy of GOOD WORDS has always been in the direction of progress, it will appear on May 1st as a weekly journal.

In quality it will remain faithful to the high standard set by its first editor, the Rev. Norman Macleod; in quantity it will be without rival. Every issue will consist of **24** large pages, well illustrated, well printed, well thought out in every detail. Moreover, each number will contain more reading matter for One Penny than was formerly given for Sixpence!

But, you argue, if the weekly GOOD WORDS will really be a finer production at one-sixth of the price hitherto charged for it, how can its publishers afford to produce it?

The problem is not so difficult to solve as it appears. We expect an enormous circulation, and this alone warrants us in making this great step forward.

With No. 1 of the weekly GOOD WORDS, on sale May 1st, price One Penny, will be given, free of charge, a beautiful plate magnificently printed in 14 colours, size 16¾ inches by 11½ inches. A reduced facsimile of it appears as our frontispiece this month. Owing to the fact that this is printed in black and is much smaller than the actual production, nothing like adequate justice can be done to the beauty of the plate, which is a real work of art.

We want every one of our readers to see this new development in Religious Journalism. The demand is already taxing our resources, notwithstanding the fact that the weekly GOOD WORDS does not appear until May 1st; but if an order is given to your newsagent or bookstall clerk to-day you will have no difficulty in obtaining a copy. A form for this purpose will be found in the advertisement pages. If you delay you may be disappointed.

Remember, No. 1 of GOOD WORDS (weekly edition), with beautiful coloured presentation plate, will be on sale May 1st, One Penny.

The Kiss of Judas
By Giarometti

Built by Sermons

A general view of Spurgeon's Orphanage, showing the Memorial Hall

By George A. Wade

WHEN our Saviour spoke of the wonderful result brought forth by the sowing of a grain of mustard-seed, He was dealing with an example that was absolutely before the very eyes of his auditors, and which they could not possibly fail to understand, if they thought of it, even for a minute. We to-day, two thousand years after this wonderful parable was spoken, also recognise fully its hidden meaning, though we have not the actual growth of the mustard-seed before our eyes, as those Jewish disciples had. But we, on our part, can see what extraordinary and magnificent results have come from little chance words, or deeds, that were truly but as mere grains of mustard-seed scattered abroad at the time of their origin.

Have you ever thought what marvellous consequences have often come to pass as the result of a single sermon? Have you considered what practical results have ensued in the shape of buildings erected for the benefit, spiritually, intellectually, and bodily, of thousands of suffering or necessitous folk, from the single sermon of some great or insignificant, but always enthusiastic preacher? Let us look at one or two such instances of world-wide fame, for it is with this side of the results of notable sermons that this article is meant to deal.

Interior of the beautiful Gordon Boys' Chapel at Woking, built from the proceeds of a sermon by Canon Fleming, which was afterwards printed at the Queen's request

We will go first to Westminster's splendid Abbey. There, long ago on a certain day, sat a young King of England, and, ascending the pulpit might be seen the form of a godly man who was to become one of the Church's grandest characters later on—a man with a name that was to make the whole Protestant world throughout the ages thrill with pride and enthusiasm.

Bishop Ridley began his sermon

before the youthful King. Ere he had gone far his eyes dimmed with emotion as he spoke of the poor lads he had noticed in London that very day—lads who had no protector, no education, no powerful guide to form their characters for good, to teach them to become real men and true Christians.

The boy-king, Edward VI., was deeply stirred, and his eyes dimmed like the preacher's as he listened to the affecting tale. When Ridley came down from the pulpit Edward sent for him to go to Whitehall Palace. They had a long talk together. Then they sent for the Lord Mayor. To the two the King unfolded his purpose. It was to build and endow a great school where these London lads should receive food, clothing, and a grand Christian education, so as to form them into worthy citizens of England. And King Edward VI. resolved to give to his splendid foundation the name of Christ's Hospital, a home and school for the children whom Jesus loved. We know it yet to-day by the same name, or perhaps better still by its later popular title of the "Bluecoat School."

All those magnificent buildings that now form this great public school at Horsham, Sussex—whence it was transplanted but a few years ago from London—owe their origin to that sermon of grand old Ridley's! Think what that sermon did, therefore! It brought forth a school that has cost millions of pounds since that time in its buildings and maintenance. It has guided the education of some of the world's greatest minds, of boys who, but for this school, might have been lost in the general rut of England's submerged youth. It has trained hundreds of scholars who have risen to fame and fortune, to become great factors for Christian work all through its agency.

Photograph by *Frith, Reigate*

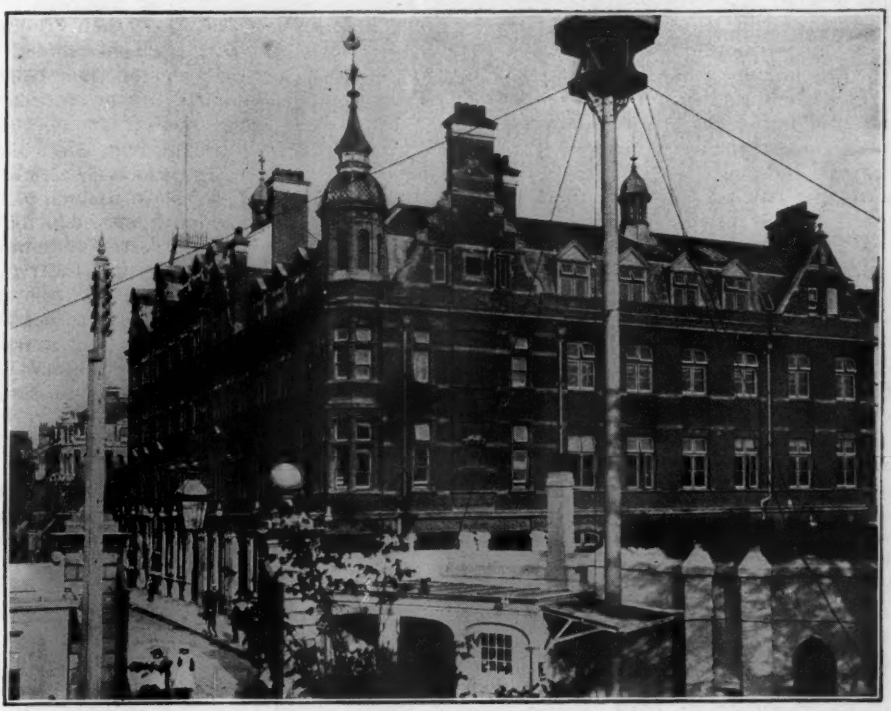
The Chapel of Christ's Hospital at Horsham, Sussex. The "Bluecoat School" was founded by Edward VI. after hearing a sermon by Bishop Ridley in Westminster Abbey

Think of such names as those of Charles Lamb, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Thomas Middleton (Bishop of Calcutta), and Leigh Hunt, to name but a few. Truly Master Ridley, one of the Reformation's brightest stars, did a notable deed on that morning when he preached at Westminster.

But splendid buildings have not only come from the preached sermon. They have often sprung from the printed one, too. When the eloquent Canon Fleming delivered his grand sermon before the then Prince and Princess of Wales, in 1892, on "Shall we know our friends in Heaven?" after the Royal hearts had been so cruelly wounded by the recent death of their much-beloved eldest son, the late Duke of Clarence, he could never have foreseen for a moment what result that sermon would have.

The suggestion that it should be printed and sold at a cheap rate for the comfort of other sorrowing parents came from the Queen, as she now is. She was so charmed with the sermon herself, she received such comfort from it, that she wanted others to feel its comfort, too. Her suggestion was carried out, and the sermon was sold for a penny, whilst the profits were given to her Majesty to dispose of as she wished.

The Queen agreed that they should be equally divided each year between the Gordon Boys' Home and the British Home for Incurables, and this has always been done. We say "always," for the sermon is yet selling well. But our chief interest in the sermon lies in the fact that the money received by the Gordon Boys' Home was devoted to building the pretty chapel there, which chapel is now completed and something for the Home to be proud of indeed.



Royal Sailors' Rest, Devonport, the outcome of a "Monthly Sermon" written by Miss Agnes Weston and now sent to half a million British bluejackets all over the world

It is a splendid erection, an ornament to Woking, and extremely well fitted up and suited to the purpose it has to serve. The lessons which the beautiful chactered Charles Gordon had learned from his loved Saviour—devotion to duty, humility, forbearance,. love to fellowmen, etc.—above all, the faith, hope, and

trust which surmounts all the world, and reaches Heaven itself; these are the lessons that so many boys learn each day in that building which has arisen from Canon Fleming's sermon. It was a sermon which has provided some £2,000 at least towards this noble chapel.

It is not often that a preacher is directly paid so much for a sermon, and still less often that, when he is, the money thus received should go to help the building and maintenance of orphanages. But this is what much of the money did that was received by the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon for sermons delivered away from his own famous Tabernacle.

This celebrated orator, one of the very finest of last century's preachers, was so often importuned to preach at other chapels and halls that he had to make a distinct rule on the subject, which was that he could only acquiesce on condition that a certain sum—not a small one, either—should be definitely given to him for his orphanages in return for his services. Otherwise he was bound to have offended some people whilst pleasing others, because he could only have satisfied quite a small percentage of those who were seeking his aid.

Thus Spurgeon's Orphanages may be regarded as buildings that owe much of their being to sermons, directly or indirectly. Without the money thus contributed to their erection and support by the great founder, these splendid orphanages would have been impossible in their present form; whereas they stand to-day a notable memorial of the wonderful minister whose sermons gave them birth.

A sermon does not need to be delivered orally in order to have a tremendous result in many ways. When one's desired congregation is scattered far beyond the reach of one's voice, indeed, when such congregation extends far and wide over all the seas of the world, the preacher's sermon to them must take the form of the written word rather than of the spoken one. Yet it is truly none the less a real sermon—one that leads, explains, comforts, and helps in the very best way the soul that is longing to know more of Jesus.

Such have been the "sermons" of Miss Agnes Weston in her "Monthly Letter"—sent out nowadays to over half a million seamen each month!—which first began from the smallest grain of mustard-seed. For Miss Weston, after addressing one or two sailors at various times in person, agreed to write helpful words to one of them monthly whilst he was away on his voyages. This man was delighted with his "sermon," and looked for it eagerly each month. He showed it to his friends, and they began to lament that they had no such foster-mother to "preach" to them, too. So he laid their request before Miss Weston, and she agreed to publish her sermon wider on their behalf. Now it has extended to the enormous total already mentioned.

And look at the buildings that have developed from this sermon! Think of those splendid Sailors' Rests at such places as Plymouth, Portsmouth, etc., which owe their origin to Miss Weston's monthly sermon, however indirect the result may have come to pass. Thousands of pounds have been spent on them to fit them for their noble work, and still contributions pour in annually from Jacks abroad and at home who wish to make some return to their "mother" for the pleasure and comfort her monthly sermons have given them.

Some years ago the Rev. Andrew Mearns preached a sermon dealing with London's outcast poor, and so keenly did the preacher feel upon the subject that, thinking his sermon would not reach as many people as he wished whilst it remained only in the spoken form, he had it printed, after being very much amplified in its facts, etc., and he called it "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London."

By good chance—or was it not by providential foresight?—a copy of this came within the notice of the Marquis of Northampton, and he was so touched by its pathos, and by the despair overhanging the poor lads of the metropolis unless something substantial was done to help them towards better things, that he had many communications with Mr. Mearns and others, and, as a result, he resolved to erect, with the assistance of several other gentlemen who became interested in the matter, what is now

known as the Northampton Institute, Clerkenwell. This excellent building has, since its opening, done most splendid work for a hitherto neglected class, and many men and lads of to-day have much cause to rejoice that they have ever been brought within its influence.

Northampton Institute, Clerkenwell, built by the Marquis of Northampton and a few friends. A sermon on "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London" gave this beautiful building to the poor lads of the metropolis

It is situated in a district where the marquis holds much property, and where it is the centre of a great social and Christian work. Its officials are ever ready to help the needy and deserving in more ways than one, and Clerkenwell is not unreasonably proud of it. Altogether, the Northampton Institute is an excellent result of what a sermon, spoken or printed, can effect when its preacher really feels what he preaches.

What the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon did for his famous orphanages by his sermons away from his own sanctuary, the Rev. D. L. Moody did for his many agencies at Northfield, U.S.A., during his missions with Mr. Ira Sankey in Great Britain; for Mr. Moody gave up the greater part of the income he received for his sermons, just as Mr. Sankey did that which he obtained from the sale of his hymn-book, towards erecting and maintaining the Pastor's College, Sunday-schools, and other buildings devoted to Christian work at Northfield.

It is not easy to say how much money was actually given in this way by Mr. Moody as the proceeds of his sermons in England. But it certainly ran into tens of thousands of pounds, for not only did money come from the actual preaching of the sermons, but it came in large sums from the various publishers who had the right of printing them in weekly papers and in book form. It is certain that many of the noble buildings which now go to complete the unique Northfield would never have been able to have been erected at all had it not been for the money thus received.

And we may, I think, fairly include in our category of buildings of this kind the new chapel in St. Paul's Cathedral, being completed for the Knights of St. Michael and St. George. It is true that the actual fabric walls of the chapel were already there, but the completion of it for this purpose, the whole of the furnishing, the Royal thrones and the Knights' stalls, and all else of that kind, are due, in the first place, to the suggestion in a sermon by the Venerable Archdeacon Sinclair, since it was he who, preaching to the assembled Knights, if not acting as their chaplain—which was, I believe, the case—made the proposal which had long existed in his own mind, that they should have such a chapel, and have it properly fitted and furnished as their own special rallying-place, for the Most Noble Order of the Knights of St. Michael and St. George.

The result will be an extremely fine chapel when the whole is completed, an ornament to St. Paul's, and a step towards making that famous cathedral still more the prominent centre of the Empire's chivalry and greatness.

GEORGE A. WADE.

Scottish Reminiscences

BY THE REV. ARTHUR MURSELL.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE

THE MURDER OF "DOWNIE"

IT took me twenty hours to travel from the Granite City to see the Hyde Park Exhibition of 1851. It takes less than half that time now. Then there were two distinct universities; now there is but one.

The alumni of King's, the older and larger of the two, in those days blazed upon the view in crimson cloaks of common cloth, which they made haste to get speckled with ink and other stains of age as fast as possible. The students at Marischal were equally gorgeous—indeed more so—and equally scrupulous about contracting the evidences of experience.

It seemed to be the mysterious fate of every Aberdonian freshman to fall into an inkstand or in some way to bathe in the Black Sea within the first week of his novitiate. A new gown was equivalent to an infant's "long clothes," and every tyro hastened to get himself "short-coated" by taking a penknife and slashing his cloth cloak in all directions, till there was very little of it left to swear by.

But there was a method in the madness of the Marischal men which the King's did not exhibit. By the close of a session or two a King's student displayed little more than a red pen-wiper on his right or left shoulder; but a Marischal man to the end of his days preserved a rich crimson velvet collar which had cost him nearly half his £5 bursary to buy. The King's collars were of cloth, and the entire robe was not worth ten shillings. The story of the difference is an archive laid up in the lavender of legend, and told with bated breath over the briars and "cutties" of the cronies of the colleges.

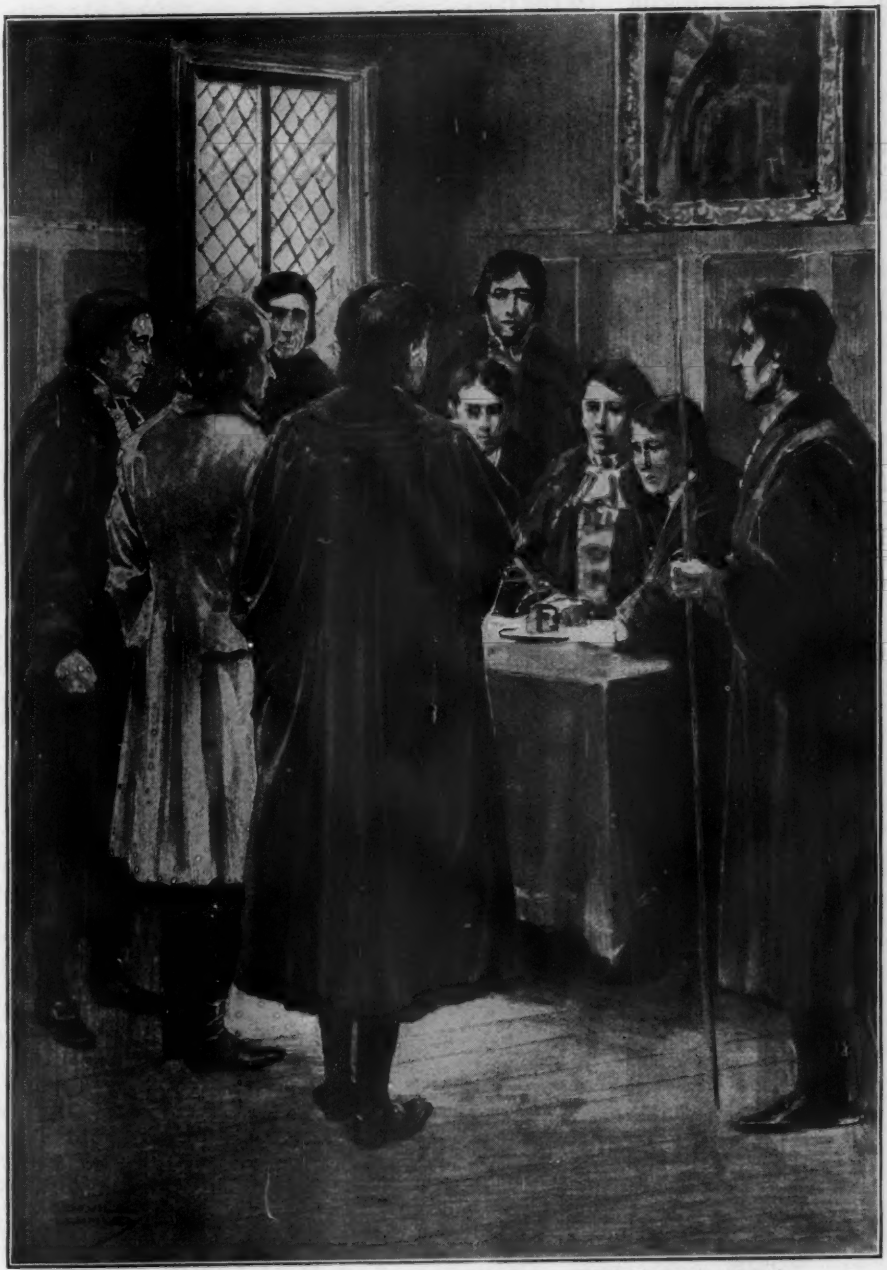
"What had King's, the older and the wealthier of the two colleges, done to forfeit its decoration?"

"Weel, ye ken, man, it's a dour story; but it was something in this way that it cam aboot. Mair than a hundred years ago there was a janitor at King's called Downie. An' they tell me that on one grand day, when what ye would call to-day 'a function' was going on, Downie either closed the great gates when the senior medicals wanted to come in or when they wanted to come oot. In some way he manageed to gi' them mortal offence. And they cited him before a mock tribunal, at which he was condemned to be bled to death.

"Puir Downie pled hard for his life—spoke of his wife an' weans, and flung himself on the mercy o' the coort. He might as weel ha' flung himsel fra the Bass Rock. The judge ordered the medicals to blind the culprit's eyes. When this was done, his left arm was laid bare and a scratch was made upon the skin, which Downie thought was his mortal wound.

"He swooned away under the panic, and for some twenty minutes or more tepid drops of water were caused to fall upon his flesh and trickle down his arm. The student who had been told off to keep his hand upon his heart and the other who was holding his left wrist to gauge the pulse, suddenly cried 'Stop!' in a quick and flurried voice.

"The handkerchief was unknotted from the janitor's eyes, and the arch-conspirator looked into his face and shook him quickly, 'Downie, old man!' But Downie didn't speak. His eyes, half-shut, half-open, were fixed and lustreless, and his lips were set and pallid. Downie was deed! And ever syne yon day the collar o' the King's men has been ta'en



They cited Downie before a mock tribunal, at which he was condemned to be bled to death

awa'. For all the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't make Jamie Downie a live porter again."

Such is the legend of the cloth collar. I believe it is authentic, and can be verified, though I cannot guarantee it. Nearer sixty than fifty years ago, I am told, though I have not seen it, there was an article in Chambers' under the title of "Who Killed Downie?"—where the story was told as a fact. And more incredible tricks than this have been played by "medicals" before high heaven. Whether the angels have had to weep over this identical escapade this deponent sayeth not.

An "unfleshed sword" is regarded as almost contemptible, though why the steel should be considered better "tempered" that has been thrust into a hundred men's vitals than that which has lain peacefully in its scabbard is not easy to say. Its wielder would seem decidedly worse tempered. It used to be the brand of a gentleman to have shot your man at twelve paces.

A German collegian made more haste to get a rapier-slit in his cheek or a fail-thrust on his nose than to take his degree. A soldier who has never killed anybody is a briefless barrister, a doctor without a patient, or a solicitor without a client. A barber who had cut nobody's nose off, or a dentist who had yet to break a patient's jaw, would be looked upon as green and infantine. The youth from whom I first heard of Downie's fate was not more than five feet nothing; his voice was hardly broken, and his chin was as "downy" as his hero. But the gown was in ruins, though he was a first year's "man." It reached hardly to No. 4 among the vertebræ of his back, counting downwards from the nape of his neck. He was chewing "dulse," a kind of tender seaweed, with much nonchalance, assumed, as I believe, to seem oblivious of the flavour of a certain slab of "leaven dish" he had been cutting, rolling, and stuffing in his pipe.

One arm was thrust negligently through a fragment of a crimson sleeve, and all the rest of the academic habiliment was supposed to have perished somehow in the intellectual melée in which its wearer sought to play the veteran. Why do we wish to be old before our time? Some of us would be glad enough could we be only young again, if it were only to wipe out the memory of episodes scarcely less shady than the murder of Downie. Hardly murder. A practical joke carried too far. There were extenuating circumstances.

Now that King's and Marischal Colleges have been welded into a single university, I do not know whether the crimson velvet collar has been restored or removed from both. But I am sure that if the ghost of Downie haunts the portals he was wont to guard, he would take up the brief for the defence, and cast his mantle over the present generation.

The last time I was in the quadrangle at King's, not more than fifteen months ago—soon after I had been at the funeral of the late Sir William Geddes—there was a "snow-man" with a pipe in his mouth built in the span. A student—it must have been a student—had flung an old scarlet gown over his flakey shoulders, to which he had pinned a paper with "Downie" written on it. The figure was rapidly melting under the gown and the thaw.

It was a Marischal gown, the worn-out velvet collar still frowsily surviving. This surely was a sign that Downie's heart had melted, and he had given his murderers plenary absolution by taking off the ban from their successors.

ARTHUR MURSELL.

£200 FOR A STORY.—The manuscripts sent in for this competition are now being read. A large number of stories have reached us, but every effort is being made to deal with them as quickly as possible, in order that there may be no undue delay in announcing the result, which will appear in GOOD WORDS (weekly edition). No. 1 will be on sale May 1st, price one penny.

The Mystery of Selfishness

A Parable from Nature. By Frank T. Bullen, Author of "With Christ at Sea," etc.

IT was a lovely place in which to be born. If one could have chosen his birthplace, bearing in mind all that he would like to find around him for beauty and comfort and health, there could not have been a more perfect answer to his wishes than this, always remembering the necessity of a particular environment for a particular species of creature.

It was in the sea; the warm, quiet tropical waters of the North Atlantic, in twenty-six degrees north latitude and thirty degrees west longitude, just on the western edge of the great ocean river, the bend of the Gulf Stream where it runs south to join the equatorial current. There, where the sea is warm as new milk, and waves never run high because the faithful Trade Winds are gentle as they are steady, there are far-reaching fields of fairy-like sea vegetation, all of one colour, it is true—a pale golden tint—but in frond and fruit most beautiful. In the quiet groves and thickets of this wonderful sea-field there are myriad forms of curious life; for it is the first home of an amazing multitude of the seafolk, and it affords a protection to them in their first youth which is of pre-eminent importance, since the larger fish cannot ravin there unhindered by reason of the density of the sea foliage.

In one tiny corner of that immense area of fucus there hung, delicately attached to a branch by some wonderful mucilage unaffected by water, a little purse, apparently of dove-coloured kid. It was gently swayed to and fro by the almost imperceptible motion of the sea as it had been for many days. One morning, as if in obedience to a silent command, it came open from top to bottom; but so easily, so free from all apparent presence of compelling impulse, that it might almost be said to melt apart. And from it there emerged a little company of fourteen baby fish, huddling together as if this great new world into which they had just entered was so terrifying to them that they must needs cling to one another for protection, for company, since other guardianship there was none. They were quaint little creatures.

Each of them was about half an inch long, with a curious flat head, upon which a very keen-eyed observer might have detected some strangely regular diagonal lines; perfectly smooth, scaleless bodies, with little slits at the side of the head where most fishes show the opening of the gills; mouths that seemed to split their heads in half lengthways, and eyes like tiny black beads. Each of them carried, attached to him by a strong cord, a little bag of provision, accurately calculated to last three days; food that was perfect in its properties, and required no effort either to eat it or digest it—it was just taken in unconsciously as breathing.

By the time that it was all expended the fish would have learned how to obtain its food in the manner it ought to follow during life. I say "ought to follow" for a definite reason, which will presently appear.

The life of the new arrivals was for the first three days by no means full of joy. Hampered by the burden of the food-sac, and full of inherited apprehensions of danger lurking on every hand, the small band clung timorously together in the deepest recesses of a huge bunch of weed, hardly daring to move, yet conscious of increasing power. Their new world was so vast, so mysterious in its countless shadows and the stealthy

comings and goings of its innumerable inhabitants, that but for the inherent desire of life so firmly planted in all young creatures they must then have given up. Side by side with that fierce need of life they felt its complement—an intense craving to feed upon others weaker than themselves; and as the full hours glided past, and they knew that the supply of food they had been born with would soon be gone, this craving grew until it must needs be satisfied. Strangely enough, none of them seemed to notice the grim fact that their numbers were dwindling. In some stealthy fashion one after another of them disappeared—they were not. Like the air-bubbles ascending, silvery globules of light exhaled from the gills of hidden swimmers and suddenly becoming invisible, so these new arrivals ceased to be, their destiny fulfilled.

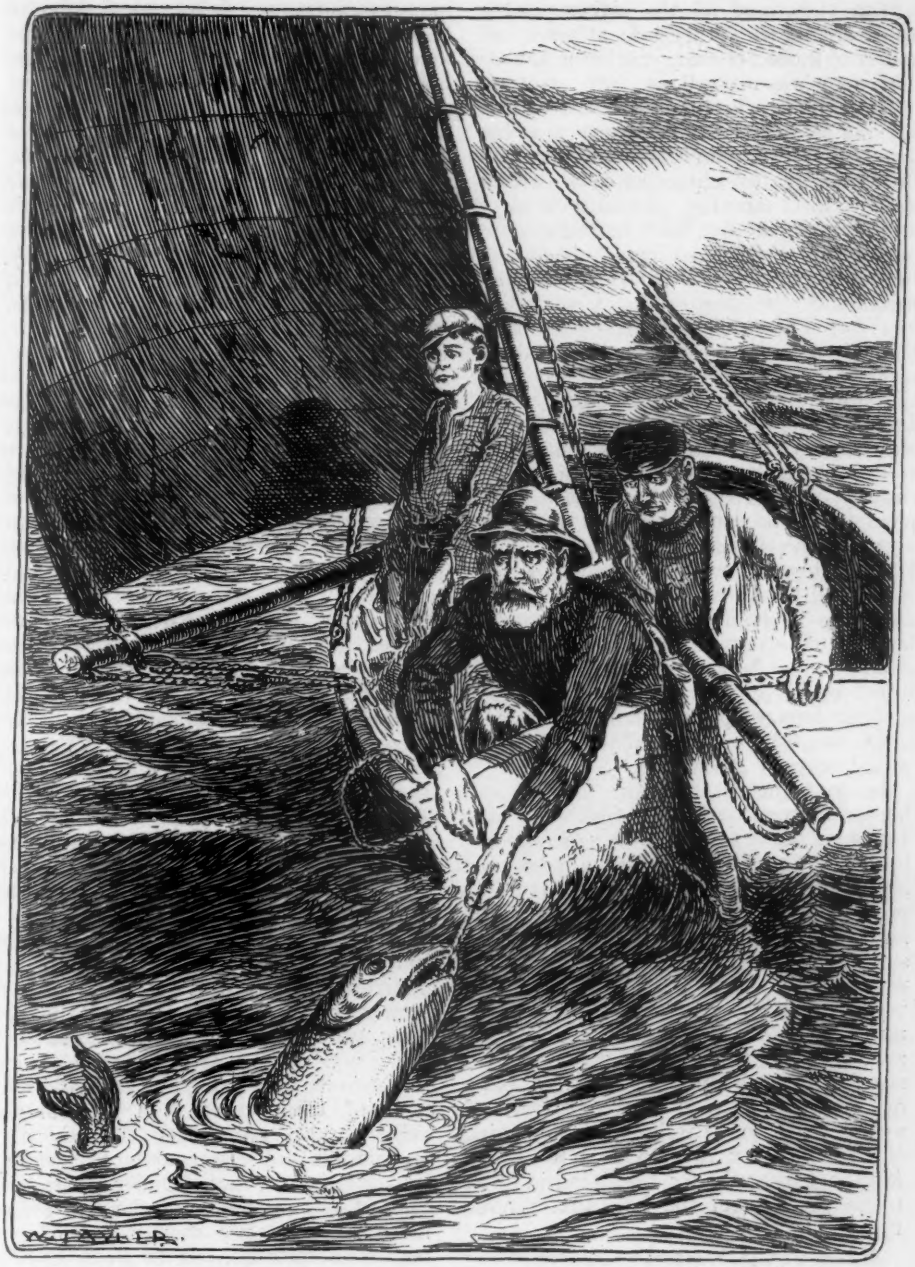
Presently of the original fourteen there remained but one—a sturdy little fish whose instincts were all well developed, and who, even before the last vestige of his first food supply had disappeared, had stealthily swallowed some smaller wayfarers that had incautiously sauntered near, finding them both in flavour and filling properties eminently satisfactory. He felt less lonely, too, than at first, which may seem strange, since all his brothers and sisters had vanished. But, really, after the first trembling emergence from their cosy envelope, the society of each other had speedily ceased to interest any of them. One object in life, one overmastering desire had full possession of the single survivor—to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Subordinate to this, and only dimly present to his consciousness, was the necessity of avoiding the fate he so ardently wished to inflict upon others.

These two incentives to energy compelled an innate tendency he felt to be slothful, to lie dormant for a while. And, indeed, no observer of his manners, however keen, could have said truthfully that the little fish had the slightest inclination to be lazy—indeed, his vigour was, to a human eye, phenomenal. Even when lying hidden under a leaf, watching the approach of a possible victim, he had perforce to be motionless, his whole system vibrated with potential power, every nerve was tense, until suddenly, like the passing of a thought, he had gone and returned, his prey yet quivering within him.

So, amid escapes uncountable, touching the teeth of death almost as often as he himself seized the smaller fry upon which his frame daily grew in strength and agility, he passed many joyous days—joyous, that is, as far as his limited appreciation went. For him there were no ethical considerations of right and wrong, no sense of compunction for the suffering of others, no reproofs or punishments. All his sensations were self-centred, all his desires narrowed down to just the enjoyment of life and the avoidance of death. Moreover, he had no prevision. For him there was no future, as also there was no past. And so, in his degree, he was almost perfectly happy—almost, why not quite?

Well—and herein arises a curious factor in the lives of his kind, distinguishing them from all the other sea people—as he grew older, the need for such a continual exhibition of energy became distasteful, irksome, to him. Now, this anomaly in healthy, vigorous life, though common enough, alas! among the highest of all animals, is strange and abnormal in the extreme among the lower animals, and especially in fish. They seem to find their chief delight in the exercise of their amazing powers of locomotion, the sheer joy of living appears to urge them on to the most extraordinary manifestations of energy. And even among those whose organic development precludes the possibility of swift movement, there will almost always be found some other manifestation of vital force suitable to their physical powers; they cannot be called lazy.

But the subject of our story was one of a class that is an exception to the almost universal rule. Throughout many generations his ancestors, encouraging this slothful distaste for exertion instead of combating it, had actually developed it into a science, with fitting appliances for the purposes of carrying it to its perfect conclusion. The ability not merely to live upon others, but to do so without the expenditure of any physical force in



Then suddenly there came into his life a catastrophe the magnitude of which, to him, it is hard to estimate – his host was captured and hauled on board a ship

so doing was their object, and in its pursuit they used all the higher powers of their nature until they attained an ability of indolence that, in a lower animal than man, was marvellous.

The principal mechanical result of this striving after an easy life is seen in every member of the family, rudimentary in the fry, but becoming perfected within the first three months. It is an oval plate on the top of the flat head, having a series of angular grooves springing diagonally from each longer side of its border, and meeting in the middle like a succession of V's. The whole appliance becomes in the living creature a pneumatic attachment of the most perfect as well as of the simplest kind. Touching any surface large enough to cover it, the contact becomes an adherence of the firmest character, so that the creature may be carried along through the water at the highest speed possible, yet be not in the slightest degree inconvenienced, much less detached. This I have tested personally by using all my strength to try and drag one of these fish from its hold by its tail, exerting a far greater strain upon the suction apparatus than any passage through the water by its host could do. Of course, a slight forward push is sufficient to displace the fish, but in ordinary life that would never be given.

In consequence, therefore, of this inherited disposition towards indolence, and a growing desire to make others provide for his needs, our young fish gradually became less and less energetic in the pursuit of prey, and tested his holding-on appliance more and more frequently, as he found substances that gave him a fair surface whereon to stick. But this he found very unsatisfying, because the creatures upon which he must needs feed had an awkward habit of noticing the greyish streak of his body lying along a piece of driftwood or a great weed-stem, and avoiding it most carefully, thus making it necessary for him to detach himself far too frequently for his liking in order to go in chase of the food that refused to come to him.

But still he persevered for a considerable time, growing less and less inclined to exert himself except under the stress of absolute need, until one day he attached himself unintentionally to a moving body. He did not realise at the time that his involuntary host was one of the same huge family of which he was a distant and decidedly degenerate relation, nor, had he known, would the fact have seemed to him of any importance. Now, however, he found himself carried far away from the pleasant nooks of his birthplace, out into the wide vastnesses of unencumbered ocean—found, too, a great pleasure in the swift motion without any exertion on his part, since the act of holding on was performed automatically, and involved no expenditure of energy at all.

In this pleasantly easy manner he was borne swiftly through thousands of miles of sea, becoming each day more and more contented with his lot in life, and still less desirous of ever doing anything for himself at all, as he could count with such apparent certainty upon all he needed being done for him or brought to him. Only occasionally—and this he thought a great hardship—he got scraped off against some piece of wreckage or outlying edge of rock. This made it necessary for him to put out all the energy of which he was capable in order to regain his position, and was indeed a great and, as he felt, an unmerited disaster. That his sudden dislodgment was due to the almost frantic efforts of his host to assuage the intolerable irritation caused by his long adhesion he neither knew nor cared; its consequences to him were his sole concern.

Even then there were considerable compensations. Being attached to an omnivorous creature of great energy and an enormous appetite, he was continually being taken into the midst of abundant food; and as he was in no wise dainty or discriminating, this bountiful provision, even of offal, suited him exceedingly well. So he grew and thrived, and became less and less capable of providing for himself every day. Under his present comfortable circumstances he still found it necessary to use some slight efforts, not to obtain food, but to reach it as it passed by him, making it often imperative for him to detach himself momentarily

from his host; which same exercise daily grew more and more distasteful, harder and harder to perform.

Then suddenly there came into his life a catastrophe the magnitude of which, to him, it is hard for us to estimate—his host was captured and hoisted on board of a ship. He only just managed to detach himself in time to avoid capture also. And as it had now become impossible for him to lead an independent life for any length of time, he was obliged to make the vessel his host, which, previous experience reminded him, was not likely to result in such abundant provision for his wants as the hospitality of a living creature would be.

It is true that at first he obtained an enormous amount of tasty food, due to the cutting up of the body of his late host; but to get that he had to use considerable exertion. And after that first great feast was over, he found supplies sadly wanting. Many an excursion he made after some fancied luxury, only to find it, literally, dust and ashes in his mouth. Yet he had no initiative, his instinct did not supply him with the needed directions how to find another and more suitable if unwilling patron, and, more than that, the food he ate so greedily bred in him a desire to utilise the strength it gave him for helping himself. And an accident befell him that grieved him sorely, making him feel that something was entirely wrong with the scheme of creation as far as he was concerned.

He was more than ordinarily hungry, and, the vessel being becalmed, was making a languid circuit of her, looking eagerly in every direction for sight of something eatable. Suddenly he saw something gleaming in the still water near. It was white, and had a slender thread attached to it, which meant nothing to him. He swam up to it, took it in his mouth, and thought he had never tasted anything so nice as salt pork in all his life; when, to his horror and disgust, he felt a sharp pain shoot through his head—felt, too, that he was being drawn upwards in a totally different direction to his usual experiences as a passenger.

A sudden impulse made him swerve in towards the vessel, and with a great effort fasten himself to her bottom. There was a wrench, a dreadful pang, and the strain ceased; he felt safe, although the pain was still intense. The hook with which he had been caught had torn out, and as an added injury the piece of pork had also gone. Moreover, this, his first experience of the machinations of mankind, bred in him such a profound distrust of anything that might conceal a deadly lure, that he hardly dared look at food as long as the ache in his jaw gave him painful recollections of how he had been deceived. But for the dread of having to provide for himself, of putting forth that energy he had so long devoted himself to conserving, he would have left the ship at once.

As, however, in the lives of all creatures there come predisposing causes outside of their wishes or efforts, it came about that very shortly after his painful experience, and while yet the state of his mouth made him timid, a huge black shadow ranged up beneath the ship, and, materialising near him, gave him such a fright that he released himself from his hold on the copper, and passed gently into warmth and darkness; for he had entered all unconsciously the mouth of a basking shark—the largest of all the great shark family, and, but that he did not, could not, know, also the most harmless to all living creatures beyond the scale of the smallest and softest.

A great, sluggish fish, whose mouth was only furnished with the tiniest, most ineffective of teeth, and even they were covered with a veil of thinnest skin, almost a membrane, as if to prevent them doing any harm whatever to other creatures, and to compel their owner to live upon the lowest organisms in the sea, which might be eaten without biting or any attempt at mastication; which latter process, indeed, is one that all fish eschew.

The natural instinct of the frightened intruder impelled him to fasten on to the first available surface, which happened to be the roof of the great shark's mouth. I will not say what the latter thought about this sudden intrusion, and the unpleasant sensation of having something

suddenly stuck on to the roof of his mouth, because I do not know. But it is quite immaterial, as he could not do anything to eject his undesired guest, since fish, as is generally known, have almost immovable tongues, and cannot wipe anything off the upper parts of their mouth.

The lodger, on the other hand, after the first terror had passed away, finding that nothing was happening, and getting accustomed to the warm dark, ventured in timid fashion to rearrange himself, feeling, doubtless, in obedience to his inherited predilections, that in any circumstances it was always well to make himself as comfortable as the peculiar conditions of his environment would permit. His languid efforts in this laudable direction were entirely satisfactory to himself. For, having secured himself with his head pointing towards his host's mouth and his tail streaming backwards towards the great throat, he found that a little light came in, the inflow of fresh, that is clean, sea-water impinged upon him in exactly the right place, and, in short, that he was fairly, and likely to be very comfortable.

Moreover—and this was his prime discovery—he presently found that the small molluscs which came almost constantly streaming in to the great opening before him had a most satisfactory way of whirling about within the cavity of the huge mouth, and an almost sufficient number of them found a half-way house, as it were, a point of interception, which was his mouth.

This arrangement impressed him as being nearly perfect, since now he would no longer need to make even the slight effort of detaching himself for a minute or so from his base, but found all his wants supplied without any necessity for prevision or exertion on his part. But, it may well be asked, what about his host, who had not been consulted, who might reasonably be supposed to endure much annoyance and discomfort, if not positive pain from the presence in so sensitive a spot of such a large parasite, who, while not doing active harm to the tissues to which he had fastened himself, was certainly not doing any good? The clinging of outside parasites to the skin of the larger fish is obviously a terrible nuisance to them, causing them to excoriate their skin against the needle-like points of the coral in the hope of dislodging their unpleasant hangers-on. We may fairly assume that the irritation becomes almost intolerable, maddening; so that what it must be inside the mouth is most difficult to realise.

Our slothful subject, however, was concerned for none of these things. The goal of his desires was reached at last, and, supremely content, he lay and ate and waxed fat, nor dreamed that he was becoming ever more unfit to make a supreme effort which might at any moment become necessary in order to save his worthless life. And as the unheeded time slipped away, and he grew bulkier, more lethargic, more indifferent to all things save the steady supply of food, he grew more amiable. He did not even resent the intrusion of two others of his species, who also found their way to his home and anchored themselves near him, bent upon enjoying a like immunity from looking after their own food and safety.

Then suddenly there came a catastrophe. The huge shark in whose mouth the easeful ones dwelt so securely was seized with a strange lassitude, a failure to meet the necessities of his existence. Languidly he swam, obeying some unknown impulse, towards the shore. Keeping near the surface, he was buffeted by the waves, until at last, getting among the breakers surrounding a reef-fringed islet, he was flung heavily against the jagged rock-points, and died. The unheeding seas beat against the great limp body until they had driven it on shore, where it lay inert, only just stirred occasionally by the ripple of the waves until, the tide falling, it was left to fester in the blazing sun. And the busy crabs came and feasted enormously, taking all that came in their way, and especially appreciating the choice morsels provided by the bodies of the lodgers, who had shared the fate of their host as fully as they had enjoyed his involuntary hospitality.

FRANK T. BULLEN.

Witch-Doctors and Black Magic

By William Durban, B.A.

IT is a mistake to suppose, as most people do, that the whole classes of sorcerers and practitioners of the arts of black magic included under the names of witch-doctors, mystery-men, medicine-men, and charm doctors, are only to be found in countries remote from all the influences of Christianity. It is simply astonishing how long the most gross and cruel superstitions linger in the midst of territories where churches, colleges, schools, Parliaments, State officials, and all other institutions of the white man's government have brought in the full tide of civilisation.

A typical witch-doctor and his palaver circle

Even in such an advanced British colony as Natal, witch-doctors, both men and women, abound in great numbers, exercising boundless influence over the native races, who outnumber the whites in the proportion of at least fourteen to one. To this hour the most powerful personage in any tribe in Natal, as in every other part of Africa, is the witch-doctor. This is the sad case, notwithstanding all the efforts and all the wonderful success of missionaries.

The ghastly task of the witch-doctor is to discover and to doom to a horrible death the wizard or witch who has, under the spell of some evil spirit, caused sickness, death, or any other misfortune, no matter of what description. A few years ago all the colony of Natal was agitated by the shocking murder of a Scotsman, James Kay, a bachelor, who lived in a lonely hut. An "indaba," or council, had been held one Saturday afternoon in an adjoining "kraal," or Zulu village, in which a witch-doctor from another tribe had arrived. This magician was renowned for the manufacture of powerful "muti," or love philtres, and the young men were eager to possess some of these charms, which would, if thrown over a native girl, bring out her love to the one seeking it; while the old men wanted to secure some enchantment against the rinderpest, which had all but destroyed their cattle.

Umtanti, the witch-doctor, at the "indaba" explained that he had already obtained the "blood and fat of one who crouched over the fire." All his hearers well understood that this meant the blood and fat of some native. "To complete the charm," said the hideous old sorcerer, "I want the blood and fat of a man who walks out of his house erect."

Only too well was this understood to signify that some white man must die. On the night after the "indaba," as James Kay lay reading in bed by the light of a lamp, the door being left open to admit the soft Natal air, an assegai flung at him pierced right through one of his arms. Leaping up out of bed, the Scotsman, whose native servants were sleeping in separate huts, found himself face to face with the witch-doctor, his assistant, and two other natives. He was instantly flung down, another assegai was plunged into his side, and the witch-doctor cut his throat from ear to ear.

Umtanti was now left alone with his dead victim, intent on his incantations and his "muti" gathering, and he was shortly

afterwards seen dancing round the hut, wearing ostrich feathers, snorting ferociously, and brandishing his assegais.

If this awful superstition is thus potent in civilised British colonies, what may we not expect in regions still wholly under the dominion of the Prince of Darkness? When we ascertain what is the influence of the witch-doctor in regions like the Congo State and the adjoining portions of Central and Western Africa, we must simply stand appalled.

Bopoto and Bolobo witch-doctors are a race of sorcerers as foul, bloodthirsty, and devilish as can be found on the face of the earth. Indeed, this description applies to the medicine-men of all Darkest Africa. The fetish-men, the charm-doctors, the ju-ju men, the witch-doctors, and the executioners make of poor Africa one vast earthly inferno, reeking with blood. The most vivid chapters in the books of both Sir Henry M. Stanley and Miss Mary Kingsley are those which deal with witchcraft—that deep, dark, unutterable curse of the great, benighted Continent only the mere fringes of which have been touched by the light of the Gospel.

What is this witchcraft? This is a question worth asking and answering. Witchcraft is the crime of which all native Africans are at any moment ready to suspect and accuse any others. Not one of any class in any tribe is ever safe from the imputation. Everyone goes through life under the shadow of a deepest dread of being accused any day of bewitching some neighbour; and everyone is, as a rule, ready in an instant to clamour for the torture and destruction of any man or woman accused.

The idea is that departed spirits dwell in the dark forest land. The people universally think that the witches have some interest in sending their fellows away to the spirit land. Perhaps they get pay from the spirits, as indeed most think is the case.

Even if a man dies in war, or is taken by a wild beast or a crocodile, it is witchcraft, and the witch-doctor must be sent for to smell out the witch—that is, the person possessed by the evil spirit.

The influence of this belief is incredible. It is imagined by those who engage in trade that a witch is able by means of some

A witch funeral dance at Bopoto, West Africa

The funeral dance of a Congo tribe, conducted by a witch-doctor

fell sorcery to possess himself of the spirit of his victim. He can put the spirit into a tusk of ivory or among his merchandise, and convey it to the coast, where the white men will buy it. In due time, if not immediately, the "witched" man in the African village will die. Then the white man can make him work in the country over the sea. Missionaries are often suspected of stealing the souls of black people, and sending them away to the white man's land to work for the people there. The natives will look on in unspeakable disgust as a missionary opens his tinned provisions, imagining that this must be, at least, one of the uses to which white men put their dead relatives.

Congo witch-dances and witch funerals are most astonishing performances, as may be judged from some of the unique photographs illustrating this article. In Bopoto and many other districts of Central Africa a funeral dance is one of the most fantastic spectacles to be seen on earth. In one procession will dance a double row of women, led by a dancing witch-doctor of the female sex. Similar dances are performed by the men, led by the ju-ju man in all the barbarous and hideous paraphernalia of his witch-doctor costume.

The witch-doctor men and women are always accomplished devil-dancers. A witch procession must, of course, be formed as an imposing feature on all public functions, especially when awful deeds of bloodshed are in contemplation.

Ju-Ju houses are houses of worship containing wooden statues, always of the most fantastic and grotesque order of deformity. Great veneration is paid to these ju-jus, which are supposed to be inhabited by a spirit. Skulls, eggs, fruits, and many other objects are placed in front of them. In some tribes ju-ju houses are full of relics of the carnivals of death. Skulls are arranged in rows in symmetrical order. The witch-doctor never performs his horrid functions without his favourite ju-ju. He brings it out with him, places it in the midst of the palaver circle, and spends perhaps two or three hours in questioning it, striking it with sacred leaves, and pretending to listen to it and to get answers from it. His antics, gesticulations, dances, contortions,

and outcries are utterly indescribable, and they work up the crowd to the pitch of excitement required to qualify them for any deed of darkness.

When the sorcerer has grown tired of his fiendish incantations, he suddenly pounces on his victim, who is doomed to almost certain death, for he has to drink a draught of the "mboundou," or decoction compounded by the witch-doctor from poisonous herbs. If the accused should vomit, he is accounted innocent, but, if not, he is quickly seized with pains, and his guilt is at once assumed.

A witch-doctor has been shot on more than one occasion by his intended victim, and it is no uncommon thing for the man marked out for the ordeal to rush for his gun. If he can get hold of it, the witch-doctor is at once seen trembling for his life, and hastening, if possible, to escape. In many regions of Central Africa the "Nganga-a-ngombo," or witch-doctor, goes hand in hand with the "Nganga-a-moko," or charms-doctor. The latter has it for his particular function to treat cases of sickness supposed to be caused by witches, and to be curable by charms. He shouts to the witch to let his patient alone, and to let him live. All the people join in the shouts, and the patient and those dear to him suffer great anguish of mind. If in spite of the charms the man dies, the grief and rage of the family know no bounds, and the witch-doctor is called in.

A man who shoots a witch-doctor is not necessarily fated to undergo any violent punishment. He has to pay perhaps twenty slaves to the relatives of the dead sorcerer, but nobody is likely to trouble that courageous witch any further. As for the victim of the witch-doctor who cannot defend himself, he has no mercy to look for. If after drinking the fatal potion he is seen to stagger and fall, the bystanders instantly rush at him with a wild yell, and beat him to death, shoot him, burn, or bury him alive, throw him over a precipice, or in some way finish the terrible work, with a savage ferocity which seems worthy only of incarnate devils.

A female devil-dancer in the Congo region of West Africa

Mr. Holman Bentley, a devoted missionary whose life was given for the Congo people, tells us how a serious accident, such as drowning, a fall from a palm-tree, or the death of a chief, is considered the work of several witches. One alone could not accomplish such a thing. Six men of the Vivi towns were drowned through the upsetting of a canoe in the rapids, and three witches were found for each man. No fewer than eighteen

victims were called on to suffer a cruel death for the accident to those six men, making twenty-four deaths in all.

A witch funeral dance among the savage tribes of the Congo regions, such as is shown in one of our illustrations, is an appalling tragedy.

A missionary who beheld one of these funeral dances discovered, to his unspeakable horror, after all was over, that in an immense bundle of black cloth were not only the body of the deceased young man, but also two young people who had been tied up alive with it. When the chief of the same tribe died, twenty of his slaves were sacrificed at his funeral. The skulls of the poor victims were used to grace the house of his successor.

A Congo village, the haunt of a witch-doctor and his devotees

North American Indians have boundless faith in witch-doctors, medicine-men, and mystery-men. Arrayed in the skin of a bear, they perform their incantations over a dying patient, hopping over and over, and pawing about with their hands and feet in a way that a bear might do. They continue this horrible ceremony till the poor patient breathes his last.

Witch-doctors in Alaska have recently excited special interest, because of the great attention paid to the welfare of the Indians in that romantic frozen territory by American missionaries since the country was purchased from Russia by the United States. The costumes worn at witch-dances in Alaska are perhaps the most fantastic in the world, but some of them are exceedingly beautiful, as well as indescribably curious.

The witch-doctor in Alaska is priest as well as physician, as, indeed, is generally the case where medicine-men, sorcerers, and soothsayers abound. The most hideous masks are worn, in order that witches and devils may be speedily scared away. The witch-doctors of Alaska are a cruel, artful, and rapacious order of impostors. They have a trick of demanding payment in advance, at a very extortionate rate. The amount which their terrified victims will sometimes give them is outrageous. Their pretext is that some evil spirit is possessing a certain man or woman, who will die unless a stronger and better spirit drives out the intruding fiend, and they do not hesitate to extort all that can be possibly squeezed out of the unfortunate victim of the superstitious fears thus inspired.

The Canadian witch-doctors are a milder race, but they and their devotees sustain

many extraordinary customs. Similar oddities prevail amongst the Indian tribes of the United States, wherever they are not yet Christianised. The Iroquois Indians, who live on the great Onondega reservation, near Syracuse, New York State, still celebrate, in the same manner as for centuries past, the quaint and curious Feast of the White Dog.

This is the most solemn and impressive of all the Iroquois festivals. It begins at the first full moon of the New Year, and continues for a fortnight. A white dog, the Iroquois emblem of fidelity and purity, is selected and strangled, great care being taken not to shed its blood or break its bones. It is then decorated with ribbons and red paint, and ornamented with feathers, and is suspended for five days to a cross pole eight feet from the ground.

At noon of the fifth day twelve warriors by firing their rifles announce the formation of the procession, which is headed by four faith-keepers, or medicine-men, who bear the sacrifice to the Long House of the nation. The sacrifice is laid on the altar, and as the flames embrace it, a basket of tobacco is thrown on the fire. As the smoke rises as incense, the chief witch-priest invokes the Great Spirit, the people joining in the worship. The next afternoon the Great Father dance is given, followed on the next days by the trotting-dance, the racoon-dance, the berry dance, and the fish-dance.

The universal aim of the witch-doctor is to make himself as much as possible like some supposed devil, and to make his ju-ju and all his other accessories as hideous as imagination can devise. His subsistence depends on the appeal to the terrors of his votaries. The fearful work done by these monsters can never be estimated. The witch-doctor of Lobengula, the infamous Bosmjaan, had thousands put to death, and indirectly helped to cause the Matabele war.

Throughout the heathen world, in all those countries which are at the same time savage as well as pagan, the witch-doctor's power must always reign supreme, on account of the ready access to the fears of the people which any lying pretender to supernatural and magical gifts can command. Amongst the more civilised pagan races the superstition is as rife, but it takes on different forms, and the deceits of the priests are connected more with visible idols than with unseen demons.

WILLIAM DURBAN.

"For men must work, and women must weep." An all too frequent scene on the east coast of England, where the lifeboatmen are kept busy during the March gales, and the women gladly help in a hundred little ways

Bethesda Chapel

A Series of Complete Stories

By the Rev. Charles Leach, D.D.

OUR CLASS MEETINGS

TALK about class meetings! You should just have been present at one of ours at Layland. You could never forget it. No such meetings are ever held nowadays. The spirit of change which has touched everything in these modern times has entirely altered the method of conducting these meetings for religious helpfulness. The class meetings of to-day resemble in but little the meetings of the times of which I speak. The members who attend them to-day would be rather surprised and startled if they saw one conducted now as we used to have them in the days of their grandfathers. And it would also make the very ashes of our sainted dead turn in their graves if they could know how all their most cherished and beloved customs have been set aside in these days, even down to the abolishing of the "penny a week and a shilling a quarter."

Our meeting was held on a Wednesday evening, and we used to assemble in one of the rooms at our beloved Bethesda. As soon as the clock struck eight most of us were there.

There were some of the members who had never been known to be absent for a long series of years. Martha Townsend — or Sister Townsend, as we always called her—was one of these saints of God who would not put her religion, or her religious engagements, into a second place for anyone. She kept a shop—or, as she used to say, the shop kept her. One evening a lord from an estate not far away walked into her shop, and asked to see her. As he entered she was just starting out for her class meeting. He came to speak to her about an important matter of business, but she would not be detained under any circumstances, however urgent.

"You see, my lord," said she, "it is just time for me to be off to meet my blessed Saviour. He is sure to be at the meeting, because He has promised He will be, an' if I worn't there I sud miss the blessing, and my soul wo'd be starved and hungry for monny a day. Yo' mun excuse me, if yo' please. I don't want to miss yo ir custom, but I can't stop now. If yo'll come to-morrow I'll be glad to see yo'. Good-night to yo'!" And away she went.

We had many people in Layland in those days who had not learned to play tricks with conscience and religious duty, as we all seem to have in these days. A shower of rain will stop almost any of us from attending a religious service, though a deluge of rain does not keep us from business, from a concert, or a ball. The slightest cold or indisposition is considered a full excuse for absence from worship, but we go to work if we can stand or walk. We had not much of that at Layland. We had not got into the way of starving our souls in order to make a few extra shillings at business. We never thought of robbing the Lord of the glory and the worship due unto His name that we might have a Sunday at the seaside, a Sunday in bed, or a Sunday to spend with our friends in questionable social intercourse.

We loved the way to Zion's Hill; we took delight in the courts of the Lord's House; we longed for the communion of saints, which was a real delight to us; and we understood what the ancient Psalms mean which speak so much of the rapture of worship, and the joys of the House of God.

Of all our meetings and means of grace we prized the class meeting most. Our leader—William Simpson—was a remarkable man. He had passed middle

life when I knew him. Like most of us at Layland, he was of humble birth, and belonged to the great class of toilers. It was his custom at the class to stand with his back to the fireplace, whilst we sat on fixed seats which ran along three sides of the square room. Among the members of this class we had quite a number of celebrities of our Bethesda, both men and women. Let me describe one meeting.

On the stroke of eight o'clock most of us were present. It was our custom to enter reverently, sit down, and remain in perfect silence until the meeting began. We had gone to meet our Lord, and we believed He was always present. We thought silence became the Lord's House.

"Brothers and sisters, let us begin this meeting by singing the 93rd hymn," said Brother Simpson, our leader.

> "Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise
> Your hearts and voices in His praise;
> His nature and His works unite
> To make this duty our delight."

William was not a singer, and never had been, though he always joined in. But Sister Sarah Marshall was a singer, and always struck the tune for us. So the moment the leader had read out the verse, off went Sister Marshall, and we all followed, for as soon as we heard the words we knew the tune that would come. Nor did we like either hymn or tune any the worse because we had used both for a generation. We did not care to divorce an old tune from an old familiar hymn, as men do to-day..

With the start of the tune we all rose to our feet, turned our faces to the wall, and sang with all our might. We used but few hymn-books, and the leader read out a verse at a time, often with suitable and quaint comments. With our eyes closed, completely shutting out the world, we would go through the hymn, set to a tune that repeated at the end of every verse. And so much did we enjoy this exercise that I have known a hymn to be sung over again, whilst some of the verses were sung many times over.

Then came prayer by the leader, followed by another hymn, then began the statement of experience.

William Simpson, standing with his face to us, and our eyes all closed or fixed on the ground, would give his experience.

"I bless the Lord that I am still spared. He has been guid to me all this wick. His mercies are moor nor I can recon up. He's given me both temporal and spiritual blessings that are more in number than the hairs of my head."

Though he used this last phrase dozens of times, it never struck him that it was rather suggestive, as he had hardly any hair left on his head.

"The Lord has fed me every day, for He's put bread on my table, and fire into th' grate, and I've still a roof over me head. But these are naught when I compare um wi' His spiritual gifts. Who am I, or what am I, that the Lord sud think so mich on me? He sent His own Son, all t' Son He ever had, to live and to die for me—for me, poor Billy Simpson, a mule-spinner! If I'd been a king He couldn't ha' done moor, an' happen He woddant ha' done as mich. I'm fair capped when I think about Calvary's Cross and all it means to me. For it wor there my sin wor nailed, it wor there my burden rolled away, and it wor there the Lord spake peace to my soul and made me a happy man. Let's all sing:

> "O happy day that fixed my choice
> On Thee, my Saviour and my God;
> Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
> And tell its raptures all abroad.
>
> He taught me how to watch and pray,
> And live rejoicing every day.
> Happy day, happy day,
> When Jesus washed my sins away!"

And we did sing it, too, and no mistake.

"Well, Sister Marshall, and how's t' world using thee?" said William, addressing the sister nearest to him on his right hand. That was always the plan he followed, and took us one after another all the way round the class.

Sarah Marshall—or Sister Marshall, as we usually called her—was one of the holy women of our Zion. She had a large family of sons and daughters, all of whom she nursed for God, and did her best to teach them both by precept and example. Nor were her efforts in vain, for they were mostly converted to God in early life, and took an active interest

"I don't want to miss yo'r custom, but I can't stop now," said Martha. "If yo'll come to-morrow I'll be glad to see yo'"

in the affairs of our congregation, as stated in our first narrative. Sarah Marshall was a splendid modern illustration of the virtuous woman described in the Book of Proverbs, for she was a model of a wife and mother, and member of the Church. Everybody in our little town knew Sarah, and many a soul received comfort from her cheery words.

She was a woman full of energy and good works, and had a fund of good Yorkshire common-sense. In conversation one day with others, someone remarked to her that she was beginning to look all her age, when she cheerfully answered :

" To be sure I do. Tha sees, I have had to be worn every day, like my working clothes. I haven't been kept like a Sunday frock, to be worn once a wick only." It was Sarah's turn to give her experience.

" Oh, I thank God I am still going on t' same old road, travelling up to Zion," said Sarah Marshall. " I'm noan tired of the Lord's sarvice yet. He's done me guid and net evil all the days o' mi life. I cannot tell you ha the Lord has blessed my soul, but He makes me happy every day. I mean to keep marching on. Tho' t' old enimy sometimes comes to me and says, ' Sarah, tha'rt noan as guid as tha ought to be. Tha'ad better give up going to t' meeting and stop at hoam.' And then I have just to say unto him what the Lord once said, ' Get thee behind me, Satan. Tha'rt an old guid-for-nought. Thee be going aat o' this haase this minnit, and cum no moor here, for nubbady wants thee.'

" Then I have to ask the Lord to help me, and He ollus does. He's said He will, and He never tells lies. I've proved His promise true hundreds o' times. There's a guid old hymn which says :

" Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I."

" That's reight, Sarah lass, that's the way to lick the devil," said William, in his reply to her. " He's allus trying to trip us up and make us believe some lie or another. Tha knows he's a liar hissen, and has been thro' t' beginning But whenever he comes with his tales, just tell him to be off, and then ask the Lord for help to make him goa. If there is one thing moor nor another that Satan can't stand, it is prayer. Prayer is a stick that allus fells him. What does that good old hymn say ?

" Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

Then, addressing the next one, he said :

" And ha art ta getting on, Brother Greenhalgh ? "

" Well, I'm fain to be able to say I am getting on," answered Peter Greenhalgh. " It's aboon twenty year sin' I began to walk in this guid old way, and I'm noan tired on it yet. I've fun the Lord to be a very guid maister to work for. He pays me mi wages every day in the blessings He sends me. I'm nobbut an overlooker, and have to work hard every day i' yon mill. But for all that I'm a King's son. I feel sure that I've been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, adopted into the fold and family of God, and made heir to an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and that never fades away. If there is one thing i' this world that I lang to have moor nor another, it is 'at I may have more of heaven in my daily life and walk. I want to be a better man. There is a hymn we sometimes sing i' this meeting 'at just says what I want :

" Up into Thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow ;
Till Thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

Then when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive Thy ready bride.
Give us in heaven a happy lot,
With all the sanctified."

" To be sure, to be sure, Brother Greenhalgh," said the leader, " that's what we sud all aim at—to be moor and moor like our Master, and then we're sure to be better men and women, too. It's the spirit of the Master we want. Dosan't Paul say, ' If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His ' ? Tha sees, we have there i' that passage one of the texts by which we can tell whether we are the

Lord's or not. If a chap says he is the Lord's, watch him to see ha he behaves hissen; does he show the same spirit of love, of gentleness, and of forgiveness that the Lord did? If he is Christ's, he must have Christ's spirit. And where that is it will soon show itsen. It says somewhere i' one of the Gospels, 'He couldn't be hid.' That's as true nah as it wor at first. I hope, my brother, that thee and me may be so filled with the spirit of God that there will be no room for wickedness."

At this point another hymn was sung after the same manner as the first one. When it was ended, Mr. Simpson turned to Sister Townsend, and said:

"Well, sister, tell us what the Lord has been doing for thee lately."

"Well, to tell you the plain truth," she said, "He's dun far more for me than I can tell. He's been a husband to me ever sin' my husband took ill and died. And, besides that, He's been a father to mi childer, too. You know I wor left wi' five on um, an' all little. Net one on um old enough to work to 'addle (earn) a penny. But, for all that, net one on um has been baat a meal thro' want. Do you ask me how it has been done? I cannot tell you; but it has been. You see, arr dear Lord has all power and might. He can open doors where we can't; He can make water come out of the hard rock, and cause flowers to grow even in the desert. In the darkest night 'at ever comes He can make a pillar of fire blaze in the heavens above us. When the sea is stormy He can by a word stop its raging. He can turn water into wine, and can make five loaves feed five thousand men, besides women and childer. He can divide the sea for His loved ones, and when there is no other way to be done, He can rain manna thro' heaven. Don't you think that poet knew what he wor talking abaat, when he said:

"When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name?"

"My dear sister," said the leader, "tha has witnessed a guid confession. And though tha hast sed much for thy Lord, it is all true, as true as I'm here this very minnit. Bless Him! He's allus better to us nor we desarve. If He'd geen me what I desarve I sudn't ha' been here, an' I dare say tha feels that way, too. But, tha sees, arr Father i' heaven doesn't look at us so mich as He does at His Son. Before He sees us His eye is fixed on Calvary's Cross, and when He sees that His Love rises aboon His anger. Tha knows, Martha, it wor summat like this. Justice stud wi' a drawn sword ready to cut us to bits, and send us to perdition. And just when we were going to be done for, an' there wor no eye to pity, an' no arm to save, His eye saw us and pitied us, and His arm browt salvation. The Lord laid help on One that is mighty. Well, as I wor saying, when t' sword wor lifted by the strong hand of Justice, that fair creature they call Mercy wor sent by love to help us a bit. What did Mercy do for us? Why, shu seized the arm of Justice, held back the awful stroke, and said, 'Stop, stop! Look yonder at the Cross! See, He dies for that soul.'

"Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me.
Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

And thus he went on, giving us all help and light. But he could rebuke as well as exhort. He was one of the gentlest of men, and yet he could say words which were very penetrating, where the skin was not too thick to be pierced by words.

We had one brother who gave William some concern by his irregular attendance at the meeting, and also by the rumours which now and again reached us as to his conduct.

The curious part of it was that when this brother did come to class he never failed to wax warm about his enjoyment of the means of grace.

Turning to him, our leader said:

"Well, my brother, I am glad to see thee here again. Ha 'as ta been getting on all this time sin' tha wor here afoor?"

"Oh, I bless God for all His gifts to me," said the brother. "I can't tell you all He has done for me. He has kept me all these years sin' I gave my heart to God. I

haven't allus had straight sailing. Sometimes it's been a bit rough. I've had me ups and me daans, but I thank God I've never had me ins and me aats. Ever sin' I came into membership I've stopped in. And that's sommat to be thankful for. And I'm reight fain to be here agean. I like to come to these meetings. They are as wells of salvation to mi soul. I feel so happy just at this minnit that if I had another feather i' the wing of faith I wuld soar aloft and be at rest."

There was much more to the same effect, to all of which William Simpson listened, until the brother had quite exhausted himself and came to a full stop.

"Well, my brother," said the leader, "tha'as done weel to come to this meeting. Tha knows as well as I do 'at if a chap wants to be warm he mun goa where there's a fire. It says somewhere i' that Book, 'While I was musing the fire kindled.' 'As iron sharpeneth iron, so does the countenance of a man his friend.' I think that wor happen written on purpose to show the blessings of the class meeting. One member helps another, and it's good to be here."

Then continuing, slowly but firmly, he said:

"But, my brother, if tha likes t' class meeting as much as tha recons tha does, it's cappen tha doen't come to it a guid deal moor nor tha does. It's ommust three months since tha wor here afore. Thaa'd be a better man nor tha art if tha came oftener nor tha does. Tha'as been a sore trouble to me for a long time. And when I hear thee talk abaat having another feather i' the wing of faith, I ommust feel like shutting me eyes and saying, 'Oh, Lord, give him the feather and let him be off.'

"I dar say tha feels what I'm saying to thee. But it's all for thee own guid. It's noa sort o' use me 'crying peace where there is no peace.' It does noa guid to paint t'owd pump when t'watter's poisoned. It's no use to sprinkle rosewatter where there is poison in the air we have to breathe. If I've a feastering cancer it will do me no guid for doctor to give me a smelling-bottle. He mun get his knife and cut it aat. If he doesn't it will get war and war until it kills me. It's because I like thee, and want thee to come here a bit moor, and because I want thee to be a credit to arr chapel, and an honour to arr cause, that I talk to thee i' this way."

But William always seemed to be at his best when he had to administer comfort to some member in distress on account of doctrinal difficulties. It was here he shone most, and especially so when it was a question of getting the right helpful words of Scripture. He was an uneducated man, as general education goes, but he was mighty in the Scriptures. He knew his Bible, and knew it well. In religious argument, if you don't want to be beaten, beware of the man of one book.

Take the two following cases as examples of his power in giving comfort and help. Turning to one member with the usual questions, she replied as follows:

"I wor suited when I wakkened this morning, because I knew it wor Wednesday, and I sud be able to come to this meeting when eight o'clock coom. I'm glad to be able to bear my testimony to God's saving love. I can never tell you all I want to say abaat His dealings wi' me and mine. I think you sed to us one time 'at you liked 'Mountain-top' Christians. Well, I've often been on a mountain wi' my Lord and Saviour, an' I fan it guid to be there. But this last wick I have been daan a deep valley. I wor talking to one o' my neighbours abaat assurance, an' shu said, 'Betty, does ta think at onybody i' this world can ever be sure they are saved?' In a minute I said to her, 'Of course they can.'

"Then shu went on and sed, 'Does ta know tha'rt saved? If tha does, tell me ha it is tha knows?' Well, do you know, that wor a puzzler for me. I couldn't tell her, and I began thinking abaat it, and it's fair bothered me ever sin. I used to feel confident enough, but somehow I don't seem to feel abaat it as I want to do. I thought happen you could help me a bit."

"Tha'as done reight to mention it, Betty," said our excellent leader. "Tha'as done right to tell us abaat it. Nah,

to my mind, there's nowt abaat which we ought to be more sure in this vale o' tears, nor abaat our title to mansions in the skies. I'm going to ask thee some questions, and happen they may help thee.

"In first place, I want to know if tha doen't believe i' Jesus Christ as thy Lord and Saviour. I know tha does, everybody knows tha does. I know tha rests all thy eternal hopes on Him. It's thy meat and drink to do His will. Well, then, hearken to what t'owd Book says: 'Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God' (1 John v. 1). 'And hereby we do know that we know Him, if we keep His commandments' (1 John ii. 3). 'God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son' (1 John v. 11). And if that isn't enough for thee, then just hearken to this: 'This is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent' (John xvii. 3).

"Nah, Betty, what does ta think abaat all that? But that isn't all I want thee to luk at. There's plenty a moor Scripture bearing upo' this subject.

"I want to ask thee another question nah. Does ta love God's people? Of course tha does; tha wodn't be at this meeting if tha didn't. Tha allus did. I recon tha cannot remember a time when tha didn't love the assembly of the saints. Well, that's a proof 'at tha'art living in the love of God. Tha'as no occasion to look so capped abaat it, but just hearken again. John says: 'We know that we have passed from death unto life' (1 John iii. 14). Ha do we know? Well, John shall tell thee hissen, and I know tha'll believe him. Here are his very words, and tha can look at 'em thessen: 'Because we love the brethren.' And Jesus said: 'By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another' (John xiii. 35).

"There are lots a moor passages as good as these, but I think I've happen said enough to show thee there's plenty o' graand for the doctrine of assurance. An I hope tha feels a bit better abaat it nah. What a grand thing it is to know we are the children of the King! Let's sing a verse:

"My Jesus to know, and to feel His blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below."

Then, turning to another sister, who had passed through deep waters of affliction, he said:

"Well, Naomi, I wonder if tha can say a word for Jesus."

"I can that," replied she, "and a guid word, too. I've nought to say abaat Him but what is guid. His dealings wi' me have been in love, and I know all's for the best. Of course, it hasn't all just been as I could ha liked it. Sometimes I've wanted to go one way, and He's sed to me, 'No, Naomi, that wiln't do; tha mun go My way.' An' sometimes it wor very dark—very dark indeed. But He never left me, and I don't think He ever will. It wiln't be long nah afoor my pilgrimage will be ended; I can ommust see the end of it already. I shall be fain when it comes. You see, I haven't mich to want to stop here for. My husband and my childer are all goan; I'm nobbut a lonely old woman. I'm like a shepherd baat a flock to look after—I'm a mother baat childer, a wife baat a husband. Happen I shouldn't say soa. I don't think they're lost; they've nobbut goan on a bit afore me. I shall know em and be united to em when I've crossed the Jordan. Don't you think so, William? I recon you believe 'at we shall know one another i' heaven, doan't you?"

"Know one another i' heaven!" exclaimed William, his eyes sparkling with sincerity and his face shining with the glory of God. "I sud think we shall know one another! I don't want to go if we shaln't. Surely we shaln't be bigger fooils up there nor we are daan here. What does the Apostle Paul say abaat it? 'Now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known' (1 Cor. xiii. 12). Once we get inside yon pearly gates, and walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, we shall not only know arr loved ones, but we shall know the Lord, and be with Him and them for ever and for ever."

THE END

The Rehearsal

On the Watch-Tower

By the Rev. Charles F. Aked, D.D.

THE RIGHTS OF LABOUR

THE rise of a new party in British politics is a fact of profound significance for the world. It has come as a thunderclap, startling the thoughtful and the unthoughtful alike. For several years the Labour men have kept on telling us that some such surprise was in store for us. They have pointed us to their local and national organisation, tabled the returns of municipal successes, shown us something of their plans, and declared that the election, whenever it should come, would give them fifty seats in Parliament. We have listened, smiled, and gone our way! We knew too much about the sanguine dreams of agitators, reformers, and idealists, to say nothing of the capacity for self-deception possessed by politicians of every class. But the incredible thing is here. The Labour Party is a tremendous and triumphant fact. What does it mean? And what does it promise—or threaten—for mankind?

CLAMOROUS FOR LIFE AND LIBERTY.

Many years ago, when Mr. Robert Blatchford could find something better to do in the world than hawk about second-hand infidelity, when he was the prophet of a living faith, the fiery faith of Democracy, he represented himself as watching a lion in a cage, obedient to the trainer's whip. The bars of the cage looked strong, but they were weak. He knew it; the trainer knew it; but the lion did not know it, and he never tried them. It was Mr. Blatchford's little parable of the toiling millions of all nations, caged by vicious economic conditions. His conviction was that some day the lion would try those bars! In every great centre of industry throughout the land groups of men, growing in numbers, in influence, in knowledge, in power, are showing us that they are determined to make the trial soon. A generation has lived and died since it was said that "Labour with a million hands is knocking at the golden gates of the morning." Now Labour with a million hands is shaking those iron bars in grim determination, and a million throats are clamorous for life and liberty.

THE DUTY OF THE CHURCHES.

It is a call of high solemnity to the Church of God. When the working man was admitted to the Franchise, nearly forty years ago, Robert Lowe said, "We must educate our masters." It was time. There is a deeper truth to-day, but, thank God, it is obvious to us all. We must evangelise our masters—the masters of statesmen, and our own. Trumpery questions of church furniture and ecclesiastical bric-à-brac, trivial questions as to the depth of fringe on an altar-cloth, the age-long quarrel of the Big-endians and the Little-endians as to how we shall break our egg, must cease. We have to win the world for Christ. And the world which is in most need of winning, and which is best worth the effort, is at our doors—this great world of labouring men, in the main quite indifferent to the claims of Christ, yet for everyone of whom Christ died.

CHAMPION OF THE "COMMON PEOPLE."

There is no preacher, teacher, theologian living to-day who will claim that the Church has always been true to the spirit of its Founder, and has been, as the Church should have been, the unfaltering and resistless champion of the "common people" who once heard Jesus

gladly. But these same "common people" have warm hearts and short memories, and they have that deep down in their souls which will flash up at the touch of a devoted spirit. They will not remember the sins of the Church against her—though the Church herself may remember in sackcloth and ashes—if to-day and to-morrow and every day the Church is bringing forth fruits meet for repentance.

What is wanted now is Spiritual power. We have to save the masses of the people from Materialism. We have to keep burning the clear light of faith. We have to hold aloft the banner of the ideal. Through many centuries of battle and of blood one section of the Christian Church has steadily proclaimed that Faith can only live in an atmosphere of Liberty. Now and onward we must all assert—and we must teach our "masters"—that Liberty itself can only flourish in an atmosphere of Faith.

HOLYOAKE'S CREED.

The death of George Jacob Holyoake removes from view an unbeliever whom believers had learned to regard with deep respect. He was an exponent of the old type of Secularism—a phase of English life in the mid-Victorian era which did good service to the Church of God. It must not be confounded with the resuscitated atheistic propaganda of the last three or four years. It was different from that in its aims and in its spirit. Secularism, in the day of Holyoake's best work for it, meant a system of life which sought the improvement of secular conditions. It was not atheistic in the popular sense of "denial." It was only atheistic in the etymological sense of being "without God," without, that is to say, the inspiration of fellowship and obedience.

EXIT SECULARISM.

Against Charles Bradlaugh it was contended by Holyoake, first that "the principles of Secularism do not include atheism," and secondly that "secular criticism does not include atheism." Holyoake used to repeat that "Secularism consists in attention to secular things," and that "Secularism is not committed to any hostile attitude towards theology." Bradlaugh argued that this employment of the word reduced it to nullity, since it made every Christian a Secularist if he attended to his business on "business principles." However, the word was Holyoake's, and he held by his definition.

Secularism is dead. In the providence of God it did its work and it passed away. It called back the attention of the Church from infinite distances to the near and real. It reminded Christian teachers that men have bodies as well as souls, and that if theology defines Jesus as "Very God of Very God," He loved to call Himself the Son of Man.

THE ALL-POWERFUL SOCIAL GOSPEL.

Secularism was doomed to perish just because it was Secularism. It was cut off, by its own act, from the sources of strength. The early pioneers of the movement had been reared in Christian homes and Christian churches. They brought with them an enthusiasm of humanity for which it seemed to them that the Churches of their day were not ready. They wearied of what seemed to them the shocking narrowness of the conventional creeds.

When the electric energy of Christian impulse was no longer theirs, Secularism drooped and died. To-day the best Christians are the best Secularists. The Social Gospel has taken over all the work which Secularism tried—and failed—to do. And the Social Gospel is all-powerful precisely where Secularism realised its impotence, in devotion, self-sacrifice, and love. For the life of the Social Gospel is the pathos and the passion of the Cross.

HOLYOAKE'S TRIAL.

It is strange to look back upon the circumstances attending the trial and imprisonment of Holyoake for "blasphemy." Six months in Gloucester Gaol for some words which he had not thought of speaking, which to his own mind conveyed no profane thought, and which might very well be repeated to-day by almost any one of the judges on the Bench! He was twenty-four years of

age; he was a disciple of Robert Owen, and, like other earnest young men of his day, called himself a "Social Missionary."

Some of these young men were as proud of their badge as members of the Christian Endeavour amongst ourselves. They wrote "S.M." after their names as a diploma of honour. Young Holyoake had been lecturing in the Mechanics' Institute at Cheltenham on "Self-supporting Home Colonies." At the close, a local preacher accepted the invitation to ask questions, and said: "Mr. Holyoake has said much of our duty to one another, but nothing of our duty to God," and went on to put his question about religion and the churches in the proposed colonies. Holyoake answered that people would be free to build as many churches as they wanted, but that from his point of view, considering the distressed condition of the suffering poor, he should consider it bad political economy, with a little more in the same strain.

A NINE HOURS' SPEECH.

At the trial he was charged with "devising, intending, and maliciously publishing with a loud voice (and a loud voice Holyoake certainly did not possess!) a certain blasphemy, "intending with force and arms to bring Almighty God into disbelief," and, of course, "against the peace of our Lady the Queen." There seems more blasphemy in the indictment than in the offence.

The sentence was cruel. Yet is it equally cruel to say that if he did not deserve it for the offence he did for the defence? His speech at the Assize trial lasted nine hours! Eloquence is very hard to bear, and the judge is entitled to as much sympathy as the prisoner. Mr. Justice Erskine told him before he was half through that if he could convince the jury that his meaning was that the incomes of the clergy ought to be reduced and that he did not intend to "insult God," then he should instruct the jury that they could not convict. But young Holyoake was deaf to the hint. He had all his oratorical fireworks ready, and he was not going to be put off with the fizzle of a wet squib. For nine mortal hours he let off crackers and rockets and Roman candles—and the sentence was "six months"!

BOLSTERING UP CHRISTIANITY.

We may be devoutly thankful that we are spared such trials in our day—not only because of the speeches, but because of the innate vulgarity and indecency of such attempts to bolster up Christianity. When a judge and jury are set to work to find out whether an earnest young co-operator, urging upon serious-minded working men the idea of self-supporting labour colonies, did, or did not, mean to assault Omnipotence "with force and arms," apologetics have become contemptible. The weapons of our warfare are not carnal.

TEMPERANCE REVIVAL IN SWITZERLAND.

In Switzerland are great searchings of heart. Reformers of all lands must rejoice in this stirring of the popular conscience. The crusade against absinthe is being urged with judgment and with enthusiasm. Swiss newspapers are full of the agitation. The cantons ring with echoes of speeches and sermons. The French Press has been compelled to take notice of this demand of their neighbours for the total prohibition of the trade in absinthe. And the Puritans of France are already asking "And why not here?" No man can tell where the lightning will strike next, nor why it strikes in this spot rather than in that. The wind bloweth where it listeth. No human being could have traced beforehand the course of the Welsh revival. And the Swiss "revival" is, case for case, as spontaneous, as inexplicable, almost as Divine.

FIGHTING KING ALCOHOL.

One day at the end of last August the "Journal de Geneve" had a bare paragraph reporting a frightful absinthe tragedy in a little village called Commugny, a peaceful hamlet sleeping on the Vaudese side of Lake Leman. An absinthe drunkard quarrelled with his wife, shot her dead, shot his two children—little girls of two and five—shot himself, not fatally, but shattering his jaw. It was

but one single horror amongst ten thousand which absinthe on the Continent, like alcohol with us, has loosed upon the nations.

But it was spark to powder. The village council of Commugny on its own initiative addressed a circular letter to all the communes, large and small, in the canton of Vaud, asking the municipalities to appeal for and receive signatures to a petition for total prohibition. As the fire passed from Welsh village to village and from town to town, no man bearing a torch, but the winds of heaven carrying along the spark, so the passion of pity, sympathy, hatred, and high resolve flamed over Vaud. Villages that seemed hopelessly sunk in the vice of absinthe-drinking signed en masse.

In an incredibly short time the petition bore 82,000 names. Then the neighbouring cantons took fire. Neuchatel, said locally to be the most ravaged of all the cantons of Switzerland by the absinthe habit, took up the cry. Geneva followed. Even the Vallais, where Catholicism is strong, and where there has been little sympathy in the past with moral movements of this kind, fell into line, a Catholic bishop marching at the head. Up to the moment the agitation shows no sign of growing cold, though it has passed into the hands of committees, politicians, and the law-makers.

Whether national prohibition can be secured, or whether that is a vain dream; whether cantonal prohibition, or even cantonal prohibition by local option, can be secured, remains to be seen. But I, for one, thank God that I have lived to see this day in Switzerland. Who knows what may happen in France? And who will forbid us to hope that in some strange and unexpected hour we may see the uprise of just such a mighty passion in our own land, blazing in wrath against the liquor traffic, and sweeping away the drink curse in the whirlwind of its flames?

The Magazine of All-round Excellence

Is the SUNDAY MAGAZINE. The April Number, now on sale, price 6d., contains the following amongst many notable articles:

THE PAINTER OF CHILDHOOD.
A Beautifully Illustrated Interview with Mr. Joseph Clarke, whose pictures of the little ones are without rival. By HAROLD F. B. WHEELER.

CLERGYMEN IN THE BOATRACE.
A Special Article of Topical Interest, profusely illustrated by photographs of "Blues" who chose religion for their work. By HENRY LEACH.

MEMORIALS OF JOHN WESLEY IN ENGLISH CHURCHES.
Scattered throughout the kingdom are many memorials to the great evangelist. These are pictured in this article, and described by GEORGE A. WADE.

THE PRICELESS RECORDS OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.
It is not generally known that London's cathedral possesses a splendid library in which priceless records are kept. Unique illustrations accompany this paper.

EASTER IN TROUBADOR LAND.
Spain is Happy-go-lucky land. It celebrates Passion Week by gorgeous processions, and observes Easter Day by bullfights. FRANCIS GRAHAM describes the ceremonies, and the camera depicts them.

FOUR COMPLETE STORIES BY POPULAR AUTHORS.

The Daughters of the Moon

A Story for Children

Translated from the Hungarian by Caroline Corner-Ohlmütz

ONCE upon a time, when lamps and candles were not known, and all there was to light the night was the beautiful Moon, the three daughters living up there got tired of knitting and spinning, and began to wonder what sort of place that little dark earth must be.

"Let us go and see," suggested the eldest.

But as they knew it was not permitted they determined to glide gently down the moonbeams some fine, warm night unknown to their father, the Moon.* This they did, and so pleased were they with the grassy meadows and the forests and winding streams, that they wandered about the whole night picking flowers and singing songs. Not a person did they meet. All were asleep, as they should have been, only that they were disobedient.

It was nearly dawn when they grew weary, and glad to return on the last moonbeam, which was faint in colour and hard to find.

"Heigho! It was all very fine, but lonely, all those fields and forests, and not a soul to be seen!" said the eldest, as up, up they went.

"Well, yes, to be sure, I've had enough of roaming," said the second. "It does become lonesome."

"Lonesome! Yes. Let us find some earth-people to talk to," said the third, whose own voice was beautiful as a harp.

"A good idea!" chorussed the other two. "That would be enjoyable, and make the time fly. There must be some nice people on the earth."

So next evening, as soon as the silvern ladders were lowered to the earth, down they went, these three beautiful daughters of the Moon, saying, all three at once:

"Please, take us to some people, dear Moonbeam!" And, in answer, after a while they found themselves at the door of a little hut just on the border of a huge forest.

When the eldest stepped forward and knocked, the door was opened by a queer-looking old man—the hermit of the forest.

"Well," said he, "I am glad to see you, whoever you may be, for I am an old man, and can't chop the wood as I used to do. You are young, and shall do it for me. Now begin and earn your supper, girls."

Nothing was there for it but to do as the old man said. So they chopped and chopped till the very last moonbeam was all but fading into the dawn. Such a load of wood had they chopped, and so tired were they, that they were glad to go home.

"Earth-people are not such very agreeable creatures, after all," said the eldest, a lovely girl with a face like a silvery chrysanthemum.

"My arm aches so I can scarcely lift it," said the second, who was like a beautiful piece of sculpture. "And that beard of his was hideous! Wrrh!" she added, shuddering.

"Another time we'll make acquaintance with people who have no ugly beards."

"And no cracked old voices," spoke up the youngest, whose voice was like music.

The next evening, therefore, they made this bargain with the moonbeam, and after travelling some long while, they found themselves at the gates of a kingly palace, where they were received by the Prince, the King's son, himself.

To be sure, the Prince did not ask them to chop wood; he seemed highly pleased with their society. To amuse them, he escorted them to the palace roof, where they laughed and chatted as young people love to do.

* The moon is musculine in Hungarian and German.

The girls were just thinking what a nice playmate they had found, when a loud, angry voice called to the Prince, and asked him what he meant by making such a noise.

It was the old King woke up.

"Come down at once!" he cried, in a fury.

At this the Moon's daughters got terrified, and ran away. Even the Prince was afraid, for he knew what was in store for him.

"Well, there are some pleasant people on this little earth," said the eldest, seated on the moonbeam. "I did enjoy myself until——"

"I never enjoyed myself so much in my life until——" said the second.

"Oh, that charming Prince! How I should like to be his bride and talk to him all day!" said the youngest. "How happy I was until——"

Always "until"!

They could scarcely restrain their impatience. It seemed the silver ladder would never be lowered next day. But it was at last, and the three girls took their places, and in time found themselves again at the palace.

Alas! the Prince was there, but now tears shone in his eyes.

"I am very sad," said he. "The King has forbidden me to keep company with you. I must be content with my bride—an ugly old Princess! Whoo!" And he wept.

The sisters looked at one another, and all three began to weep, too. The hours were full of sadness now; no more fun, no more laughter, no more gladness. All the earth seemed full of sorrow. And so, with heavy hearts and swollen eyes, they went home.

Their cup of sorrow was not full yet, however. The solemn old Moon, their father, awaited them with a dark frown.

"So," said he, and a heavy black cloud passed over his face—"so here you are, disobedient daughters! Not content with your own home, you must wander and get me, as well as yourselves, into trouble. Now you may go, if you will be undutiful; only don't blame me, nor anybody but yourselves."

He is a very severe father, the Moon.

They wept and wept until next evening, when the silvern ladder was lowered again. Then "Come," said the eldest, "let us go again." And the others followed.

But this time the moonbeam set them down in the heart of a dense forest, so dense that not a ray of heaven's light could pierce the thick foliage, nor a moonbeam enter in.

It was dark—dark as midnight—always dark, even at midday, on this part of the earth, and not a creature to be seen! Although in the far, far distance they heard the Prince playing mournfully his pipe, so mournfully, for he was a solitary wanderer, too, having disobeyed the command of his father, the King.

Hence all must wander without light, without rest. And this is why in that great forest of the Carpathians light never enters in, and people who wander there lose their way; and the only sound to be heard is the mournful rustle of leaves and the sad sighing of the breeze, though some do say it is the Prince with his pipe playing ever the same mournful dirge to the sighing of the wandering daughters of the Moon.

THE END

The Dearest Dolls

Miss Winifred Evelyn Constance McKee,
Invited our dolls to an afternoon tea.
"But don't bring them all,
For my table is small.
Just let each little girl bring her dearest,"
said she.

And—what do you think?—of the six dolls that came,
There were four that were blind, there were two that were lame!
And each little mother
Explained to the other,
"She's old—but I love her the best just the same."

They chopped and chopped till the very last moonbeam was all but fading into the dawn

Queer, Quaint, and Curious

Pictures and Paragraphs from Far and Near

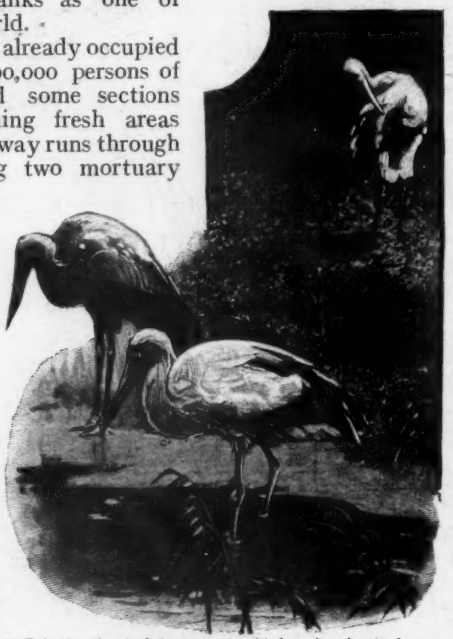
A GARDEN OF THE DEAD

The municipality of Rookwood, Australia, is but a scattered township, yet it boasts of a few noted places, foremost of which stands the cemetery.

This necropolis ranks as one of the largest in the world.

About 200 acres are already occupied with the bodies of 100,000 persons of all nationalities, and some sections are even now opening fresh areas further afield. A railway runs through the cemetery, having two mortuary stations, at which the friends alight, and follow the remains to their respective resting-places.

The whole cemetery is artistically and beautifully laid out in drives, walks, plantations, and shrubberies, so that there is nothing sombre or depressing about the aspect. Indeed, the whole place resembles nothing so much as a large botanic garden.



In Palestine the stork is a common bird, and makes its home in the highest trees

EGYPT'S SACRED BIRD

The sacred ibis, which still flourishes on the banks of the Nile, got its name from the fact that, in the days of Egypt's greatness, it was looked upon as the representative of Thoth, the secretary and ambassador of Osiris, the Egyptian Jupiter. Numbers of these birds were imported, and found a home on the shores of the Red Sea, where they were allowed to live and fish without the slightest danger from man.

REVENGE ORIGINATED EARRINGS

According to the Moslem creed, the reason why every Mohammedan lady considers it her duty to wear earrings is attributed to the following curious legend:

Sarah, tradition tells us, was so jealous of the preference shown by Abraham for Hagar, that she took a solemn vow that she would give herself no rest until she had mutilated the fair face of her rival and bondmaid.

She afterwards relented, however, and decided to forgo her plan of revenge. But how was she to fulfil the terms of the vow she had entered into? After mature reflection she saw her way out of the difficulty. Instead of disfiguring the lovely features of her bondmaid, she contented herself with boring a hole in each of the lobes of her ears, in which rings were placed.

PHONOGRAPH AS MISSIONARY

The phonograph has been put to missionary service. Some missionaries spoke into an instrument recently the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments, together with a number of sentences, in the Hausa language. New colleagues can therefore now get the pronunciation while the older missionaries are absent from the mission station.

One of the magnificent paintings which decorate the room in the Houses of Parliament where all Acts are read after they have received the King's sanction

TOLD OF THE DAISY

There is a pretty legend connected with the daisy which is worth reading.

When the early Christians of Britain were persecuted, St. Oile persuaded his sister to flee with her friends. After persecution ceased, the bishop searched fruitlessly for his sister, until he noticed that there sprang up in his pathway little tufts of flowers, with golden hearts and starry rays of white. He took them for his guides, and following their mute beckoning, after many days, they led him to a desert place, where, in a rocky hiding-place, he joined his sister.

LADY PASTORS

Lady ministers, almost unknown in this country, are rapidly gaining favour in the United States, as many as two hundred and fifty, belonging to seventeen denominations, being in evidence there.

One of them has been engaged in ministerial work for over forty years.

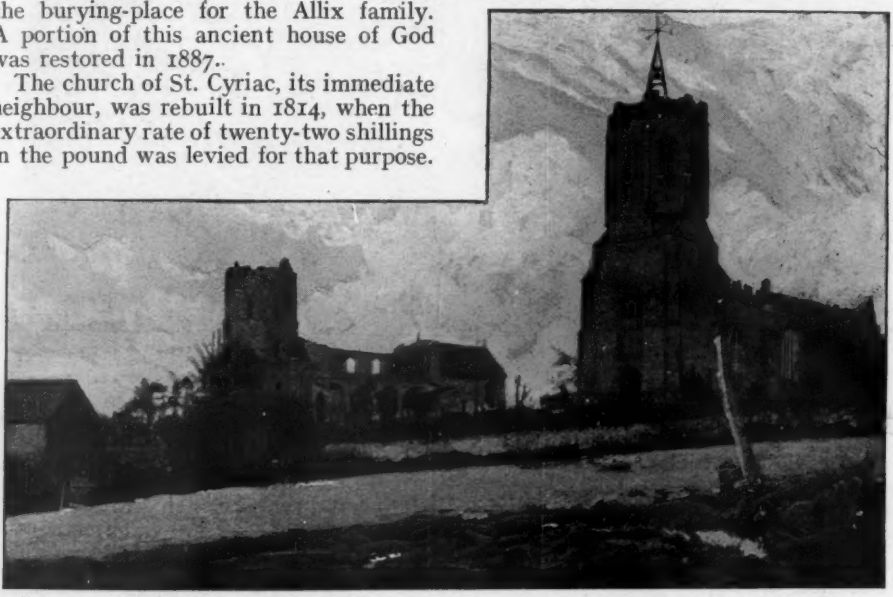
Bell Foundry, where Big Ben of the Houses of Parliament was cast

ONE CHURCHYARD BUT TWO CHURCHES

Swaffham, in the south-east of Cambridgeshire, enjoys the distinction, not absolutely unique, however, of possessing two churches in one churchyard.

As will be seen from our photograph, one of them is in ruins, and has been in this dilapidated state for many years. It is called St. Mary's, and was used as the burying-place for the Allix family. A portion of this ancient house of God was restored in 1887..

The church of St. Cyriac, its immediate neighbour, was rebuilt in 1814, when the extraordinary rate of twenty-two shillings in the pound was levied for that purpose.



Two churches in one churchyard. These interesting places of worship are at Swaffham, Cambs. St. Mary's has been in a dilapidated condition for years. The church of St. Cyriac, its neighbour, was rebuilt in 1814, when the extraordinary rate of 22s. in the pound was levied for that purpose

WHERE BUNYAN WAS BORN

The Bunyan cottage at Elstow is one of the most interesting places in this country. It is impossible for a tall person to stand up straight in the little rooms without hitting his head on the rafters.

Elstow is far too seldom seen by tourists. There is the queer, detached tower where Bunyan rang the bells, and the bridge on the site of the prison where "Pilgrim's Progress" was written.

Next to the Bible, Bunyan's immortal work has been more widely read and printed, and has influenced more lives for good than any other book.

ICE TOMBS IN THE ALPS

Skeletons are often found in the fissures of glaciers in Switzerland.

It is very easy to slip into one of these fissures, and when once in, it is hardly possible to escape without help from above, and the warmth of the body melts the ice around, so that the victim slowly descends by his own weight into the depths of the glacier, and generally starves to death.

In some instances, it is said, bodies have been preserved down in these fissures in the ice for years.

THE PREMIER IN STONE

A statue in Wells Cathedral representing "The Fruit-stealer" is almost an exact copy of the features of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Although the title might be improved upon, the likeness certainly could not.

The statue is carved on a capital in the nave of the beautiful church, and is some six hundred years old.

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